

FEATURE FUNNIES



JANUARY

NO. 16 10¢



IN THIS ISSUE
STRANGE AS IT SEEMS
— BY JOHN HIX —
"OFF THE RECORD"
BY ED REED



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

WHENEVER YOU CAN, CLOSE IN AND SHOOT LEFTS AND RIGHTS TO THE BODY. IF YOUR MAN CLINCHES IT'S A CHANCE TO UPPERCUT.

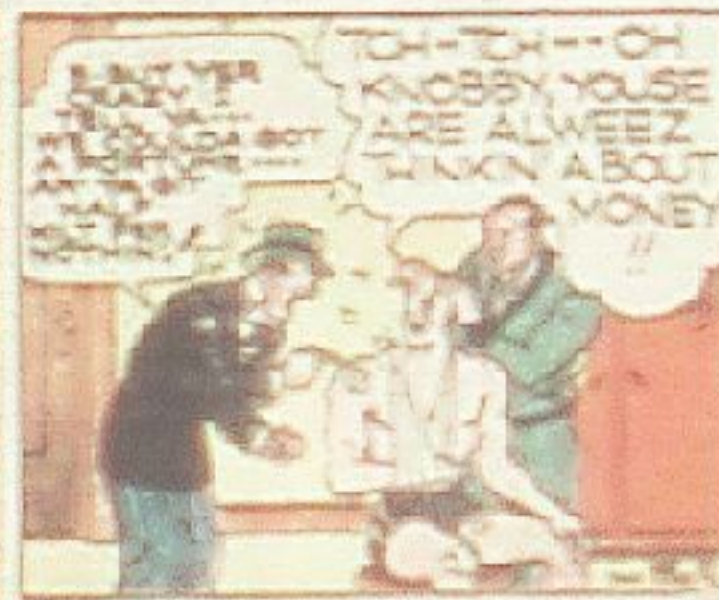
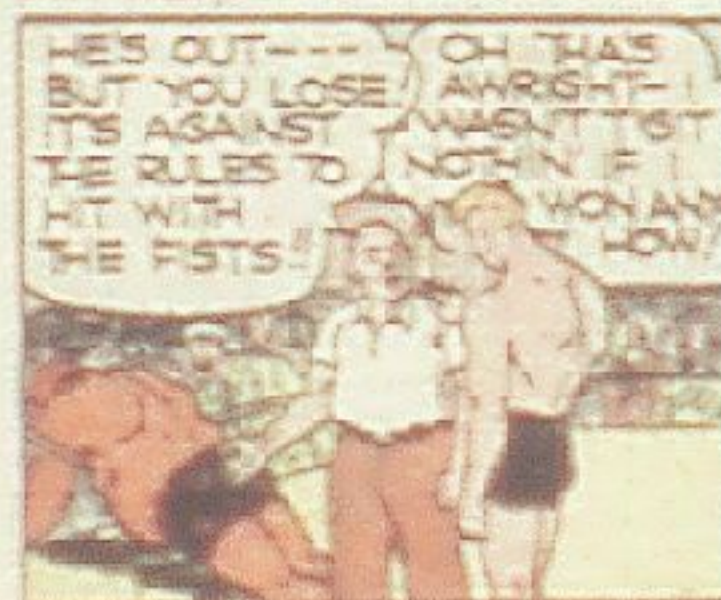
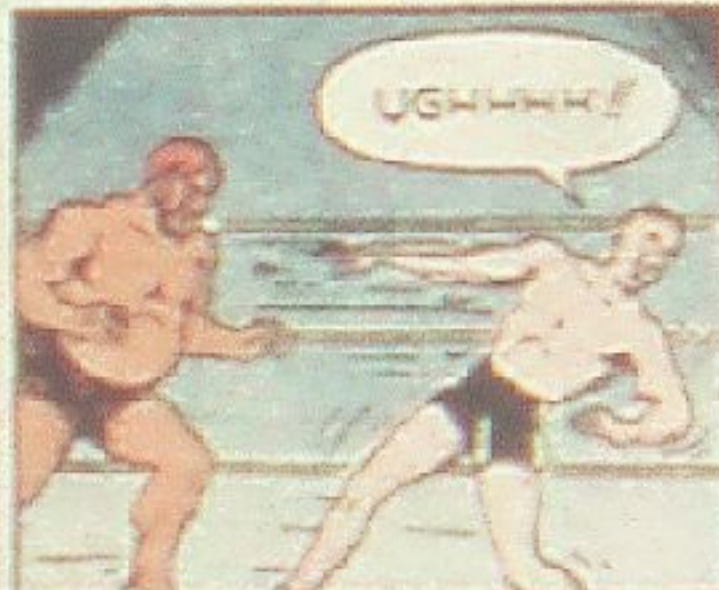
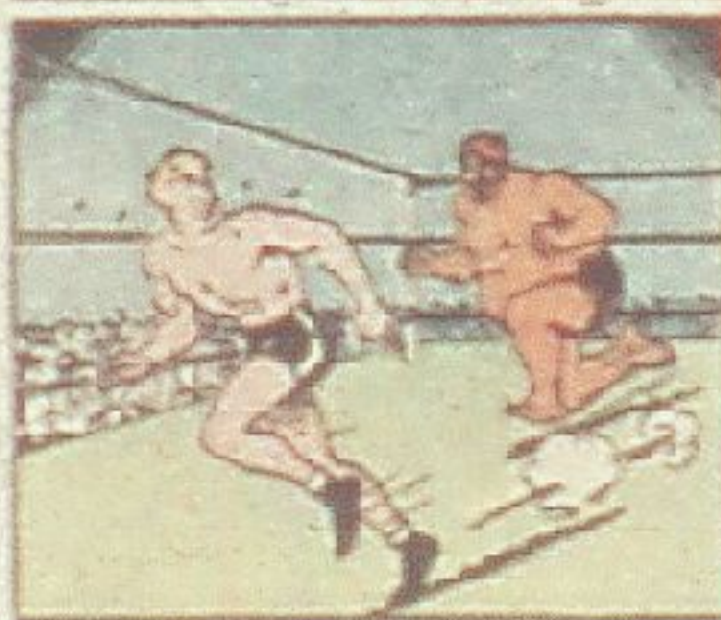
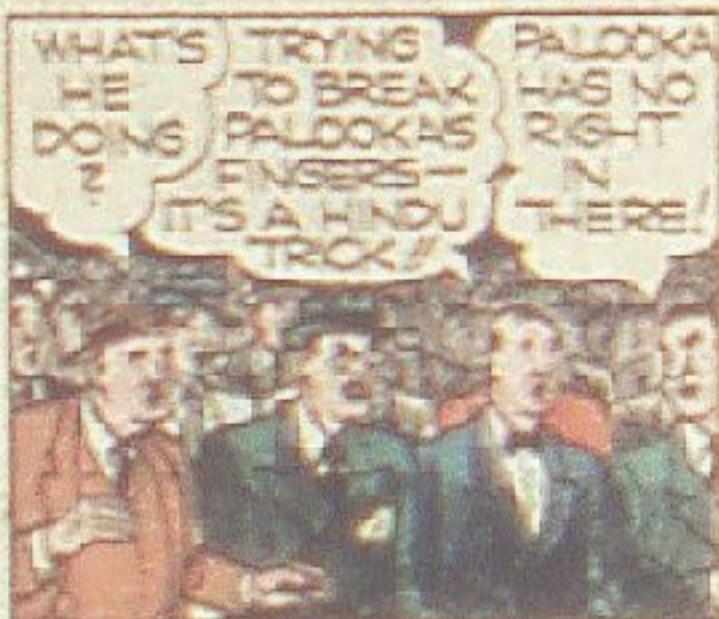


THE UPPER-CUT CAN ONLY BE USED IN CLOSE--- IT COMES FROM THE SIDE WITH ALL THE ARM AND SHOULDER POWER.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

HERE WE STOP A LEFT BY PUSHING OUR MANS ARM UP-- AND PARRYING WITH A LEFT--



PRACTICE INFIGHTING. AFTER YOU HAVE PUNCHED AT THE BODY, STEP IN FAST WITH AN UPPERCUT AS SHOWN HERE--



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

GEE KNOBBY--THAT SCORE OF YOURN WAS AS MUCH AS MINE AN' EB'S PUT TOGETHER!!

YOU'RE TALKIN' DA?

NORWOOD COUNTRY CLUB

I SPOSE YOUSE WONT GO IN THE CLUB TOORNAMINT?

OH YAS I WILL AN' I'LL SUPPRIZE THEM BROS PLENTY! I GOT A PLAN!

ONE HOURS PRACTICE IS WORTH FIFTY GAMES! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY SWING!

THERE! A COUPLA DAYS OF THIS AN' I'LL MAKE THEM BIRDS LOOK SILLY!

AHA! TOO CLOSE TO THE BALL!

BOY! THAT WAS GOOD FER THREE HUNDERD YARDS!

KEEP TH' OLD HEAD DOWN-- YANK-- STRAIGHT AS A ARROW!

BOY! EVRY ONE RIGHT DOWN TILLY GROOVE!

THERE HE IS!

LET'S GO!

WELL! AINT THAT MARVLESST! A WHOLE GOLF PRACTICE LAY-OUT!! I BET YOUSE IMPROVE!

AW BUT UP!

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

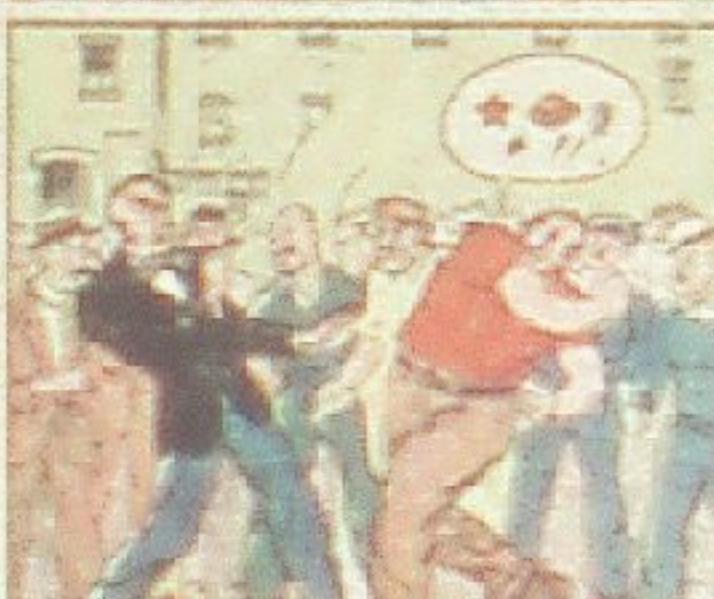
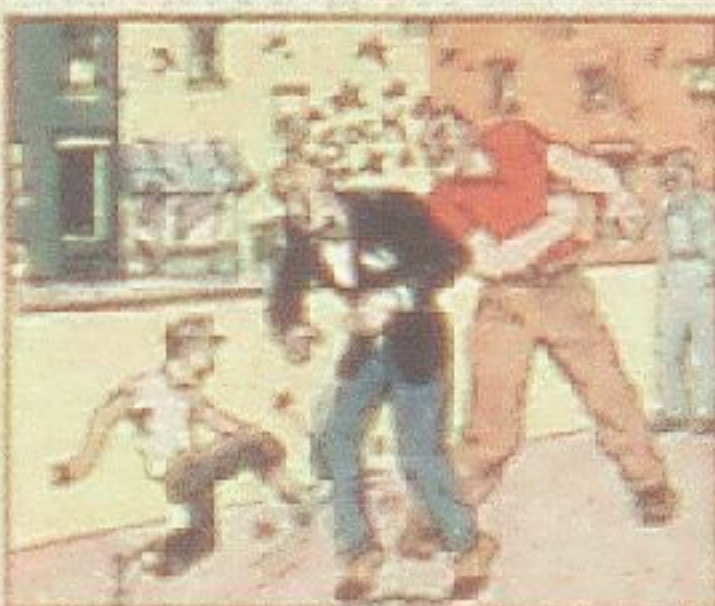
BOB FITZSIMMONS DIDN'T REALLY KNOCK OUT HIS OPPONENTS WITH HIS "SOLAR PLEXUS" PUNCH, BUT IT'S A LEFT TO THE PIT OF THE STOMACH THAT WEAKENS!



ALWAYS BE AT A RANGE WHERE YOU CAN EITHER SHOOT A PUNCH—OR BY SIDE-STEPPING OR GOING BACK—WARD YOU CAN AVOID ONE.

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

AS JOE'S OPPONENT STARTS A LEFT JAB JOE REACHES OUT WITH HIS RIGHT HAND AND



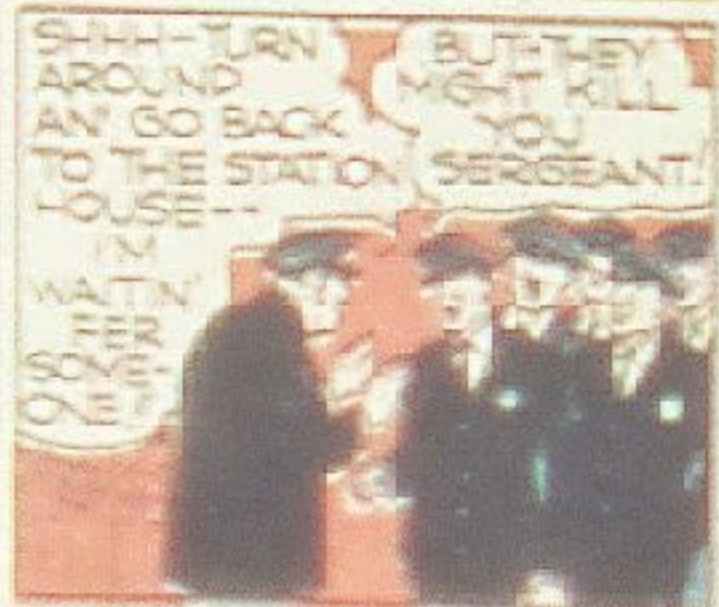
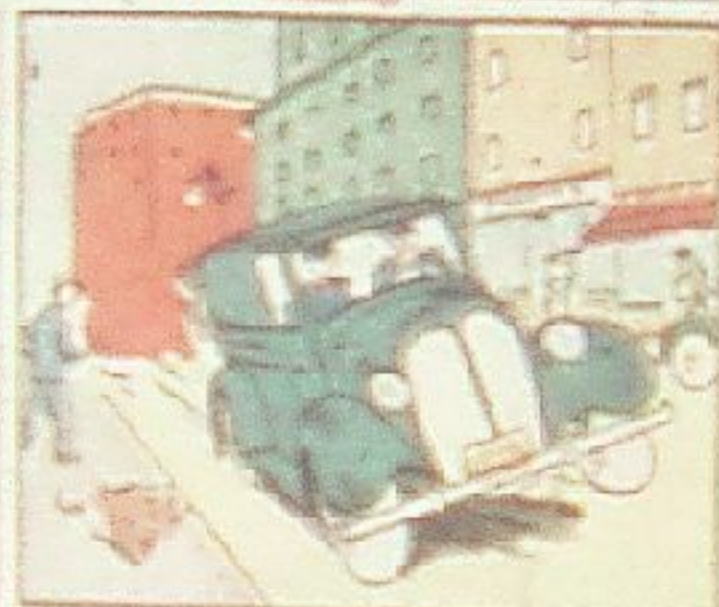
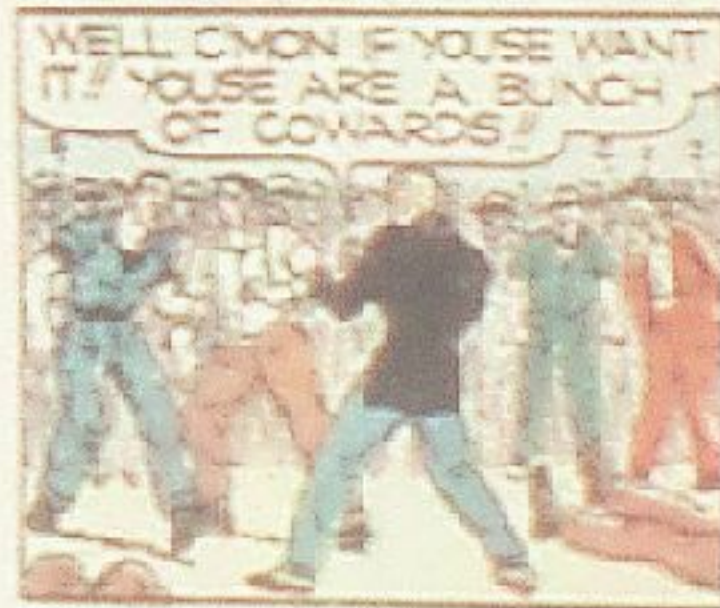
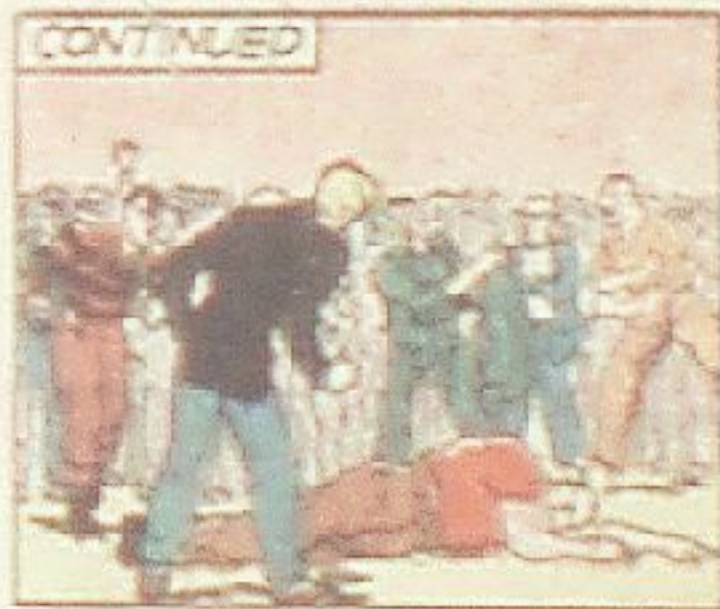
JOE WARDS THE OTHER GUY'S GLOVE AND COUNTERS WITH A LEFT TO THE JAW. GET A PAL TO PRACTICE THIS WITH YOU



JOE PALOOKA

BY HAM FISHER

CONTINUED



More of Joe Palooka and Knobby in the February Issue--on sale December 30th.

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS

BY BERNARD BAILY

Hedy Lamarr

MY! SHE CERTAINLY IS BEAUTIFUL!

YES--AND SHE HAS ACTING ABILITY!

A GREAT SCREEN CAREER SEEMS TO BE IN STORE FOR THE LOVELY HEDY LAMARR. SHE WAS ONE OF THE MOST TALKED ABOUT STARS IN ALL EUROPE...

BUT--I MUST INTERVIEW MISS LAMARR!

SORRY--MISS LAMARR CAN'T SEE YOU ALL!

FOR MONTHS AFTER M.G.M. SIGNED UP HEDY SHE WAS KEPT UNDER COVER---NO NEWSPAPER INTERVIEWS WERE ALLOWED, AND NO PHOTOS OF HER WERE RELEASED! SHE WAS RARELY SEEN BY ANYONE...

BUY UP THOSE FILMS AT ANY COST!

WHY--YES SIR?

HAVING FORBID HER APPEARING IN A FOREIGN MOVIE, HER WEALTHY EUROPEAN HUSBAND TRIED TO BUY UP ALL THE RELEASES OF THE FILM. HEDY THEN DECIDED TO TRY HER LUCK IN HOLLYWOOD

THEN SUDDENLY MISS LAMARR BURST FORTH TO THRILL AMERICANS IN THE MOVIE, "ALGIERS." HER WORK IN THIS PICTURE SEEMS TO HAVE ESTABLISHED A LASTING POPULARITY





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DEXIE DUGAN

By **A. P. McEVoy** and **J. H. STRIEBEL**



Follow Dixie Dugan in the February issue of **FEATURE FUNKIES**—on sale December 30th.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX

SIGHTLESS WONDER

JOHN METCALF -
of KINGSBOROUGH, England,
PERMANENTLY BLINDED
AT THE AGE OF 6, BECAME AN
EXPERT BRIDGE AND ROAD BUILDER,
SOLDIER, STAGE COACH DRIVER,
CARD PLAYER, SWIMMER,
BOWLER, COCK-FIGHTER, JOCKEY,
DIVER, HUNTER, HORSE TRADER,
AND SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN!

HE DIED AT 93 IN 1810,
LEAVING 90
GRANDCHILDREN

CENTER OF THE CONTINENT-
RUGBY, N.D., IS SITUATED
AT THE EXACT GEOGRAPHICAL
CENTER OF NORTH AMERICA

OLD MAN OF THE
DALLIES --
A NATURAL ROCK
FORMATION IN
INTERSTATE PARK,
WISCONSIN

A FIRE ENGINE
CAUGHT FIRE
AND HAD TO CALL
ANOTHER ENGINE TO
PUT THE BLAZE OUT!

-TROY, N.Y., 1937-

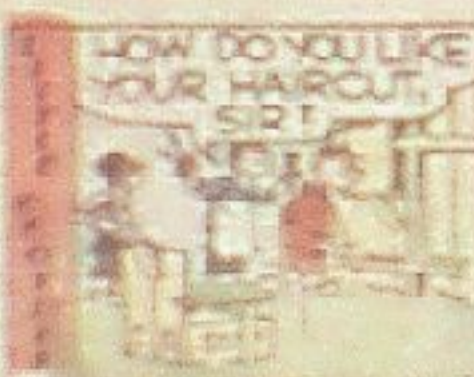
CHICAGO, N.L.,
SCORED 18 RUNS
IN ONE INNING...
THE LUCKY TEN!
-vs. Detroit,
1883-

THE BARK OF
DOUGLAS FIRS GROWS
TO BE 9 INCHES THICK



AND
SAD--

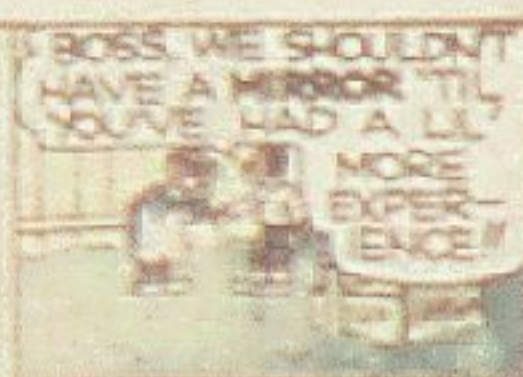
HE'S A FAKE!
DON'T SIGN
IT!



HOW DO YOU LIKE
YOUR HAIR CUT,
SIZ?



SO/ NA RUINED
MY HAIR--THERE!!



BOSS, WE SHOULDN'T
HAVE A MIRROR TIL
YOU'VE HAD A LIL
MORE EXPER-
ENCE!

THE BUNGLE FAMILY

BLUE MONDAY

By H. J. TUTTILL



THE NERVE OF THAT
LAUNDRESS DISA-
POINTING ME! AND
I'VE HAD THESE THINGS
SOAKING
FOR
TWO
DAYS



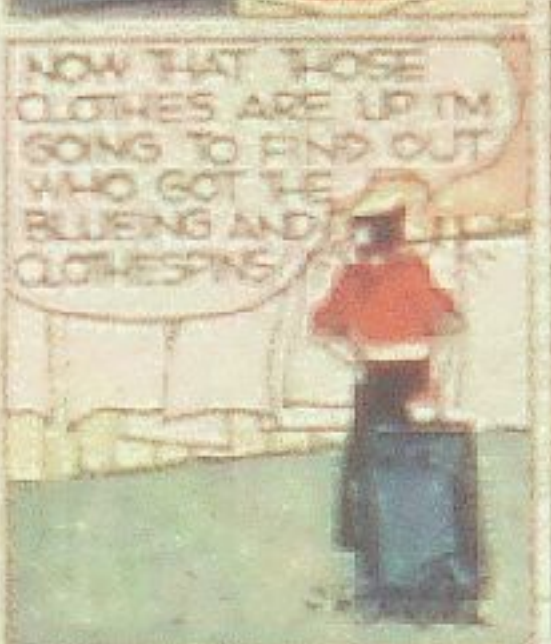
HA! SOMEONE HAS
STOLEN ALL OF MY
BLUEING! YES--
ALL OF
IT!



AND THEY CUT PART
OF MY GOOD LINE
OFF TOO! IMAGINE!



ALSO, ABOUT HALF
OF MY CLOTHES-SPINS
ARE GONE



NOW THAT THOSE
CLOTHES ARE UP I'M
GOING TO FIND OUT
WHO GOT THE
BLUEING AND MY
CLOTHES-SPINS



OH DEAR!
THE LINE BROKE



HEAVENS! ALL THIS
WORK-- AND THESE
TUB STOPPERS LEAK
AFTER I'VE TOLD THE
LANDLORD
TO FIX
THEM
FIFTY
TIMES



WHY--AT LAST I'VE
GOT ALL THE CLOTHES
UP AGAIN!



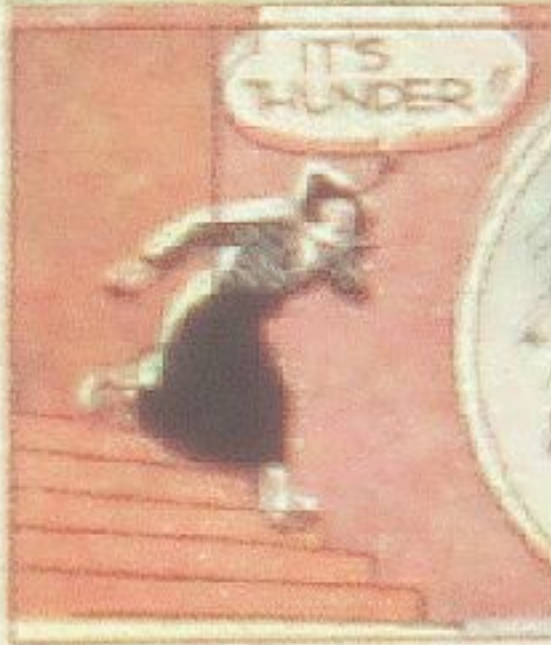
DONE AT LAST!
WHAT A DAY--I'M
SOAKING FROM
THAT WET LAUN-
DRY! I WONDER
WHAT TIME
IT IS



I SHOULD'VE STARTED
SUPPER AN HOUR
AGO--BUT I'M GOING
TO REST HERE FOR
FIVE MINUTES YET!



WHAT'S
THAT
NOISE?



IT'S
THUNDER!



RAIN!



JO! OH JO!
WHERE
ARE
YOU?

WHAT!
YOU'RE
HOME?



I ALMOST GOT
WET COMING A-
HOM--SNT
SUPPER READY?

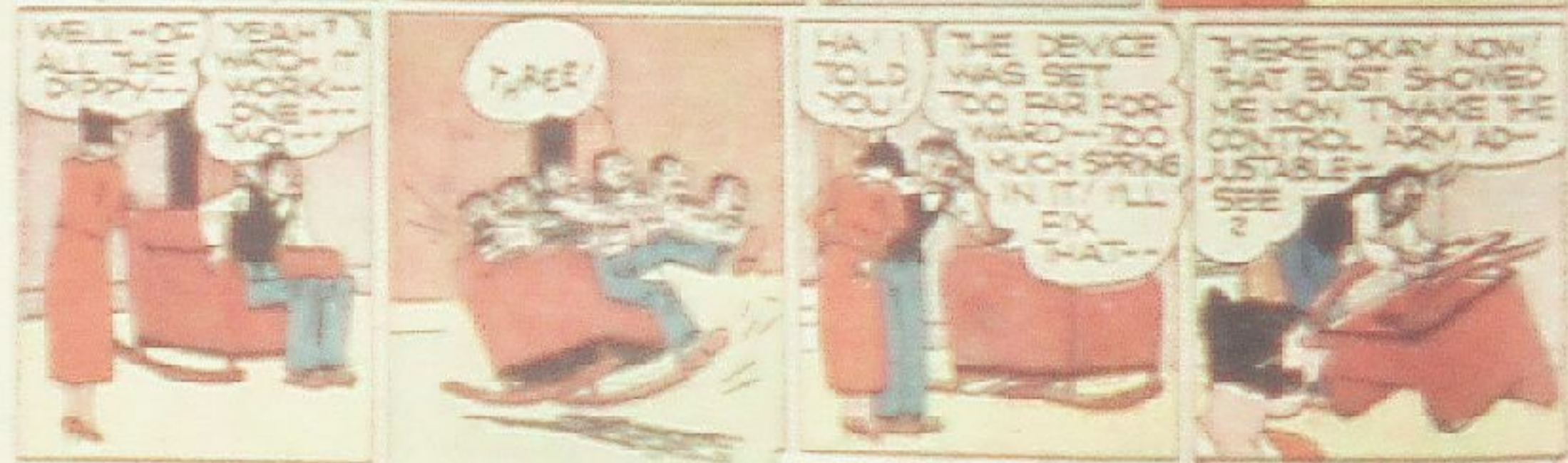
HMM!
JUST
HOPED
YOU'D
ASK
THAT?



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

More Million Dollar Ideas

By H. J. TUTTILL

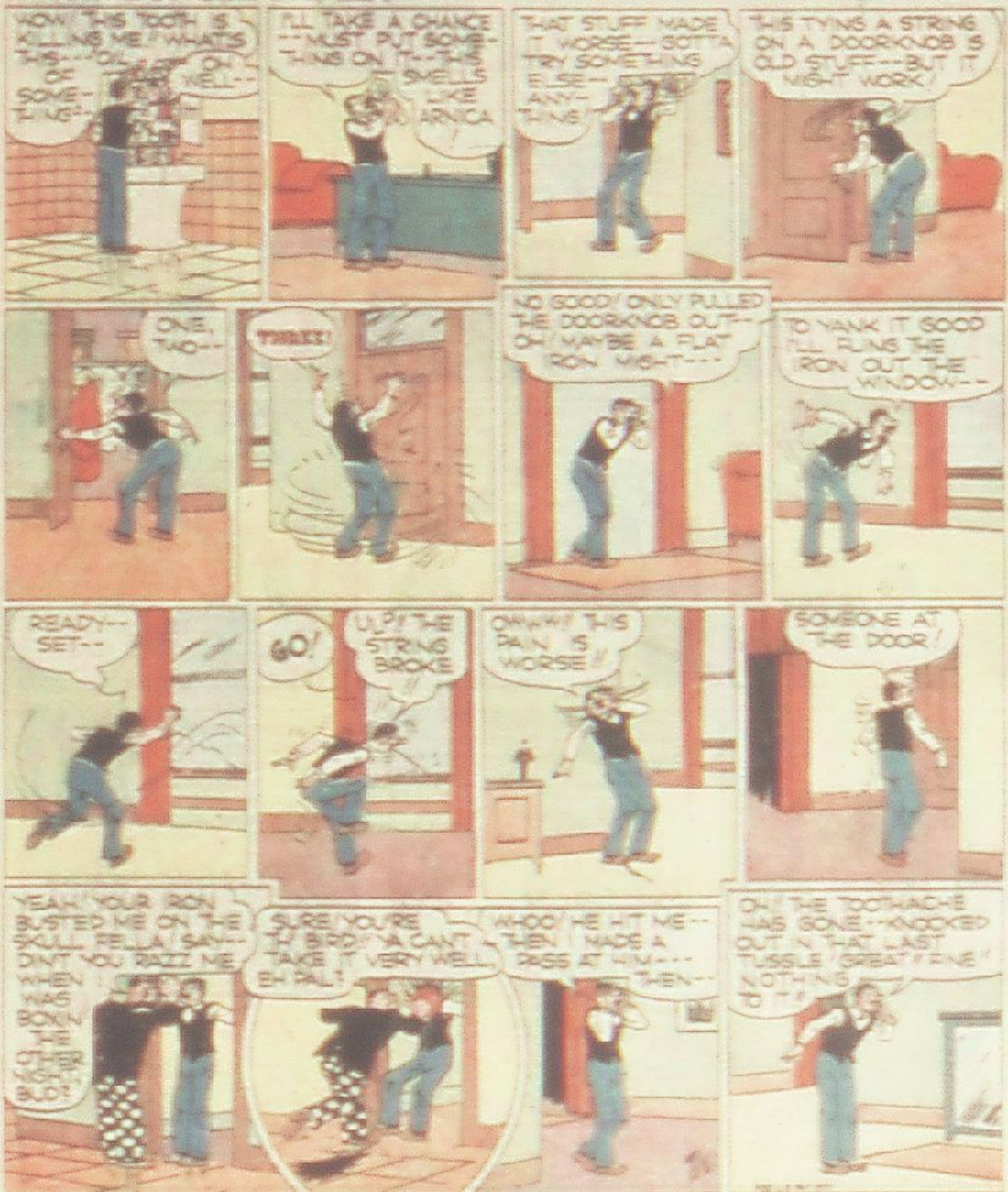




THE BUNGLE FAMILY

DENTISTRY

By H. J. TUTTLE



NED BRANT

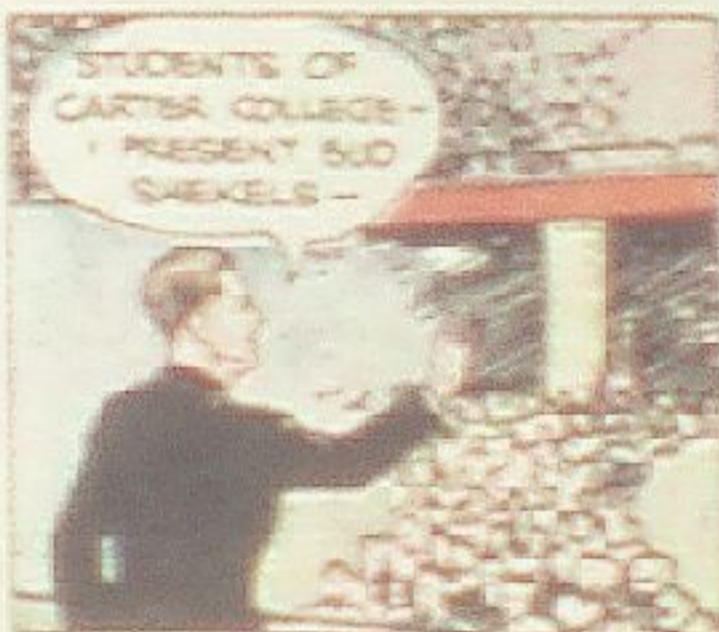
DRAWN BY N. BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

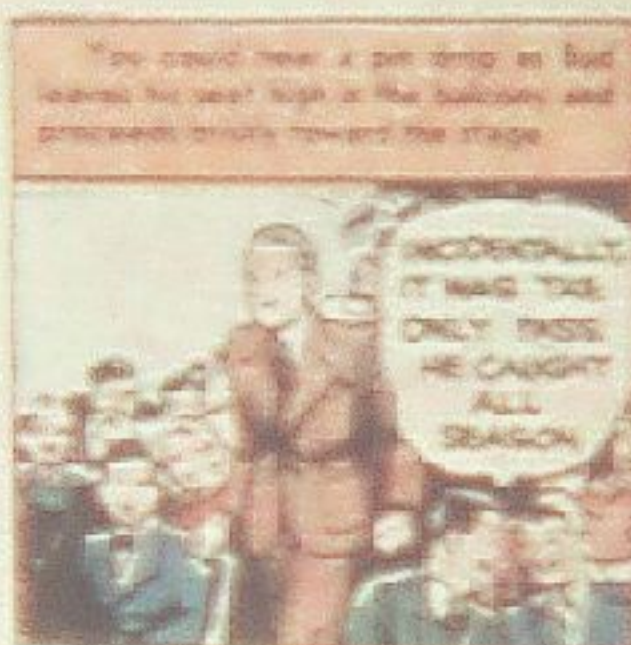
Invited to appear before the entire student body in chapel, Bud Shales assumes they expect a public apology for his act in running onto the field to break up a scoring pass which allowed Standish to beat Carter Tech.

BEFORE WE CONTINUE YOU LET'S HEAR WHAT WENT ON IN THE MIND OF THE BOY WHO RAN ONTO THE FIELD IN HIS STREET CLOTHES AND INTERRUPTED A STANDISH FORWARD PASS -

BUD DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT AS SOON AS HE GETS THROUGH EXPLAINING, WE'RE GOING TO APOLOGIZE FOR SNEERING AT HIM



STUDENTS OF CARTER COLLEGE - I PRESENT BUD SHALES -

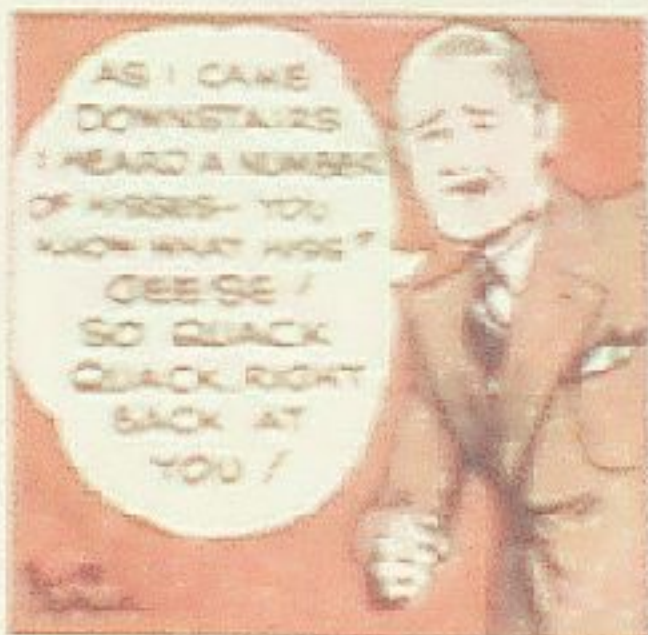


You could hear a pin drop as Bud heard his name high in the balcony and proceeded slowly toward the stage

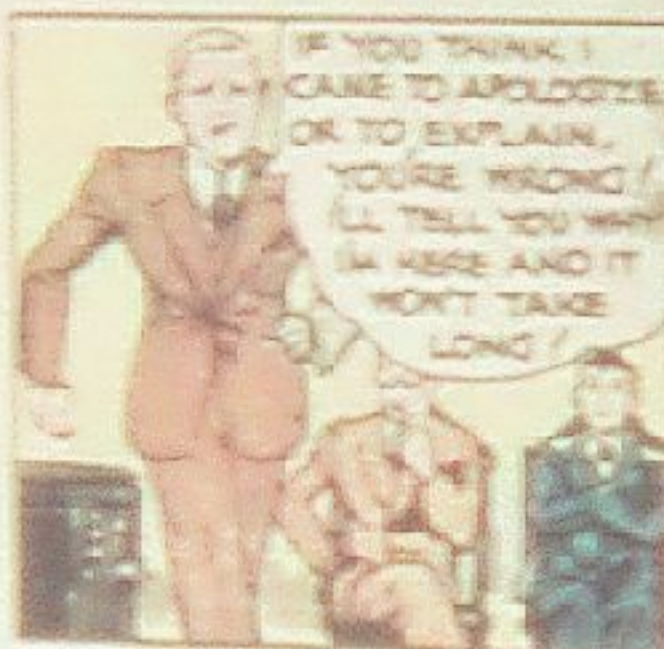
ACCIDENTALLY IT WAS THE ONLY PASS HE CAUGHT ALL SEASON



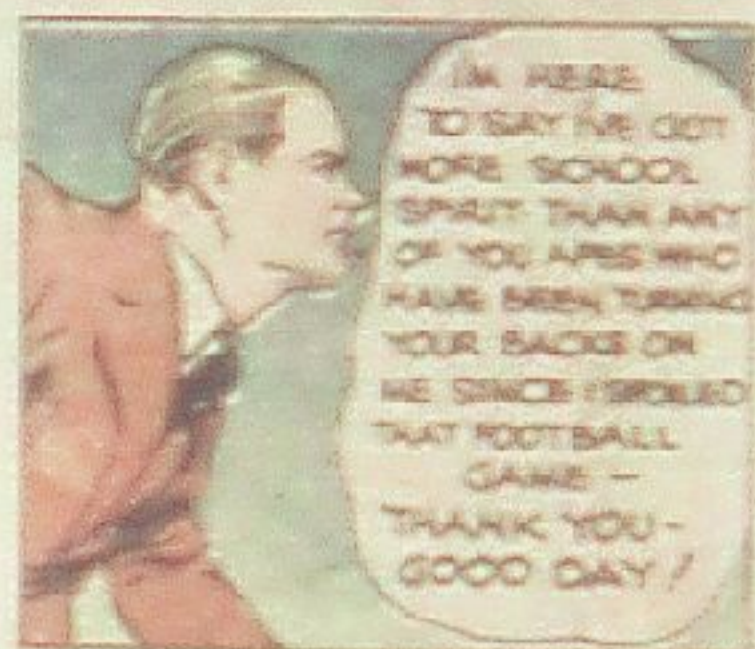
Though stumbling under the weight he has taken for a forward, Bud held his nerve until he reached the stage



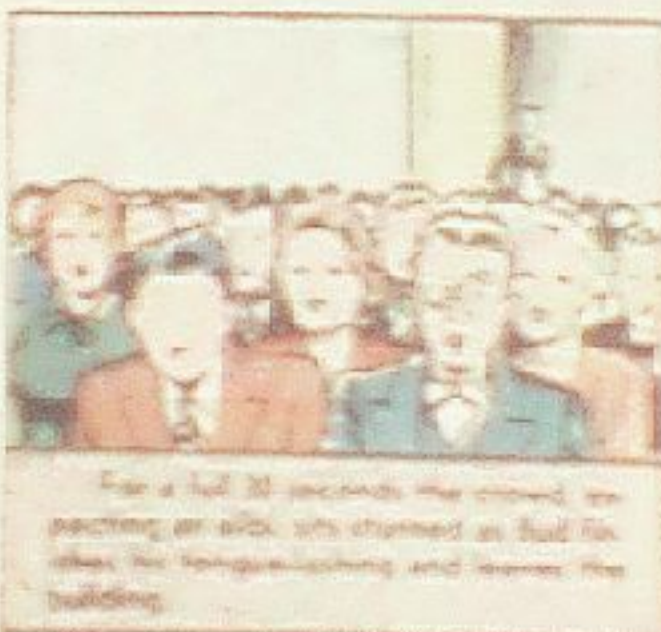
AS I CAME DOWNSTAIRS I HEARD A NUMBER OF HISSES- YOU KNOW WHAT HISSES? OBBE-SE / SO QUACK QUACK RIGHT BACK AT YOU /



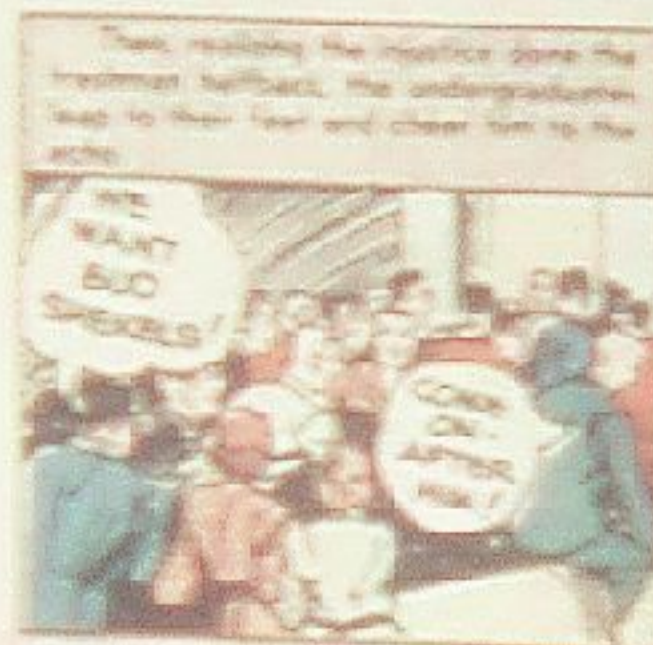
IF YOU THINK I CAME TO APOLOGIZE OR TO EXPLAIN, YOU'RE WRONG / I'LL TELL YOU WHY I'M HERE AND IT WON'T TAKE LONG /



I'M HERE TO SAY WE GOT MORE SCHOOL SPIRIT THAN ANY OF YOU APES WHO HAVE BEEN TURNING YOUR BACKS ON ME SINCE I BROKE THAT FOOTBALL GAME - THANK YOU - GOOD DAY /



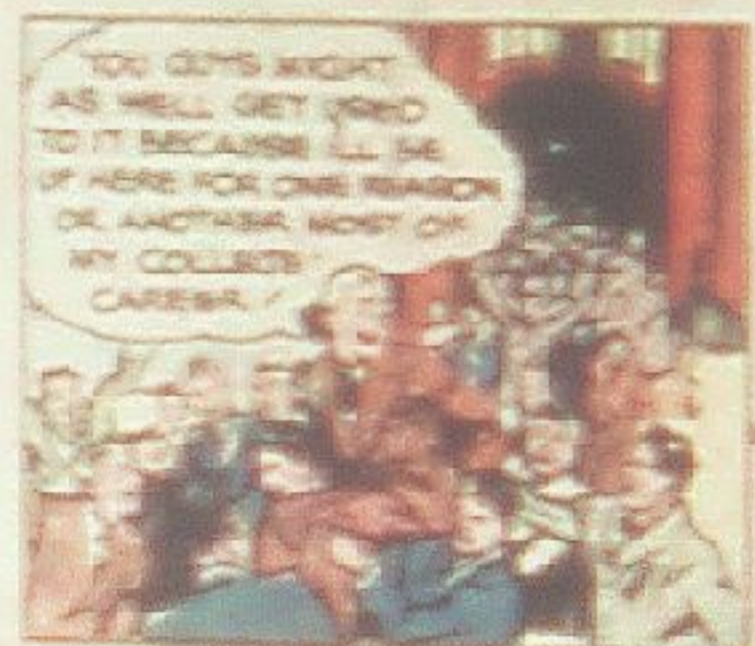
For a full 30 seconds the crowd was peering at each other, then as Bud finished his longwinded and boring remarks



Then realizing the reaction gave the treatment sufficient, the undergraduates leap to their feet and cheer him to the moon

WE WANT BUD SHALES!

WELL GET USED TO IT BECAUSE I'LL BE UP HERE FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER MOST OF MY COLLEGE CAREER /



YOU GUYS MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO IT BECAUSE I'LL BE UP HERE FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER MOST OF MY COLLEGE CAREER /



ALPHA
CHI
RHO

... COLLEGE FRATERNITIES ...

FOUNDED: AT TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONN., JUNE 4, 1895, BY THE LATE REV. PAUL ZIESLER AND FOUR OTHER MEN. INTRINSIC WORTH IS THE SOLE GUIDE IN THE SELECTING OF THE NEW MEMBERS.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

GET INTO YOUR HEAD LITTLE PARTIES, BOYS, AND SCAMPING ABOUT THE STOREROOM FLOOR.

AM, DROP DEAD, SKEELS!

WHY NOT COME OUT FOR FRESHMAN BASKETBALL, BOO? THE TEAM NEEDS YOU.

NOT WITH A BUNCH OF PINK PLAYERS LIKE YOU GUYS!

ON SECOND THOUGHT, NED, I THINK I WILL BE AT PRACTICE TODAY -

GOOD BOY! I KNEW THE OLD SCHOOL SPIRIT WOULD SHOW ITSELF!

OH, DON'T GET EXCITED - I DIDN'T MEAN PUT ON A SUIT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BOO?

I'LL BE UP IN THE BLEACHERS GIVING YOUR RUMMY BALL CLUB A PROPER AND FITTING GREETING!

LITTLE SURPRISE, GAND? WE'RE PLAYING COURAGE FRESHMEN NEXT WEEK!

THERE'S ONE TEAM I'D LIKE TO PLAY!

OH BOY! C'MON LET'S GET THOSE PLAYS WORKING!

YOU GUYS ARE TERRIBLE! YOU ARE AWFUL! WHEN HORSE BASKETBALL IS PLAYED, YOU WILL PLAY IT!

TAKE CHARGE OF THE TEAM A MINUTE, NED!

BOOS ONLY KIDDING, COACH - WE DIDN'T MEAN THOSE THINGS!

SKEELS, IN GETTING READY FOR A TOUGH TEAM LIKE COURAGE, WE HAVE NO PLACE FOR RECKLESS OR GUTTERS - AND YOU'RE BOTH!

GETTING READY FOR COURAGE? SAY - COACH!

THERE'S ONE GAME I'D LIKE TO PLAY IN - - COACH, SKEELS WOULDN'T DARE LEAVE ME OFF THE TEAM - IN TOO GOOD!

Skeels' version of Skeels is something to marvel at, my brave fellows!

... COLLEGE FRATERNITIES ...



PHI SIGMA DELTA

FOUNDED: AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NOVEMBER 10, 1910, BY ALFRED LAASON, MAXWELL HYMAN AND SIX OTHER MEN. THE PROFESSOR BRUNNER CUP IS AWARDED EACH YEAR TO THE CHAPTER WHOSE RECORD IS BEST.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

But Sheldon suddenly decides to go out for the freshman basketball team when he learns of a game with the Coleraine freshmen. BUD KNOWS HE'S GOOD!

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WELL, HERE I AM, BOY, ALL READY FOR THE BIG GAME AGAINST THE COLERAIN FRESHMEN!

WHO SAID SO?

WE PRACTICED EVERY NIGHT AND YOU'VE PRACTICALLY ORIGINATED THE TEAM — IF COACH PUTS YOU IN ANY PLACE OR THROUGH!

THAT'LL BE A BREAK FOR THE TEAM!

GET TO GET INTO THIS GAME — NEW GUY, I MEAN IS OUT THERE TO WATCH ME!

WHAT — ANOTHER ONE?

NO USE CHANGING SPARKS — I CAN'T USE YOU!

CAN'T USE ME?

CAN'T I EVEN GET INTO A SUT, COACH?

WHAT'S THE MATTER — GOT A GIRL IN THE AUDIENCE?

PUT THIS ON, SPARKS!

BOY! THANKS, SHOTGUN — I MEAN — COACH SHELTON!

WAIT'LL THEY SEE ME — I KNOCK 'EM DEAD IN A BASKETBALL SUT — OR ANY OTHER KIND OF A SUT, FOR AS THAT GOES!

HE'S SWEET, TOO — I JUST MET HIM TODAY —

ISN'T THAT YOUR OLD SPARKS COMING OUT NOW, WELL OF ALL THE —!

COACH DID THIS ON PURPOSE — THERE'S WHY HE ASKED ME IF I HAD A GIRL OUT HERE!

THIS COLERAIN TEAM IS TOUGH, DO YOU HEAR, TOUGH! BUT LISTEN, YOU GUYS PLAY A LITTLE BASKETBALL YOURSELVES NOW GO OUT THERE AND SHOW ME JUST HOW TOUGH!

... COLLEGE FRATERNITIES ...



THETA
KAPPA
PHI

FOUNDED: AT LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, OCTOBER 1, 1919, ITS PURPOSE BEING TO PROMOTE GOOD FELLOWSHIP, AND TO ENCOURAGE HIGH SCHOLASTIC STANDING.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

HE'S GOT AN IDEAL SHOOTOUT—YOU KNOW HOW PROUD BOO SHERIDAN IS OF HIS APPEARANCE.

Colebraine feels that Ned Carter's strong, yearling team is 18 to 15 with 1 minute and 27 seconds to play.

LOOK AT THIS SOFT COACH SHERIDAN GAVE ME! IF I WERE IN A CORNFIELD THE CROWD WOULD DIE OF HUNGER!

DON'T WORRY, BOO—HE WOULDN'T SEND YOU IN IF COLEBRAINE WERE LEADING 40 TO 18!

SEND BOO IN AND THE COLEBRAINE FANS WILL GREET HIM WITH A RAUCOUS OYSTER!

SURE! AND BOO WILL GET HIS CHANCE TO SHOW 'EM, AND MAYBE GO ON A SCORING RAMPAGE!

I SEE THE SOFT—BUT WHERE'S SHERIDAN?

DON'T GET RATTLED IN THERE, AND IF YOU GET THAT BALL, SHOOT!

BOO HAD BEEN HAD BY TWO TALLIES WHO WERE HAD AT EACH OTHER!

Colebraine guards feel Ned is their most effort to stop him, and he gets a break shot.

DON'T GET THE BALL OUGHTER IN YOUR QUART!

THE SECOND FOLK WERE CALLED ON THE CROWD FOR SHOOTING AT A PLAYER ABOUT TO SHOOT.

THAT'S IT POINTS FOR CARTER.

SMART GUY, EH? GIMME THAT BALL, SOMEBODY!

Made lighting mad by the rising, but races down the sideline as the Colebraine fan cheer the remaining seconds of play... Five... Four... Three...

Give a holler over the ball from Ned Brant to Boo Sheridan. Ned is a yearling, and the gun ending the game is waiting.

THERE'S THE GUY!

AND OUR BALL GAME, 19 TO 18!

ALL RIGHT, YOU LOVELY PEOPLE—TAKE A GOOD LOOK—I DON'T NEED A RORN FITTING SUIT TO BEAT A DUMB COLEBRAINE TEAM!

SHOOTING!

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FEATURE FUNNIES

200 Cartoons, 1000 Pages, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is one dollar. Send me FEATURE FUNNIES every month for one year.

Name _____

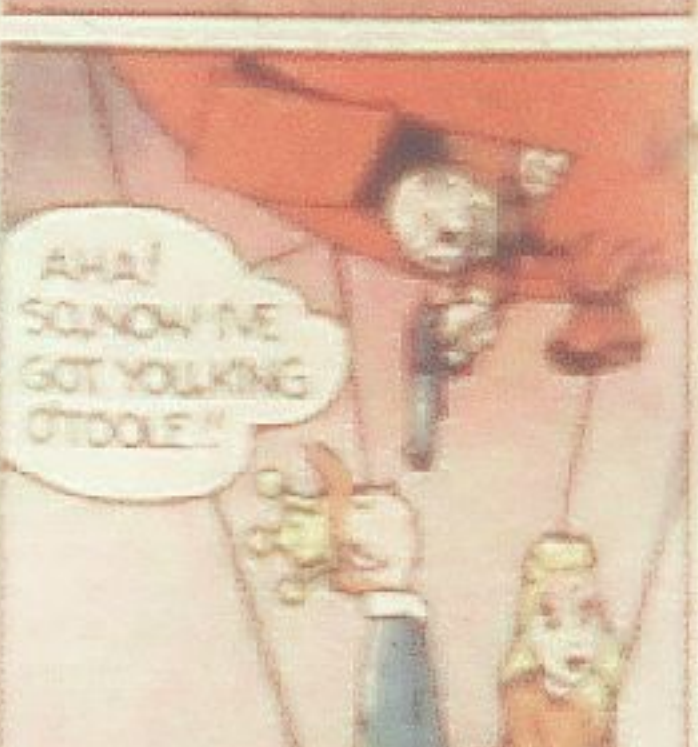
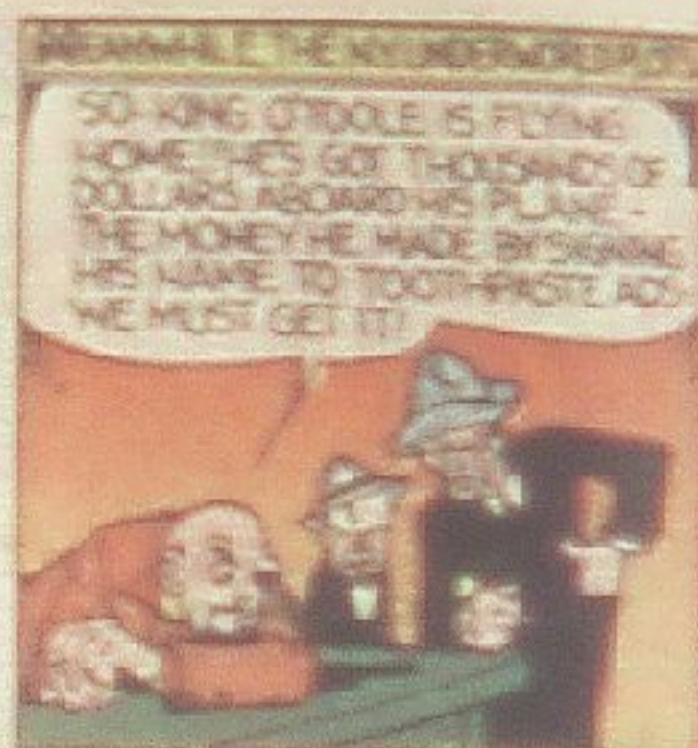
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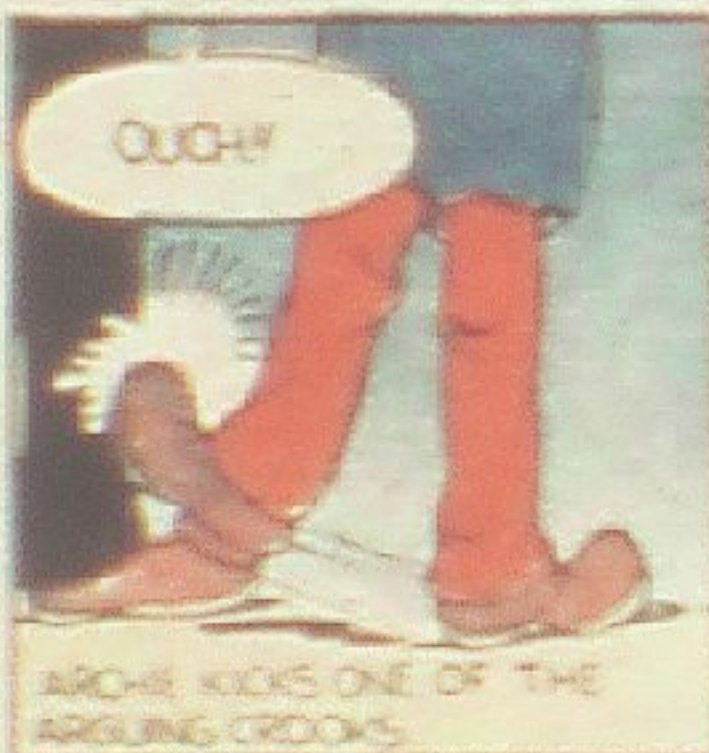
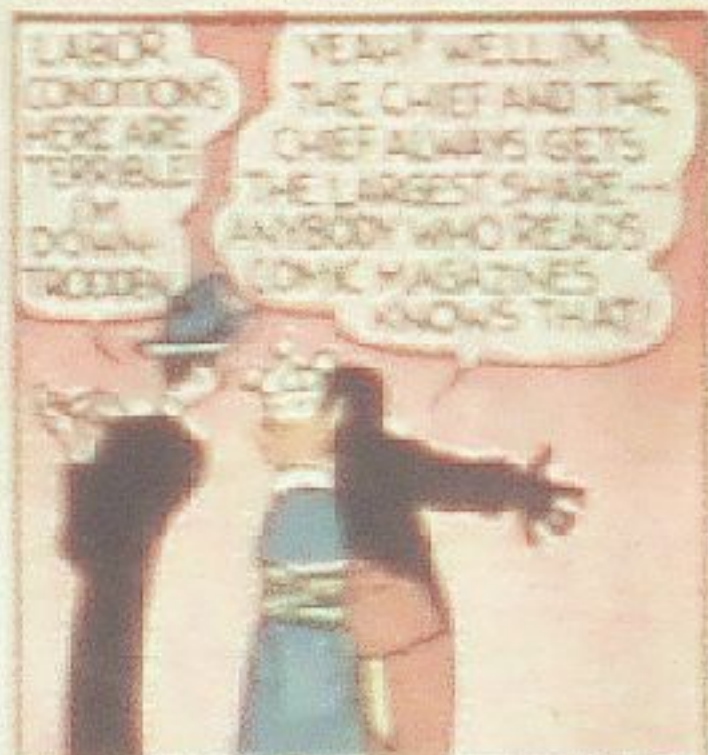
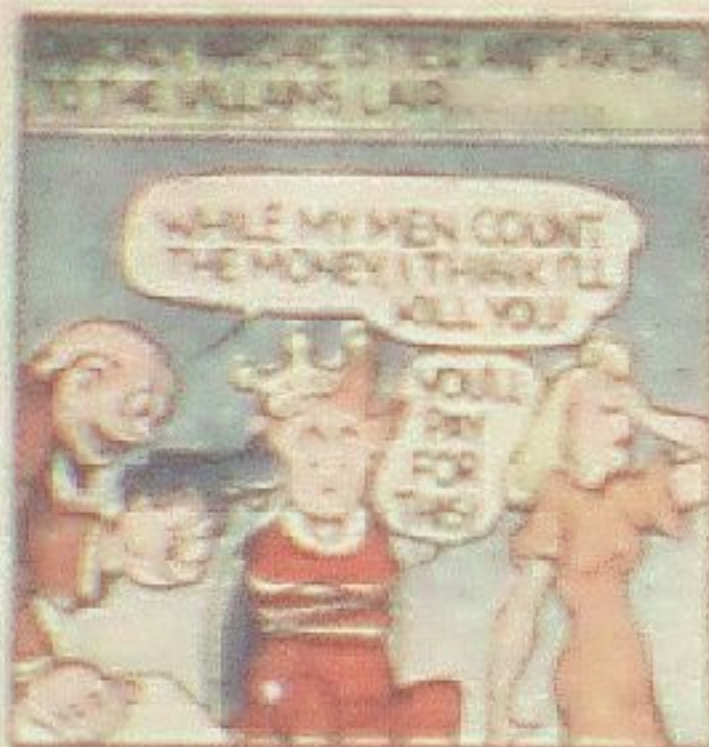
City _____ State _____

Cost of \$1.50

Price

Ned Brant is continued in the February issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale December 10th.





Gallant Knight

by
VERNON HENKEL

SIR NEVILLE
RIDES SOUTHWARD
AWAY FROM
THE CASTLE
OF GALLENE.
HIS SWORD
LOOSE IN THE
SCABBARD
FOR DEATH
SEEMED TO
LURK EVERY-
WHERE IN THIS
WILD COUNTRY.

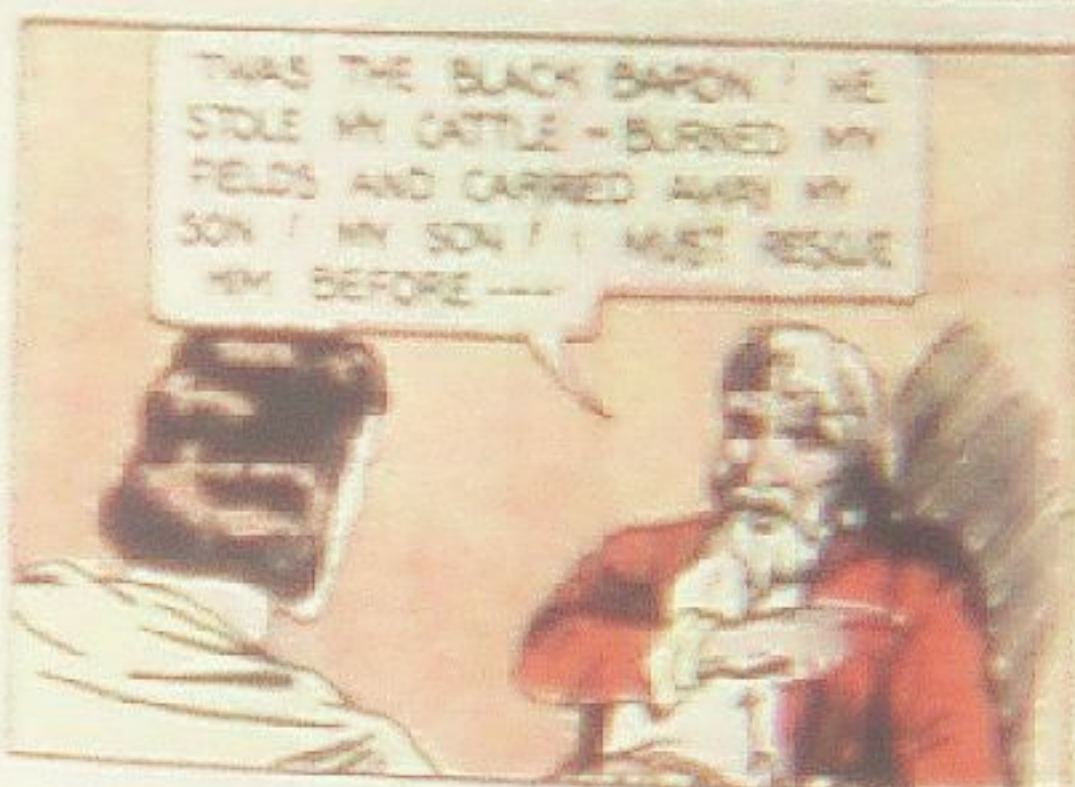


MOUNTING A HIGH CLIFF THE KNIGHT-ERRANT
WAS SOON CONFRONTED BY A SCENE OF GRIM TRAGEDY.



AS
NEVILLE
RODE
UP
THE
OLD
MAN
STARED
FEEBLY.

PEACE! WHAT
ILL FORTUNE HAS
STRUCK THESE
SIRE?



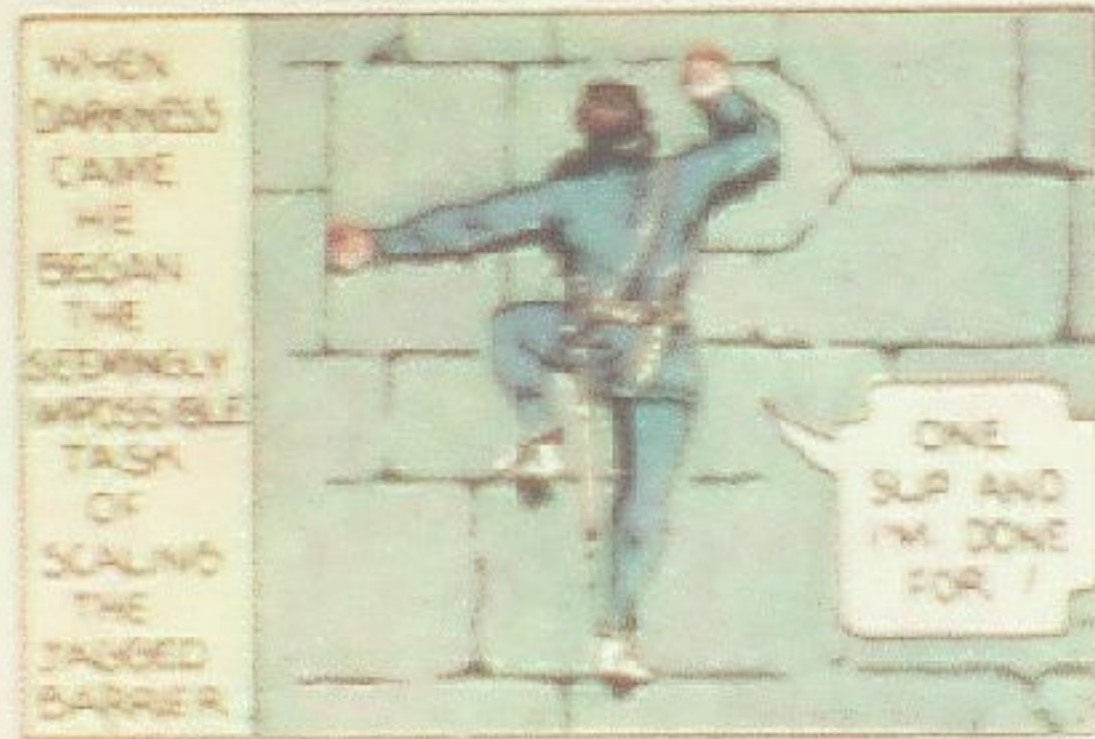
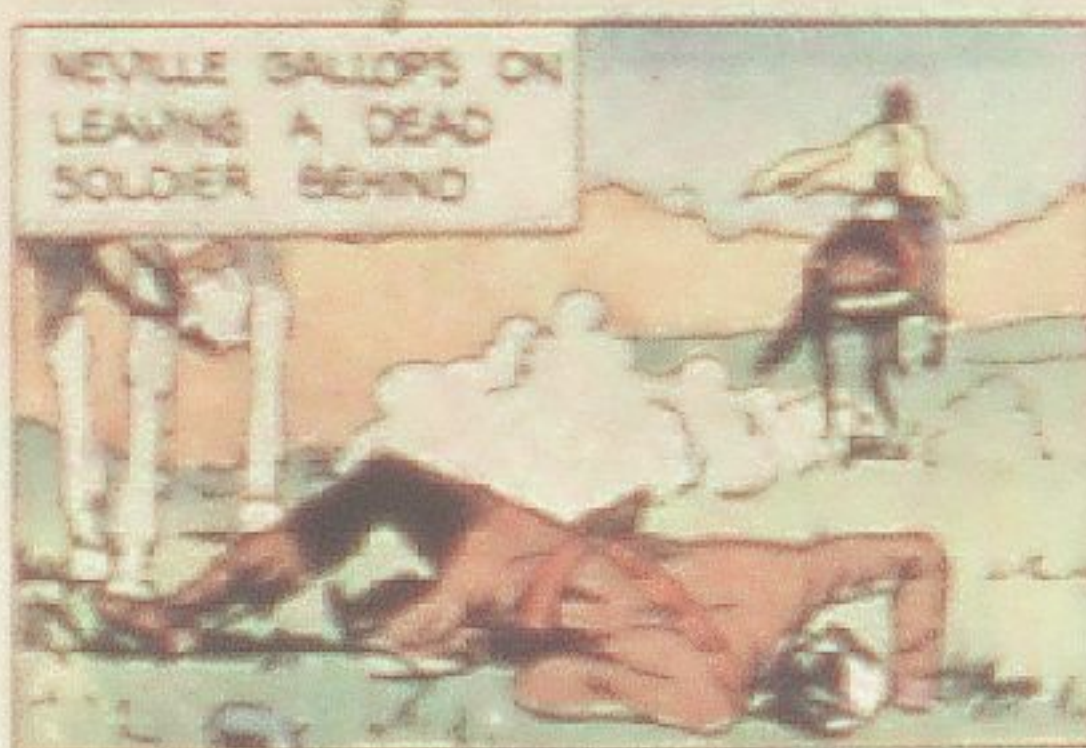
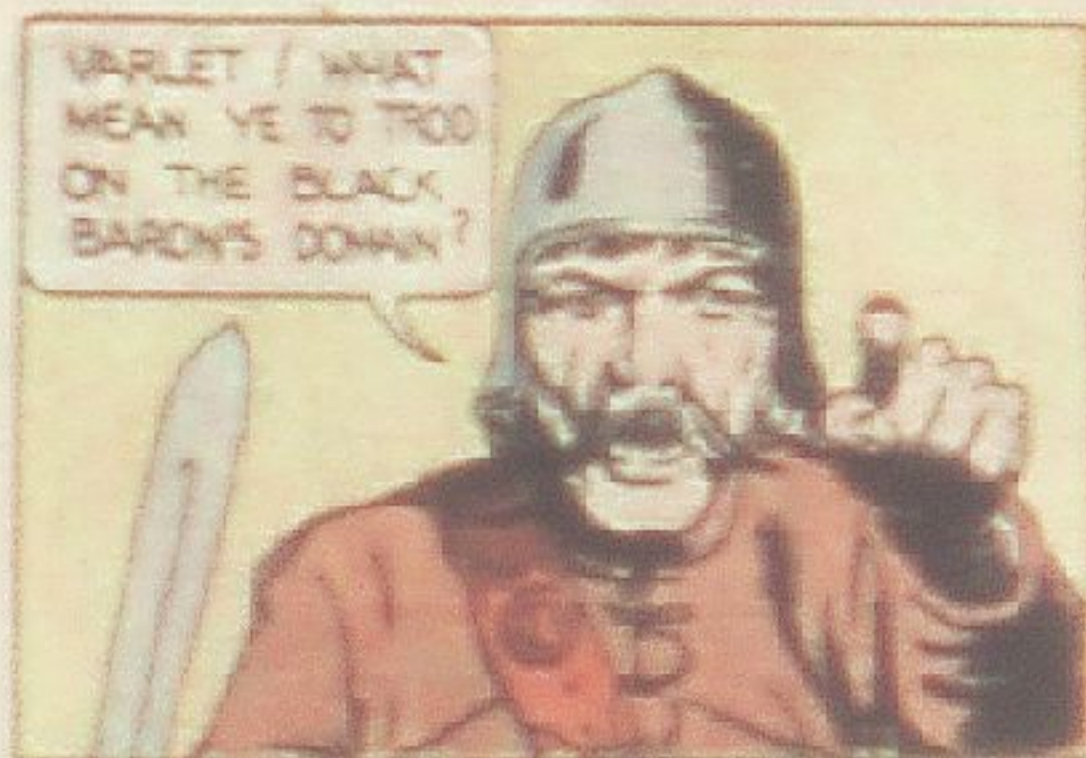
THAT'S THE BLACK BARON! HE
STOLE MY CASTLE - BURNED MY
FIELDS AND CARRIED AWAY MY
SON! MY SON! I MUST RESCUE
HIM BEFORE —



DEAD! THERE
IS NAUGHT I
CAN DO HERE!



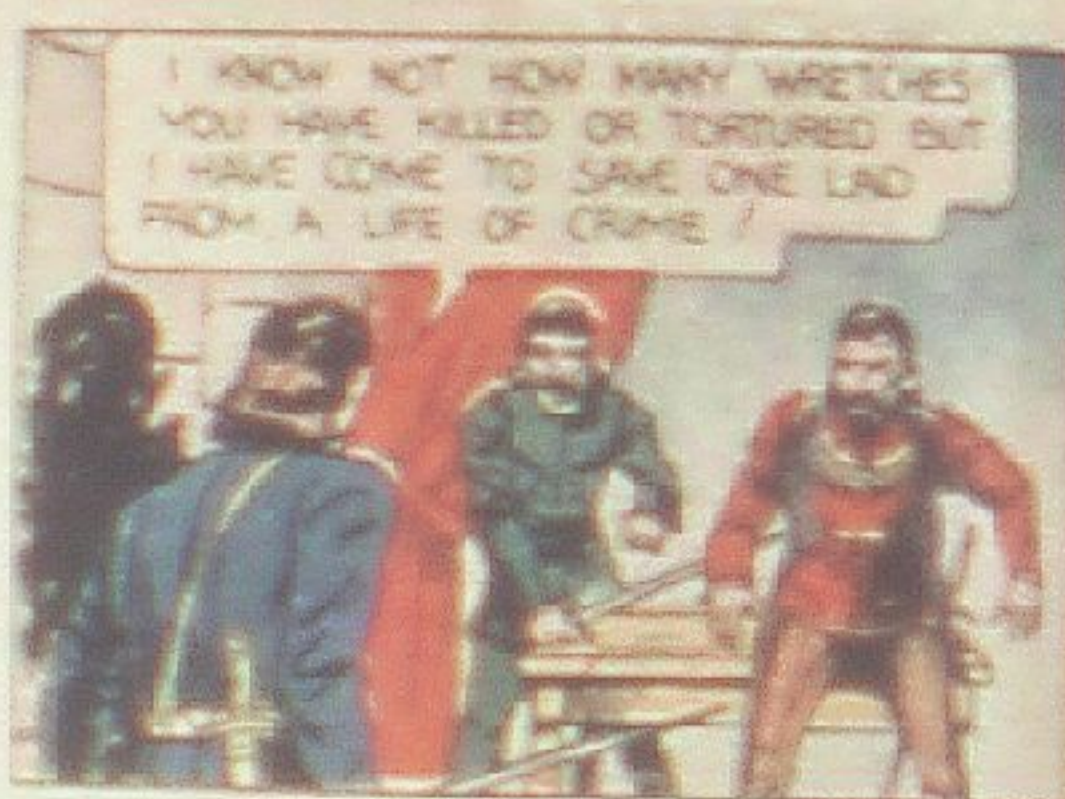
NEVILLE
RIDES
IN THE
DIRECTION
THE OLD
MAN HAD
POINTED
WHEN HIS
PATH IS
SUDDENLY
BLOCKED
BY A
DOSTERIOUS
KNIGHT.



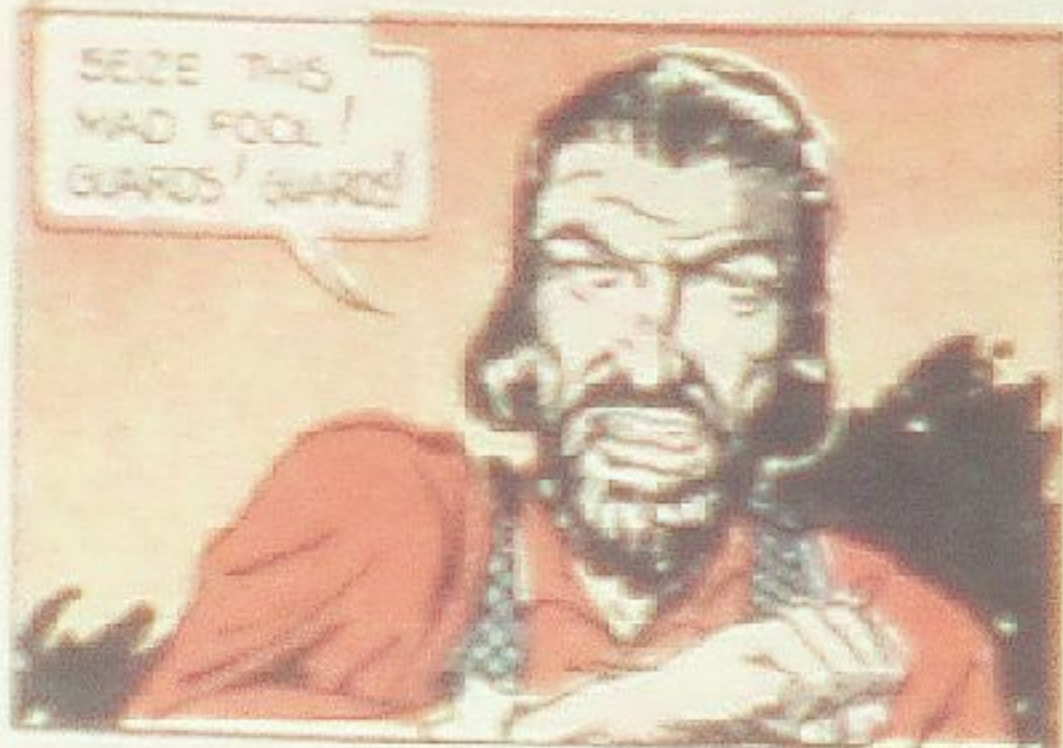
BY MY SWORD / HOW
DID YOU GET HERE ?



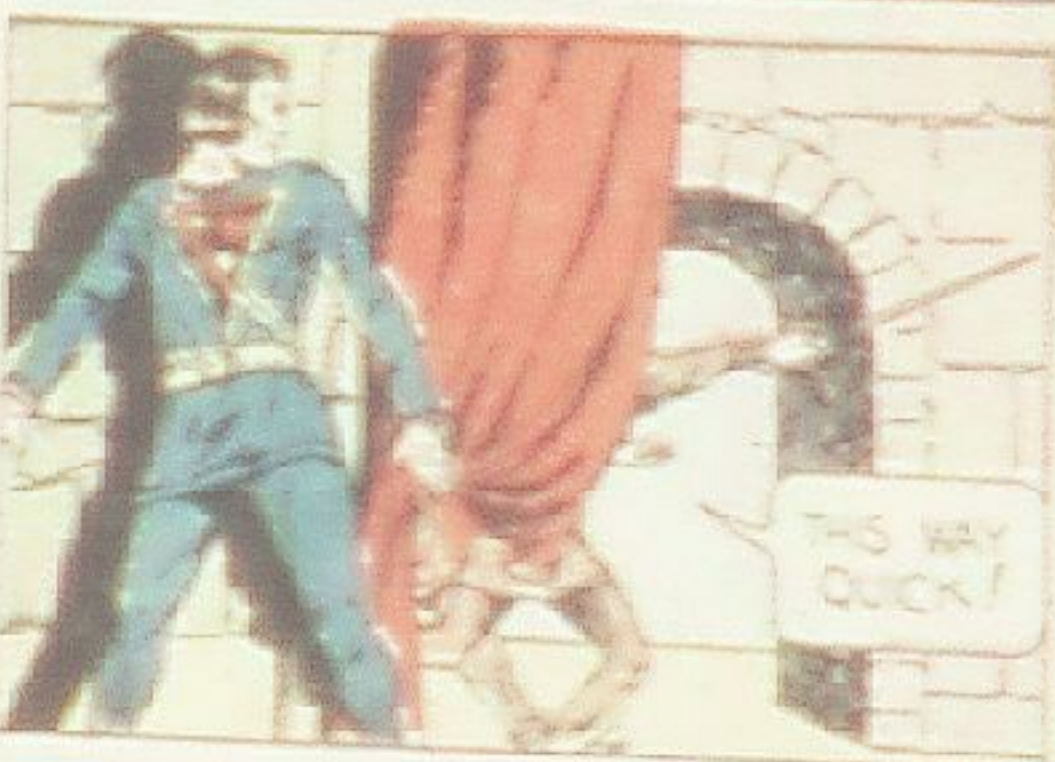
I KNOW NOT HOW MANY WRETCHES
YOU HAVE KILLED OR TORTURED BUT
I HAVE COME TO SAVE ONE LAD
FROM A LIFE OF CRIME !



SEIZE THIS
MAD FOOL !
GUARDS ! GUARDS !

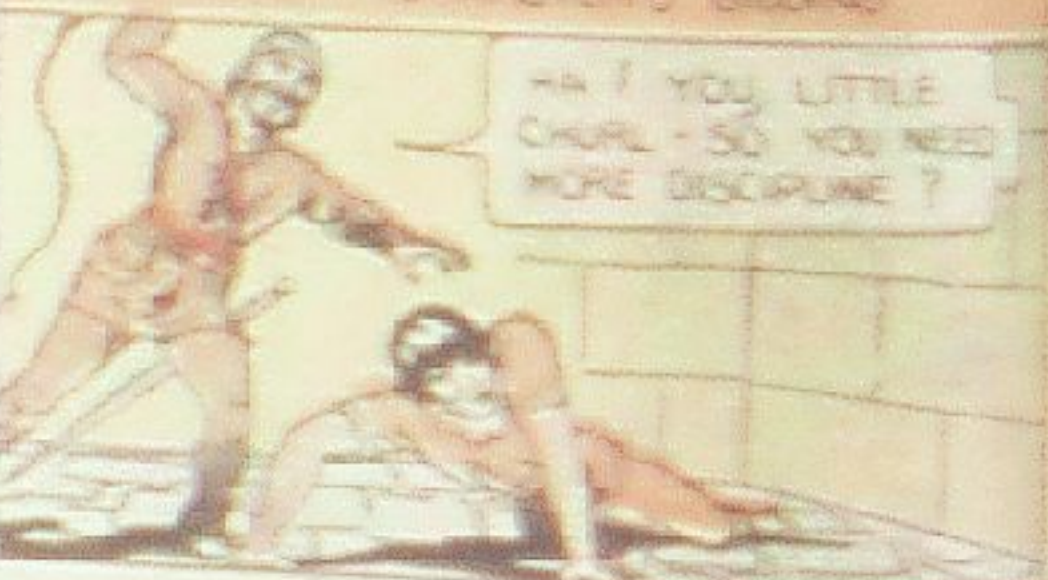


THE LIGHT-HEARTED NEVILLE STRUCK FIRST
-HIS ATTACK SENT THE STARTLED NOBLES
SPRAWLING TO THE FLOOR



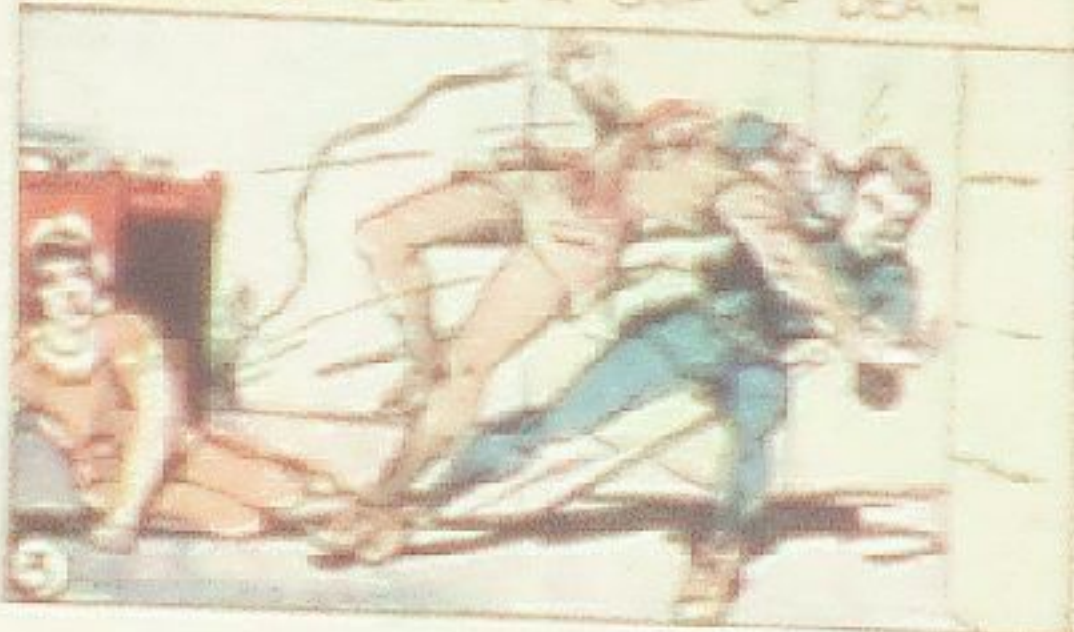
THIS WAY
QUICK !

MEANWHILE, FROM ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE
SCREAMS RANG OUT AS A YOUTHFUL BOY RE-
FUSED TO DO HIS MASTER'S BIDDING



HA ! YOU LITTLE
CHURL - SO YOU NEED
MORE DISCIPLINE ?

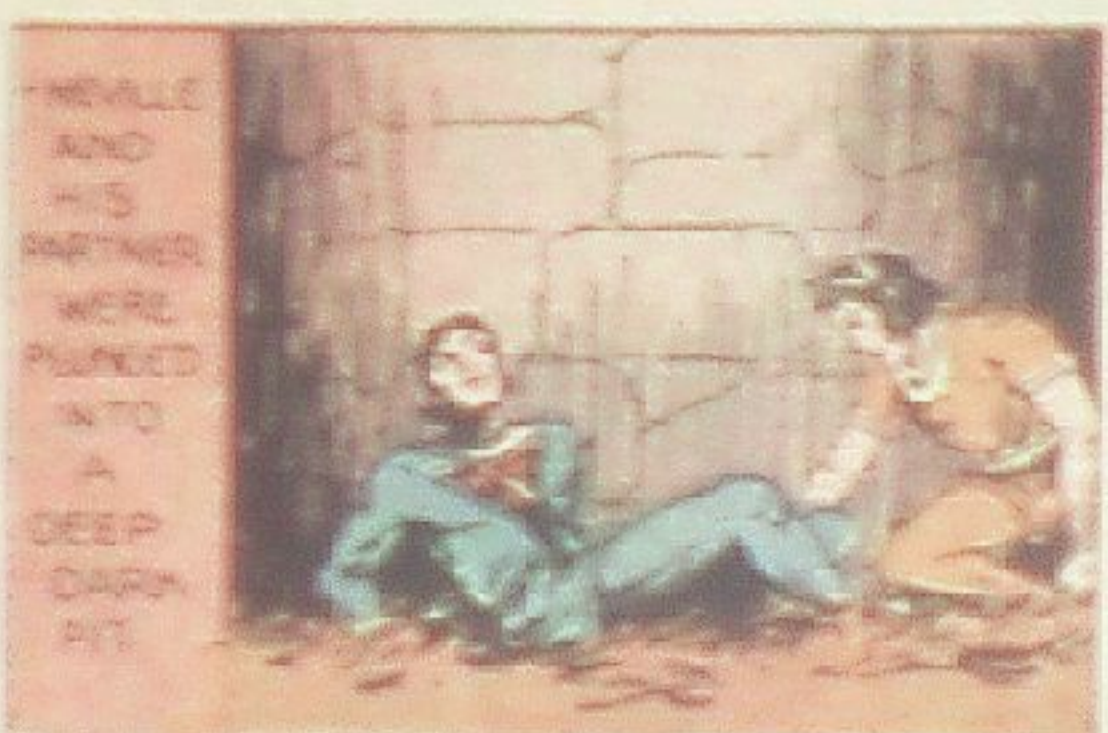
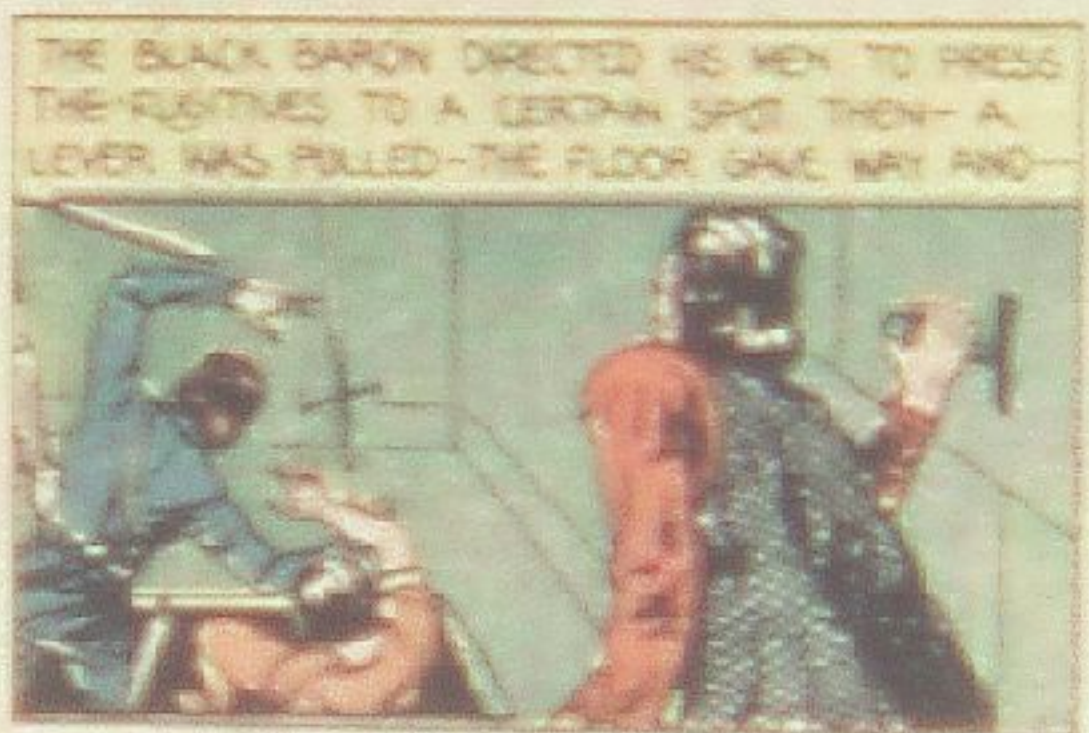
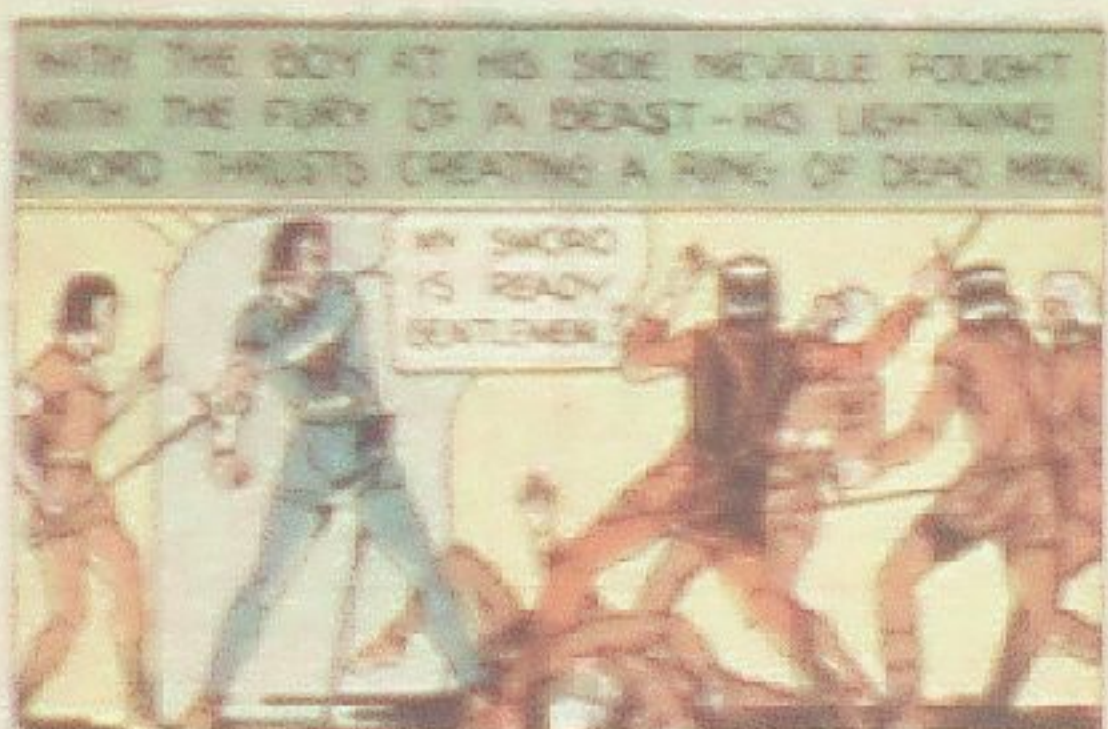
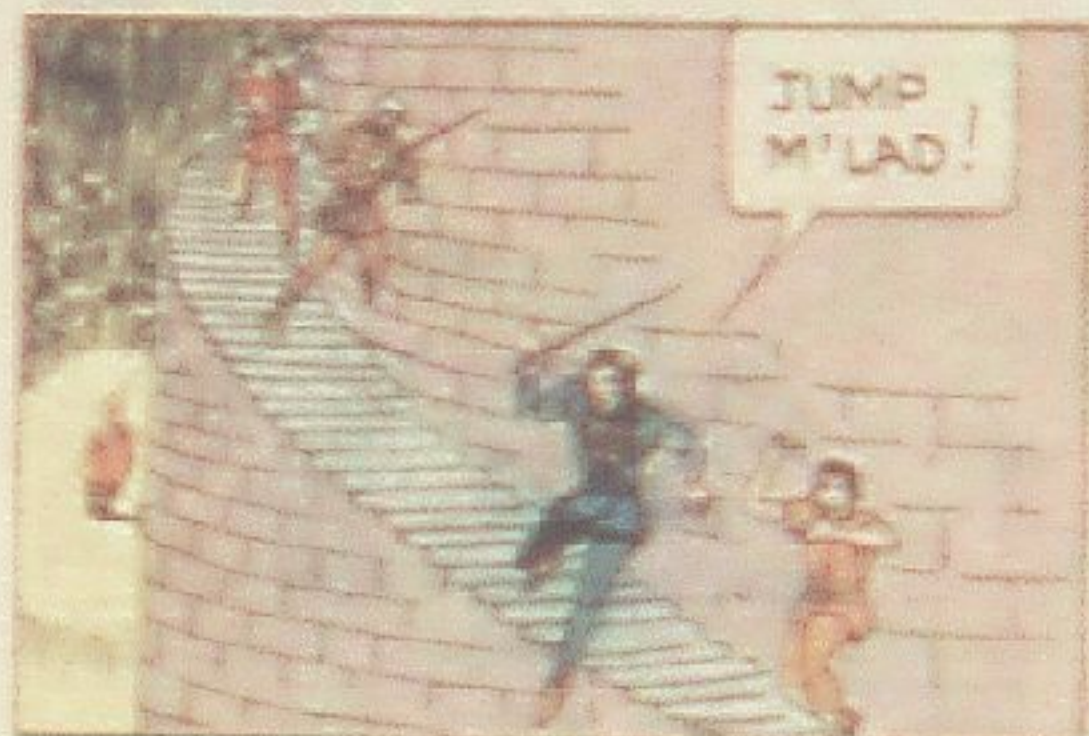
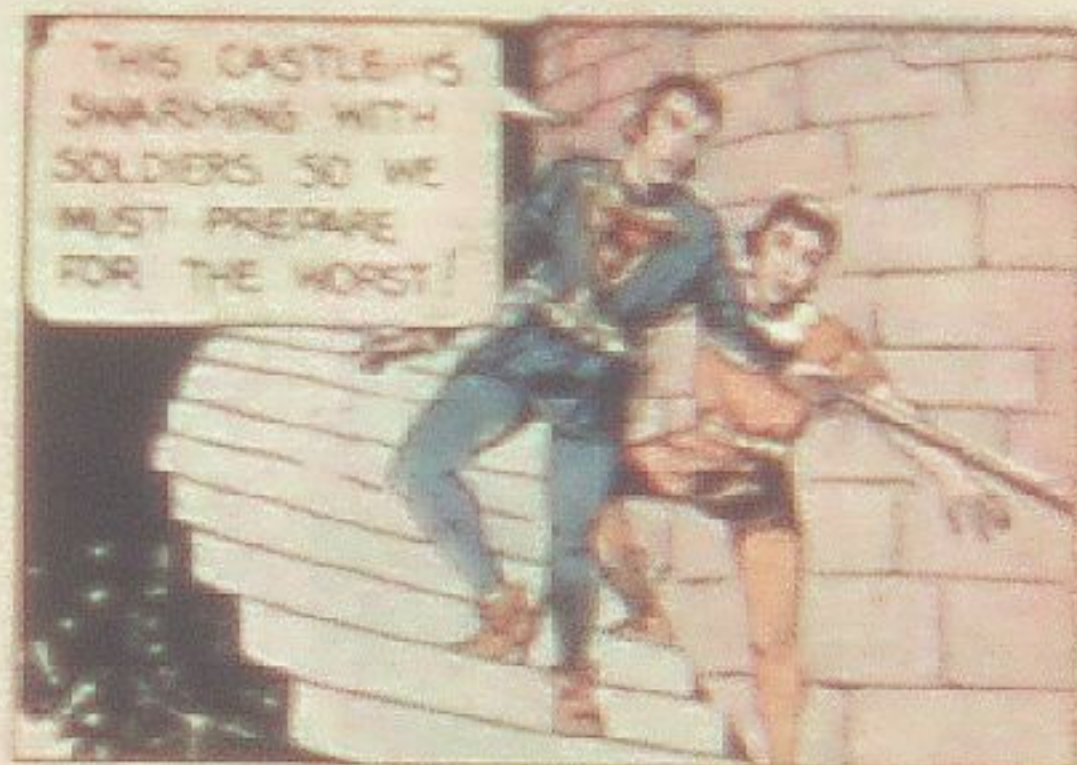
FROM THE SHADOWS STEELY FINGERS REACHED
OUT TO TIGHTEN IN A GRIP OF DEATH



PLEASE, SIRE
TAKE ME AWAY
FROM HERE !

THAT DO I INTEND
LAD, SHOULD FORTUNE
FAVOR US





BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN

AFTER THE
SHOW
IS OVER
THE
CROWD
TALKS
OF
NOTHING
BUT
THE
SHOW

HERE'S A LIND OF
SUGAR, OLD
DAL!



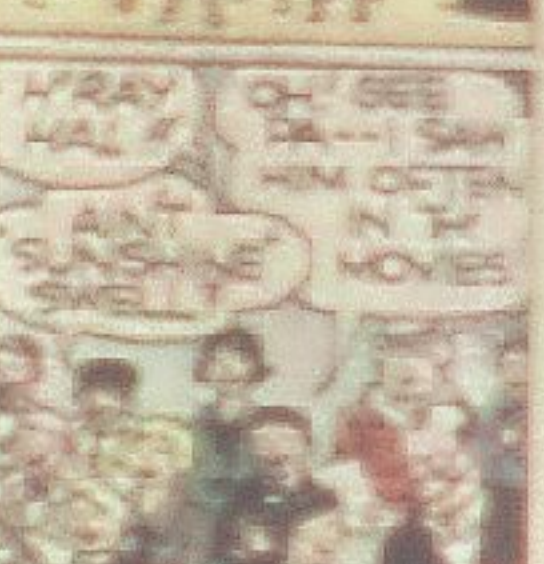
WHEN THE FLYING
FALCONER LEAVE THE SHOW
THEY ARE DRIVING AWAY



ON THE OUTSIDE THE COWBOYS
AND HORNS ARE FOR THE
WILD WEST SHOW TO BEGIN



THE MAIN SHOW IS OVER
THE MAN ANNOUNCES
THE SHOW IN THE FIELD
THEY ARE DRIVING AWAY
THEY ARE DRIVING AWAY



AFTER THE SHOW
THE MAN AND WOMAN
DOES SOME
MORE JUMPING



NEXT THE HORNS DO THEIR OWN DANCE



WHEN THE SHOW IS OVER THE
CROWD TALKS OF NOTHING BUT
THE SHOW
BOY WHAT A
RIDER HE IS
SON IS IT



A FEW MINUTES
LATER
I MUST SEE
HOW S'...



HOW'S YOUR
ANKLE DEAR?



THEY ARE
DRIVING AWAY



YOU'RE
SUCH A
CONFORT



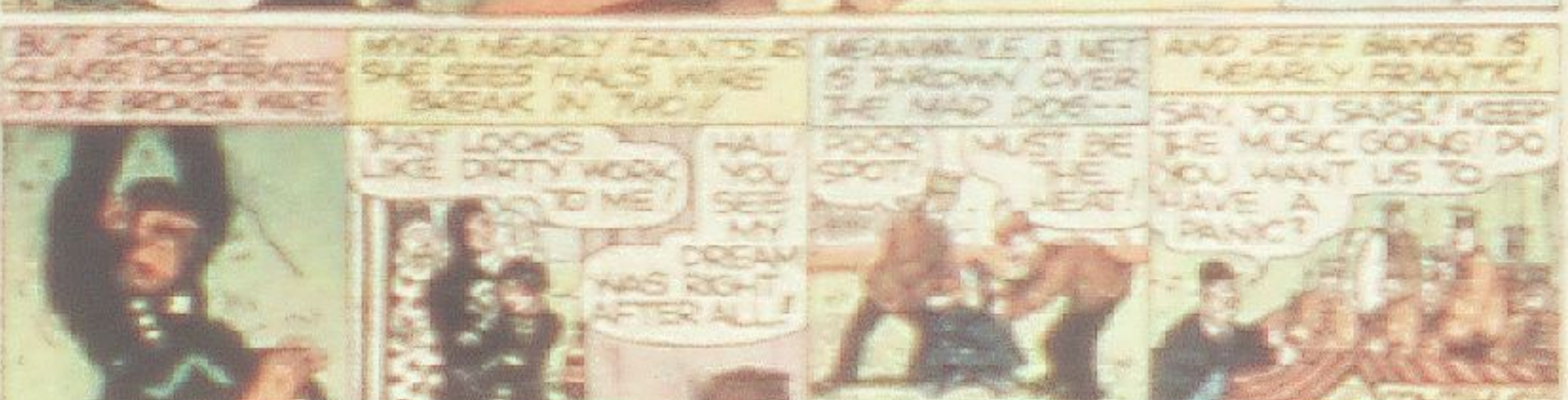
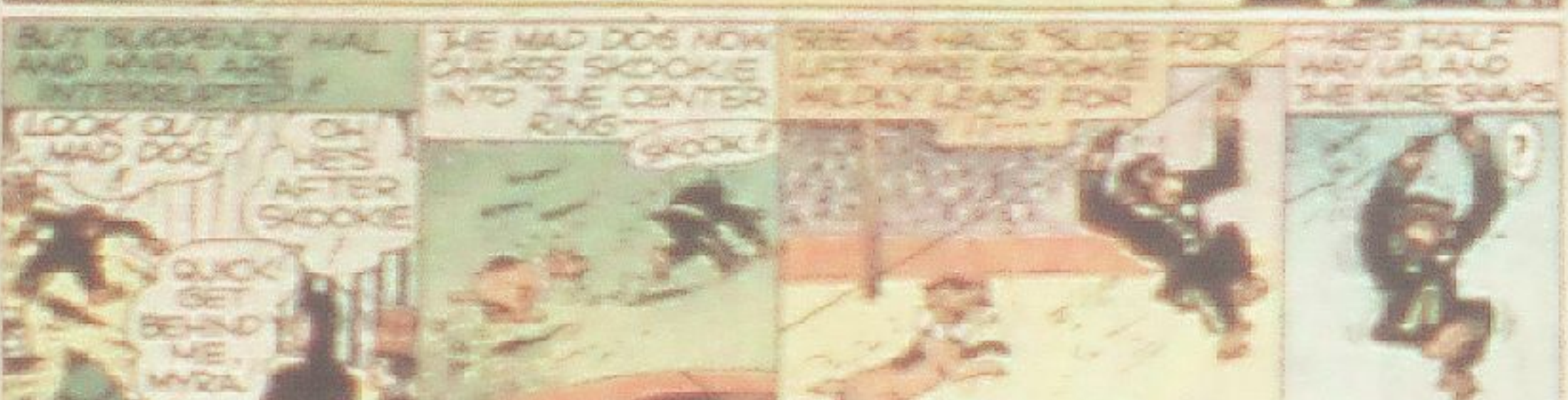
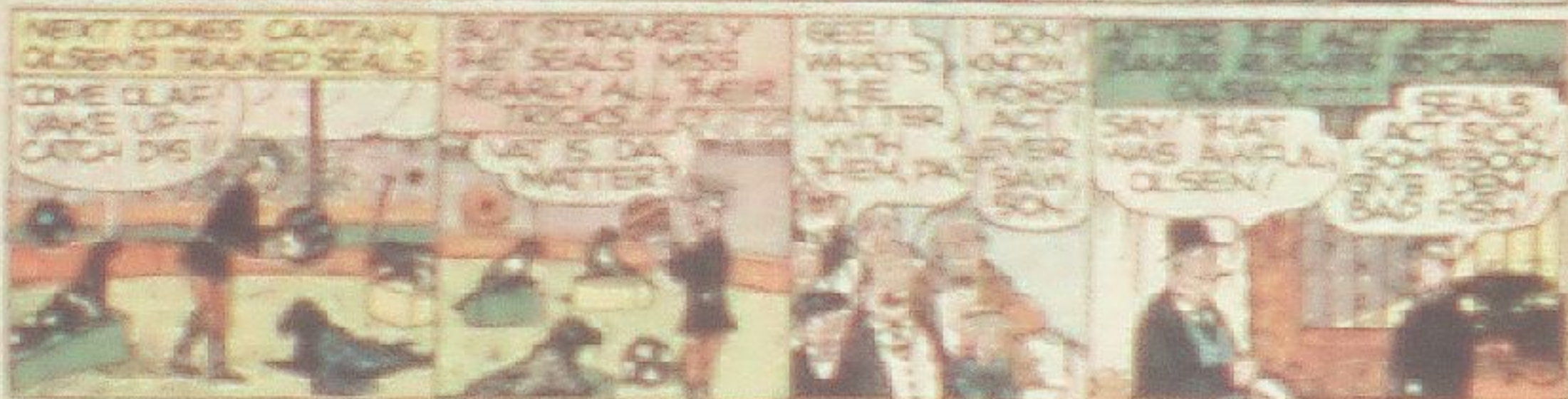
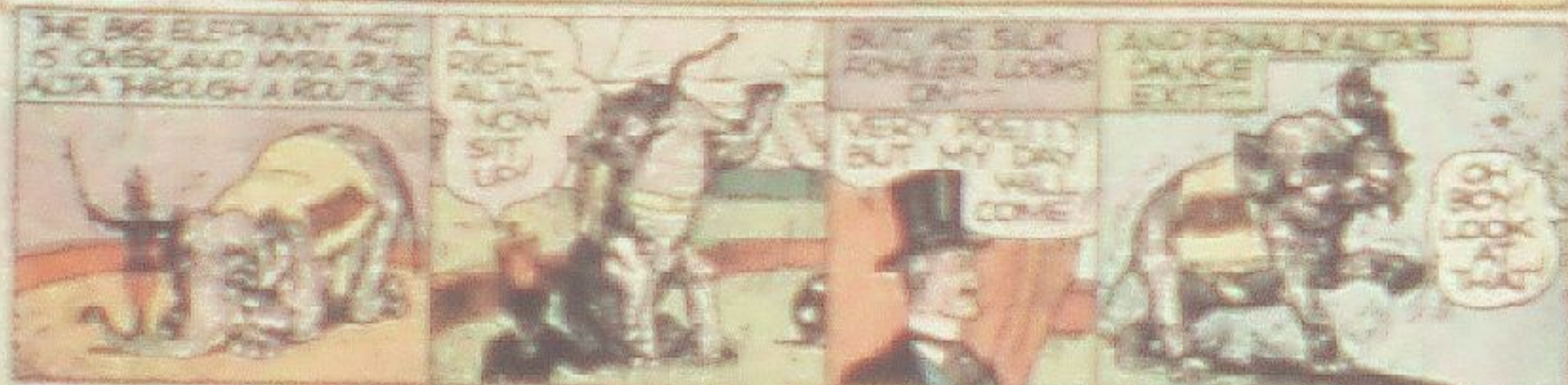
LATER, THE MAN
AND WOMAN
DOES SOME
MORE JUMPING



THEY ARE DRIVING AWAY



BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN



Big Top is continued in the February issue of FEATURE Funnies—on sale December 1934.

OUT OF RECORD
BY Ed. Fraser



"BY THE WAY,
CAN YOU SING?"



"PUT YOUR SHOES ON ---
YOU'RE TEARING THE SHEETS"



"YOU GOT AN AWFUL SCORE IN
LAST NIGHT'S HOLD-UP!"

IT'S NOT TOO LATE

To get your copy of the \$3.00000

1938
LIONEL
LIONEL



At this time, the only way to get your copy of the \$3.00000 is by ordering it now. The books are being printed and will be ready for shipment in a few weeks. The price is \$3.00000 per copy. The books are being printed and will be ready for shipment in a few weeks. The price is \$3.00000 per copy.

The books are being printed and will be ready for shipment in a few weeks. The price is \$3.00000 per copy. The books are being printed and will be ready for shipment in a few weeks. The price is \$3.00000 per copy.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1907 OF POSTAL SERVICE, published monthly at Cleveland, Ohio for October 2, 1938.

State of Ohio

County of Cuyahoga

Before me, a Notary Public, do and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Edward Gross, who having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Editor of the **FLAUNDER FLAUNDER**, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and of a daily paper, the **FLAUNDER FLAUNDER**, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, as required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1907, extended as section 1107, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, of the managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, **Cross Publishers, Inc.**, 365 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, **Edward Gross**, 365 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, **None**; Business Manager, **Ann L. Morgan**, 365 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership, or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) **Cross Publishers, Inc.**, 365 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Edward M. Arnold, 24 Grove Drive, Old Greenwich, Conn.
Frank J. Martin, 365 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.
Henry P. Martin, Jr., c/o The Register & Tribune Co., Des Moines, Ia.

Frank J. Murphy, 134 Water Street, Larchmont, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) **None**

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if not correct not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the ownership and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, bond stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and who assert no claim to believe that any other person, partnership, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities that is or would be true.

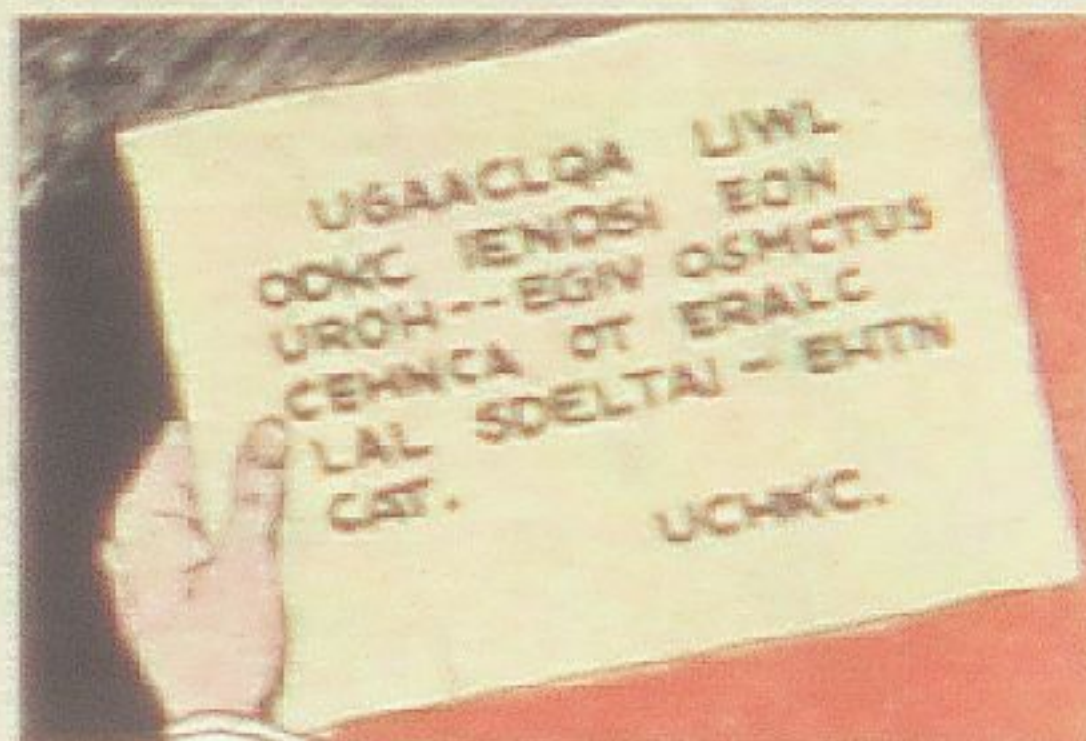
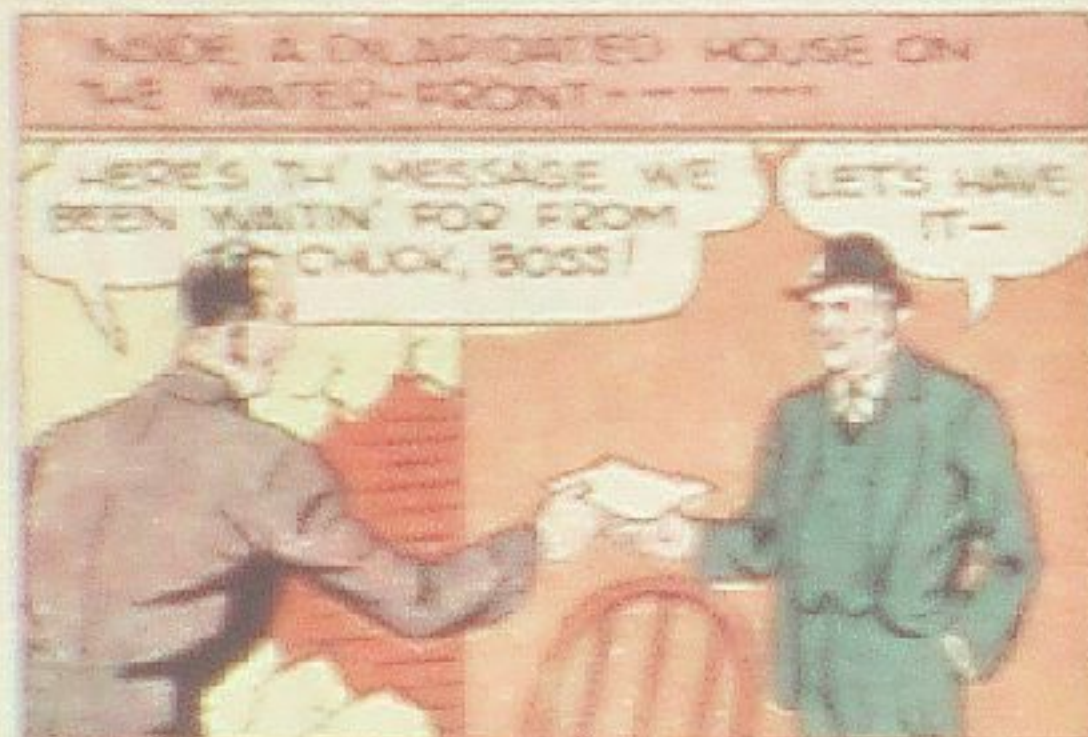
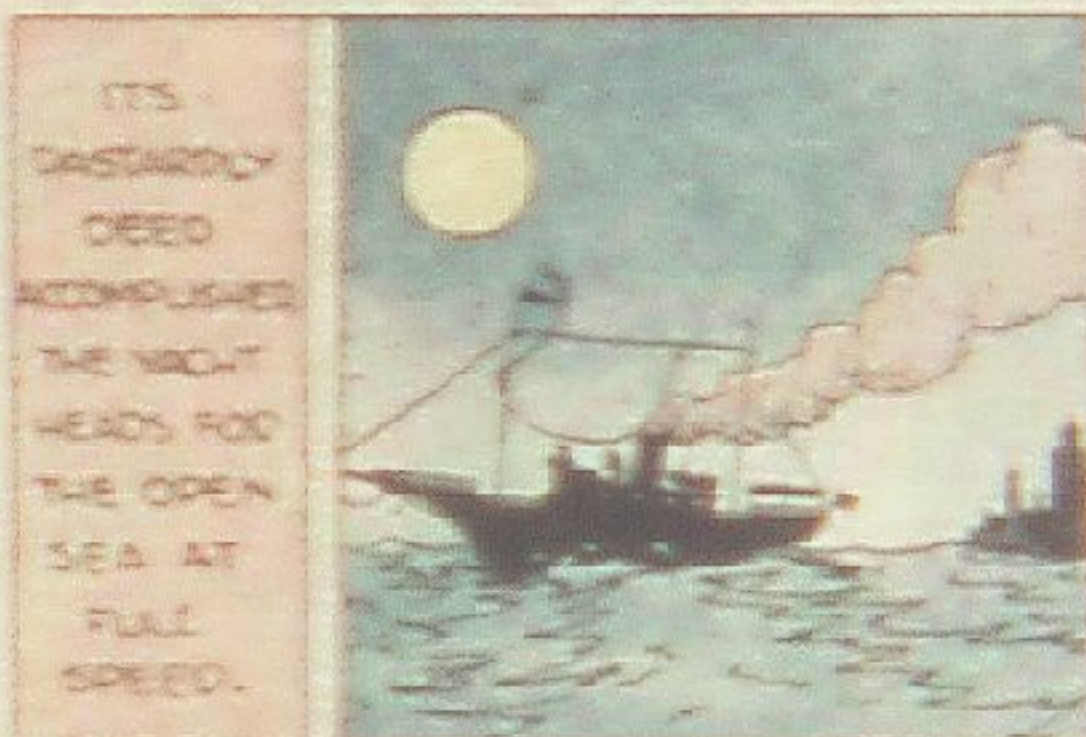
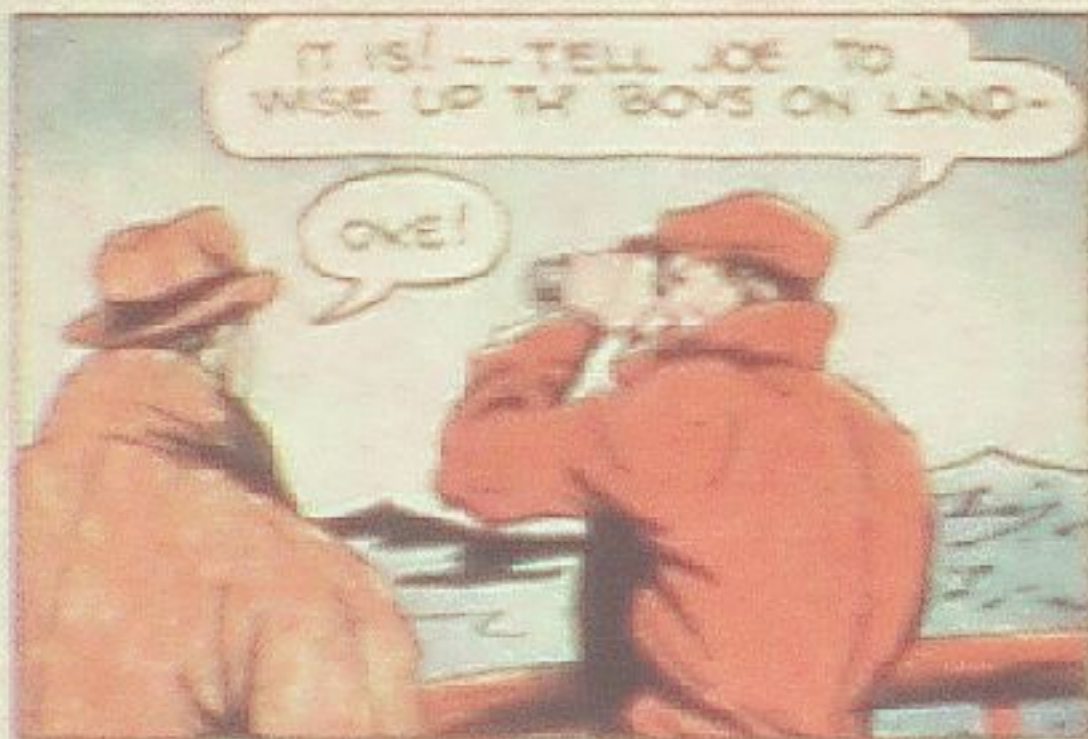
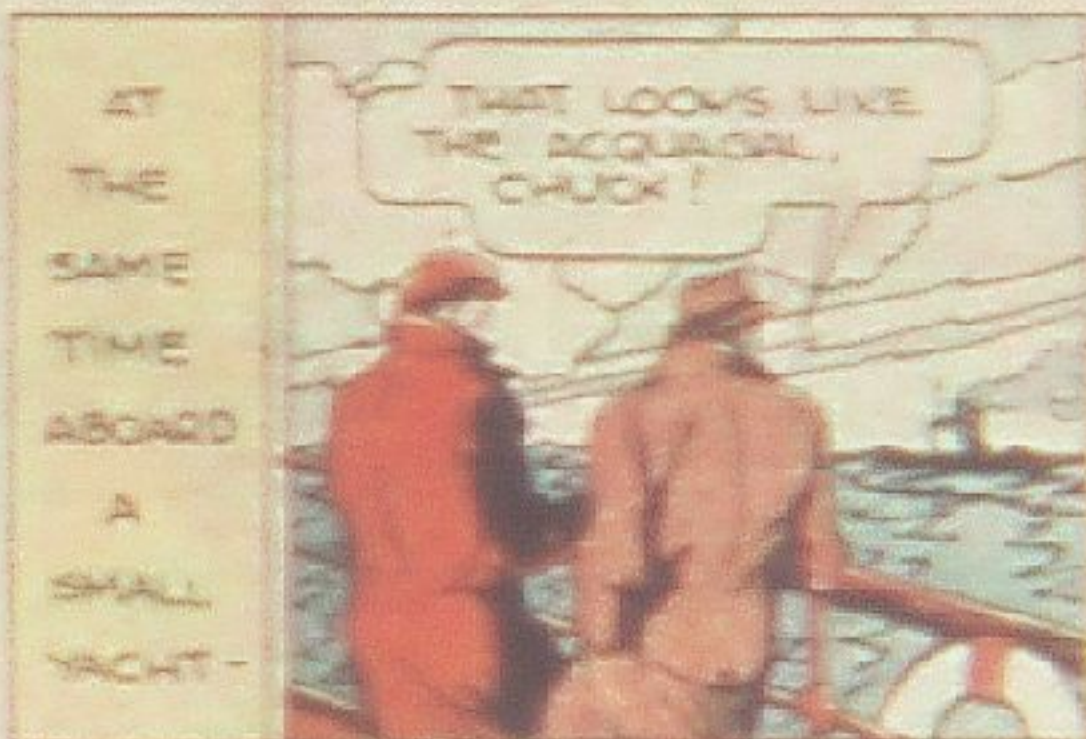
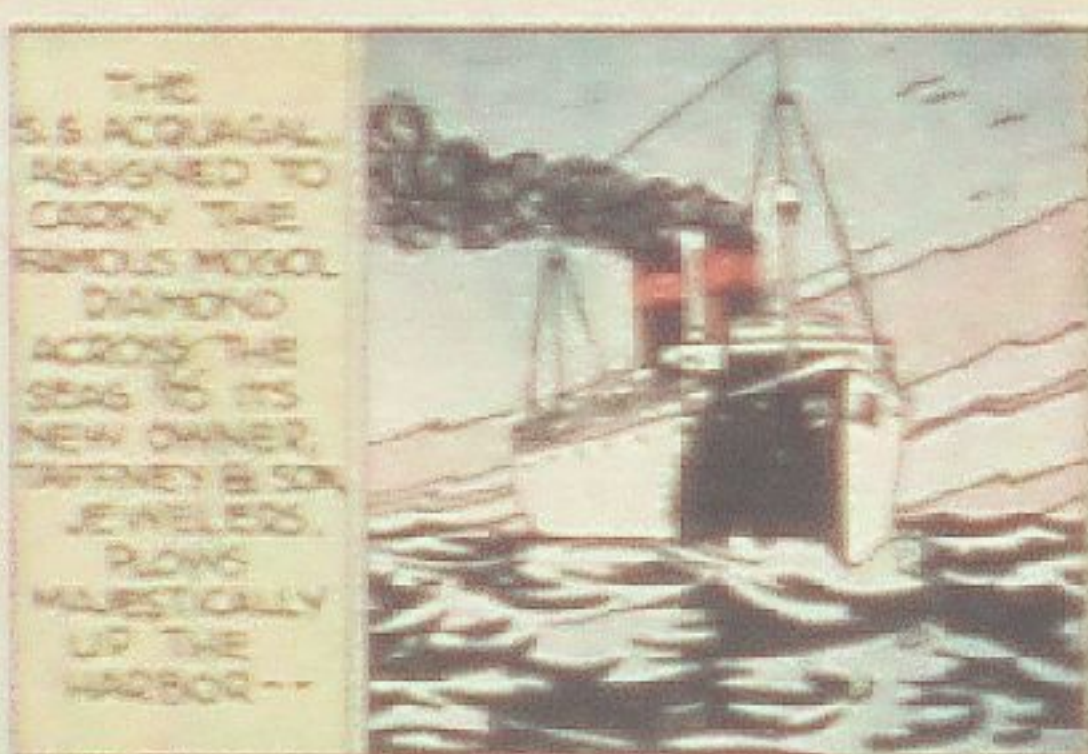
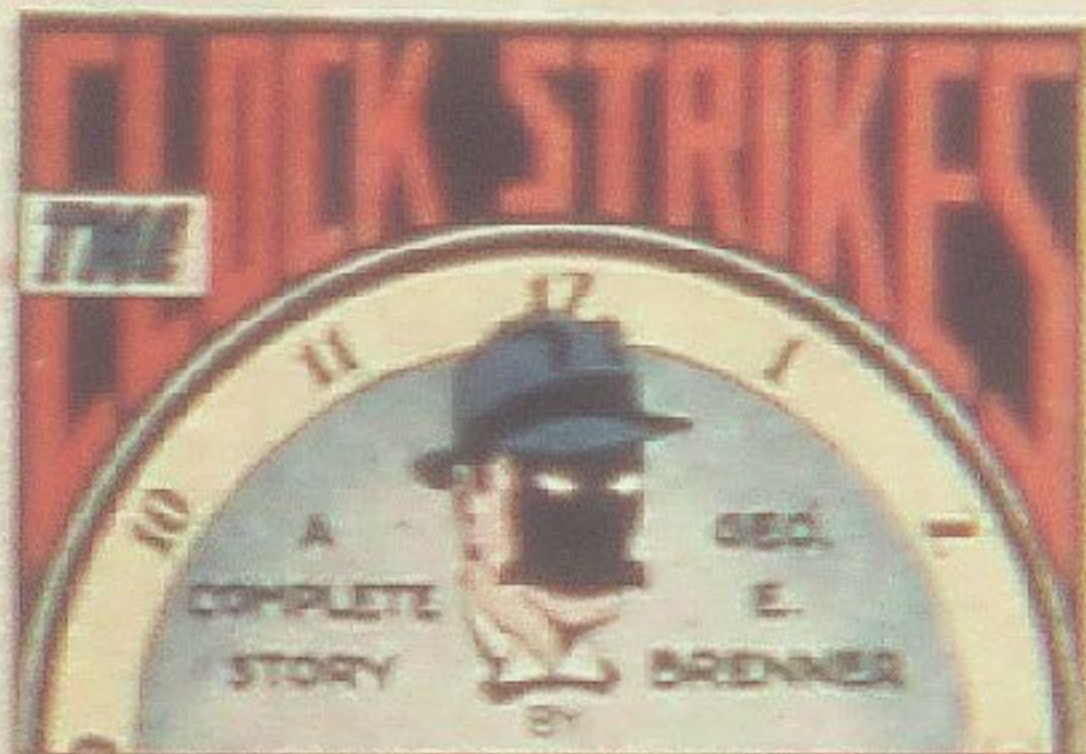
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of the publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months terminating the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

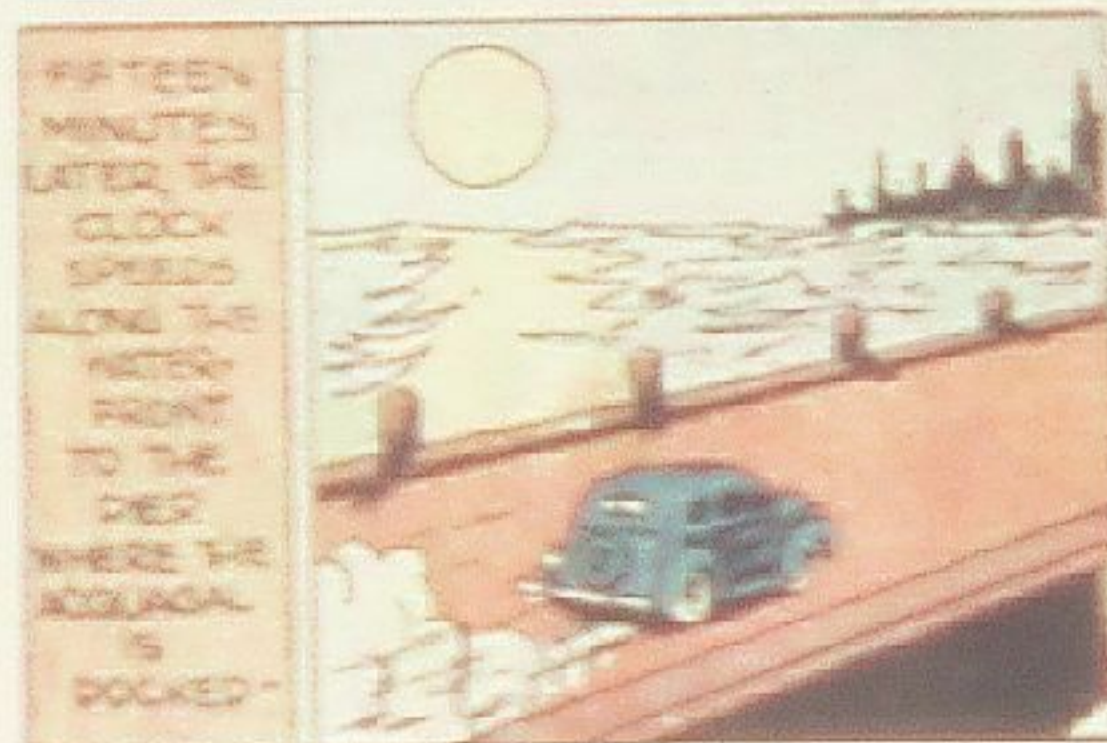
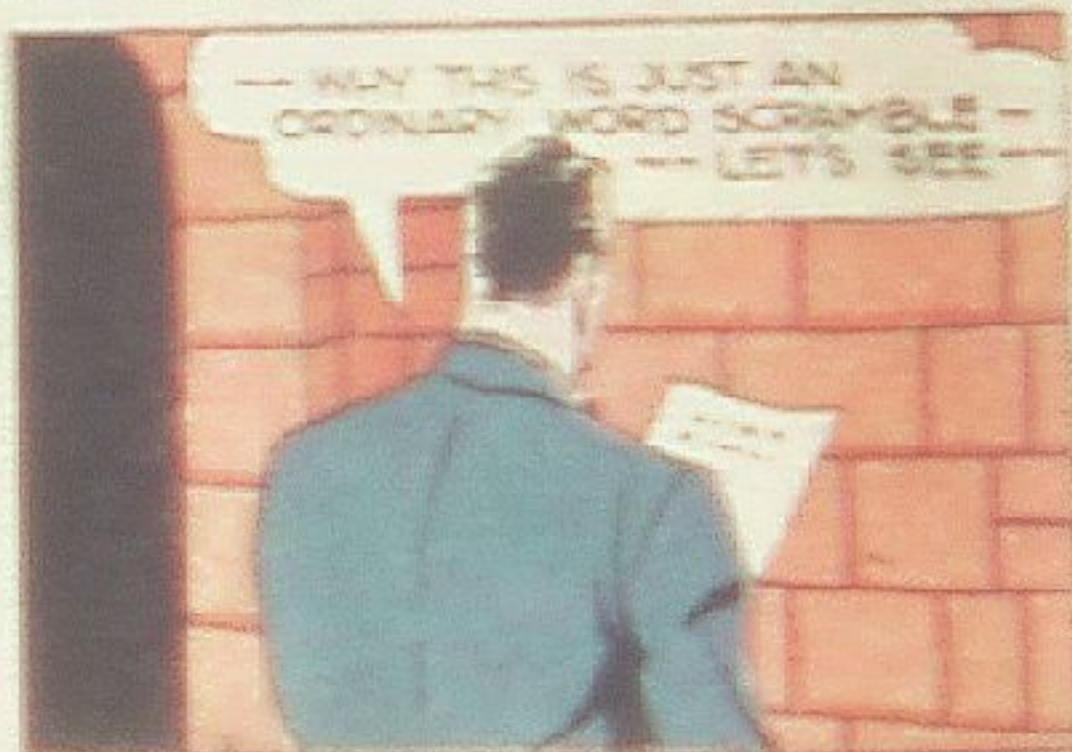
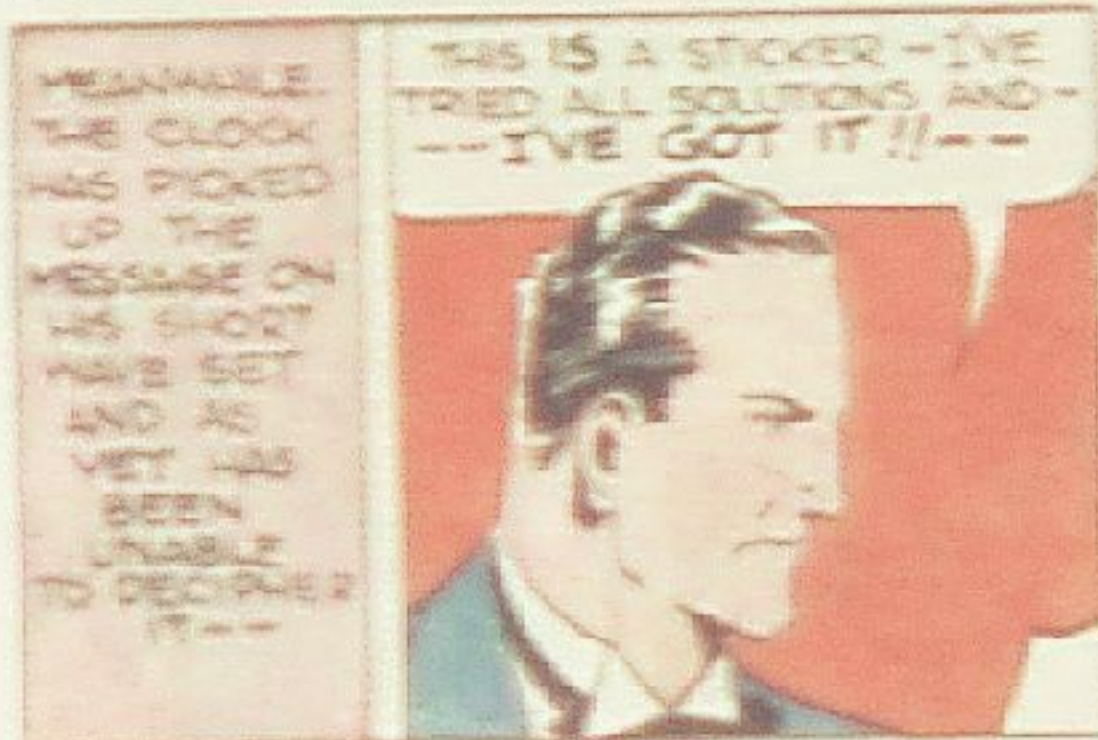
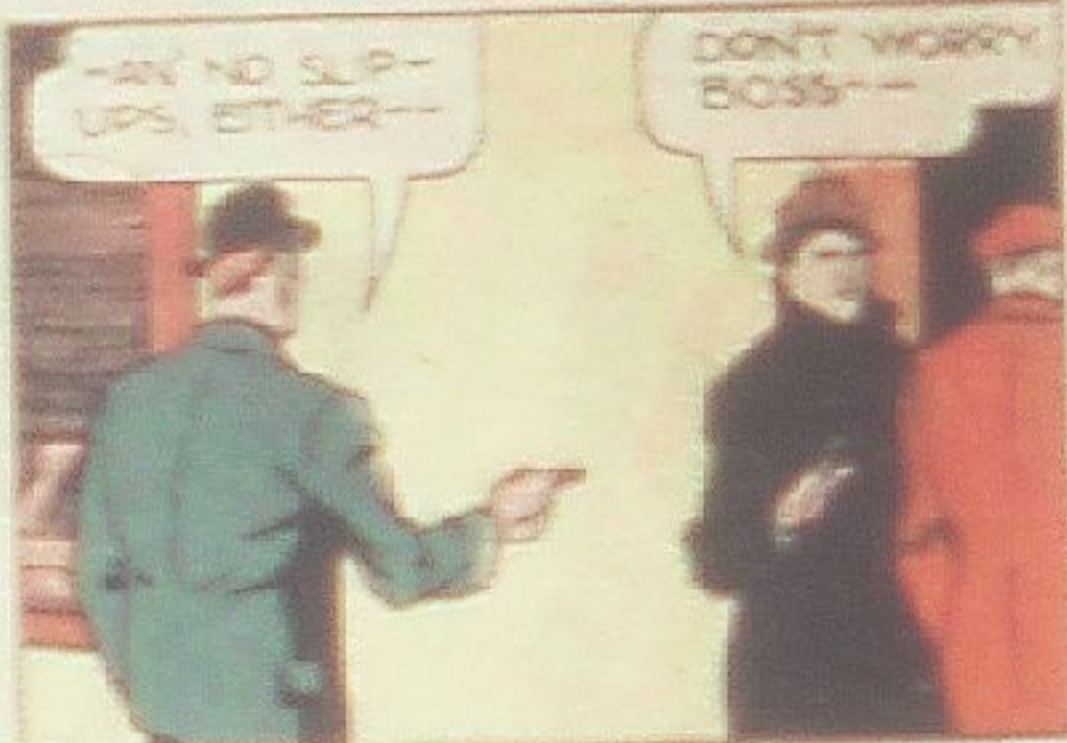
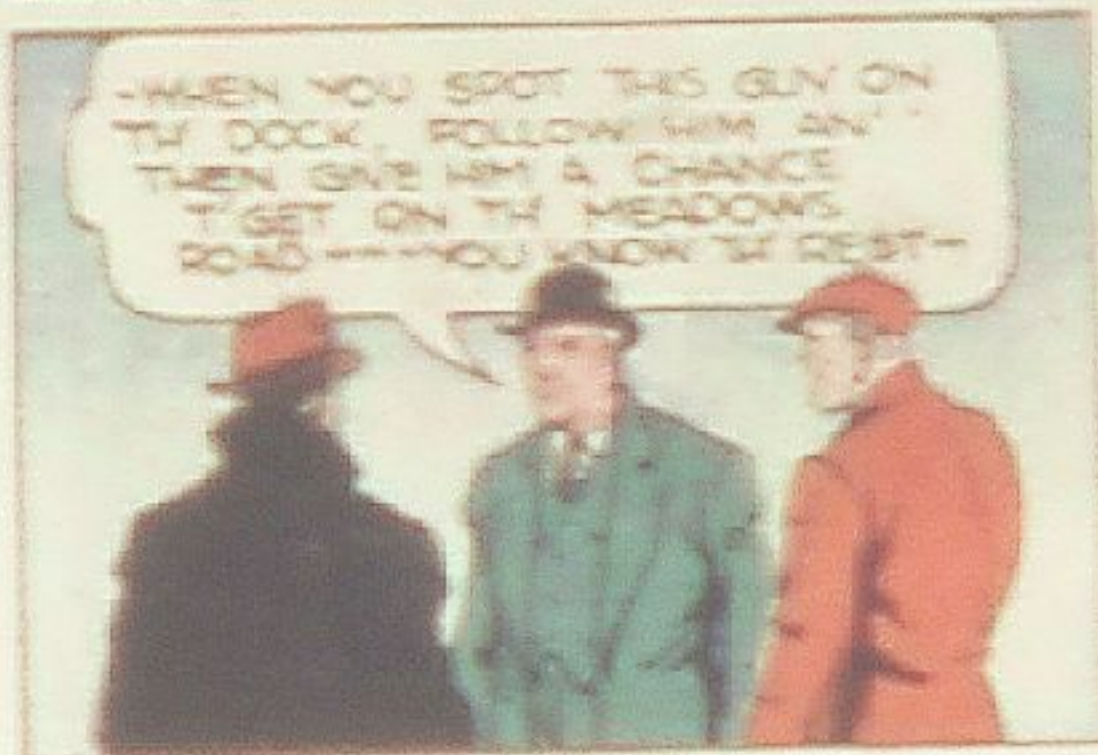
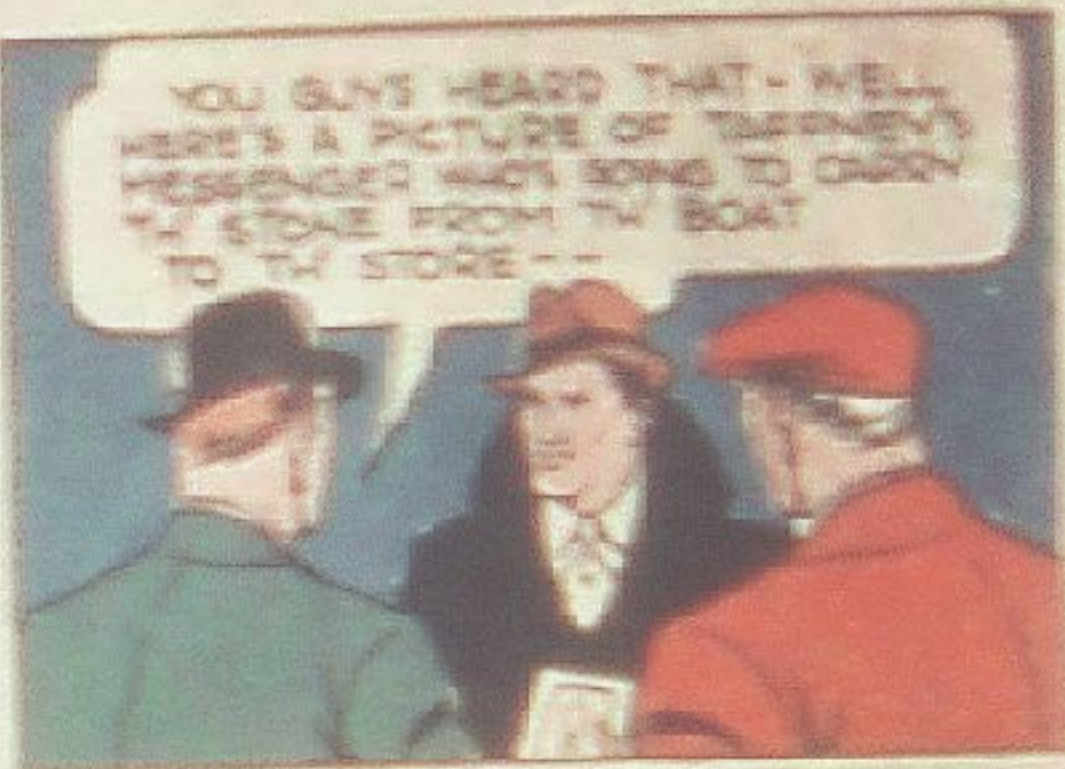
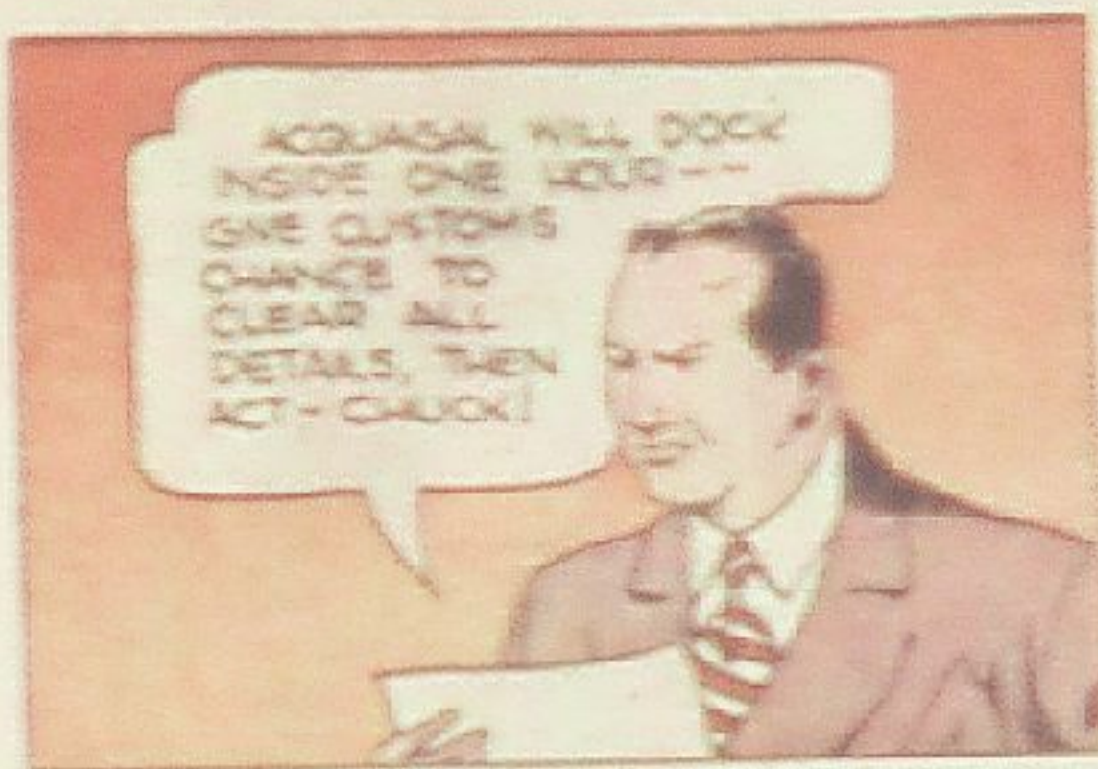
(Signed) **EDWARD C. CHRONIN**

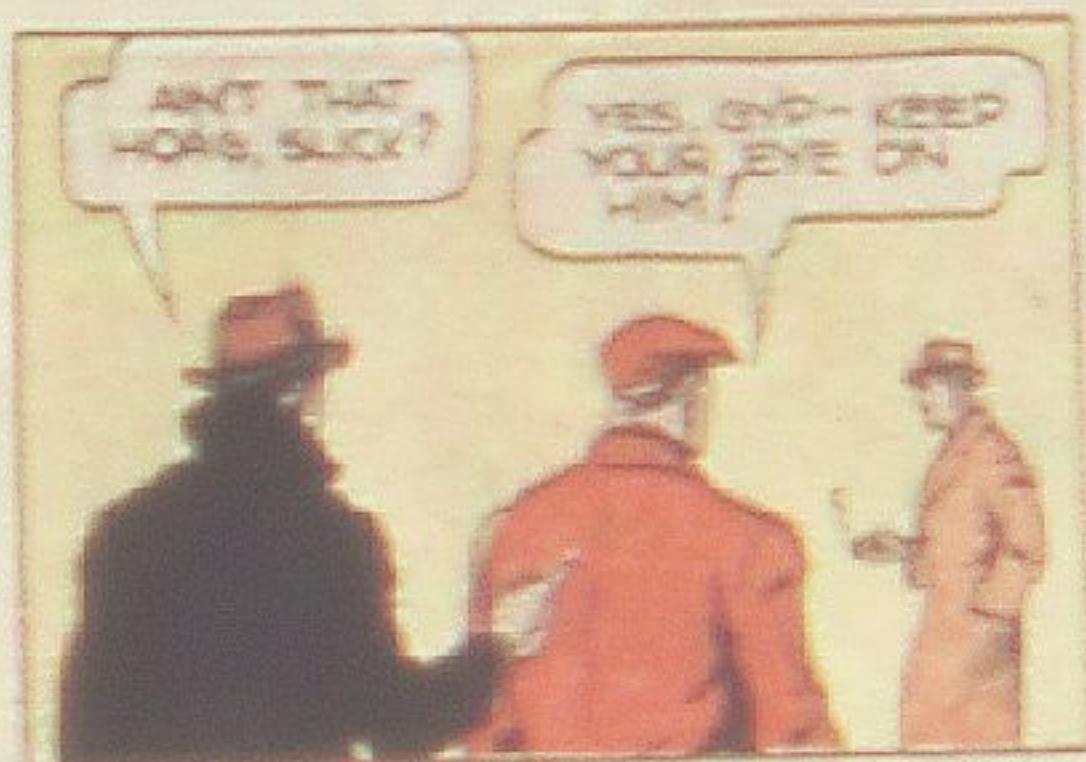
Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1938.

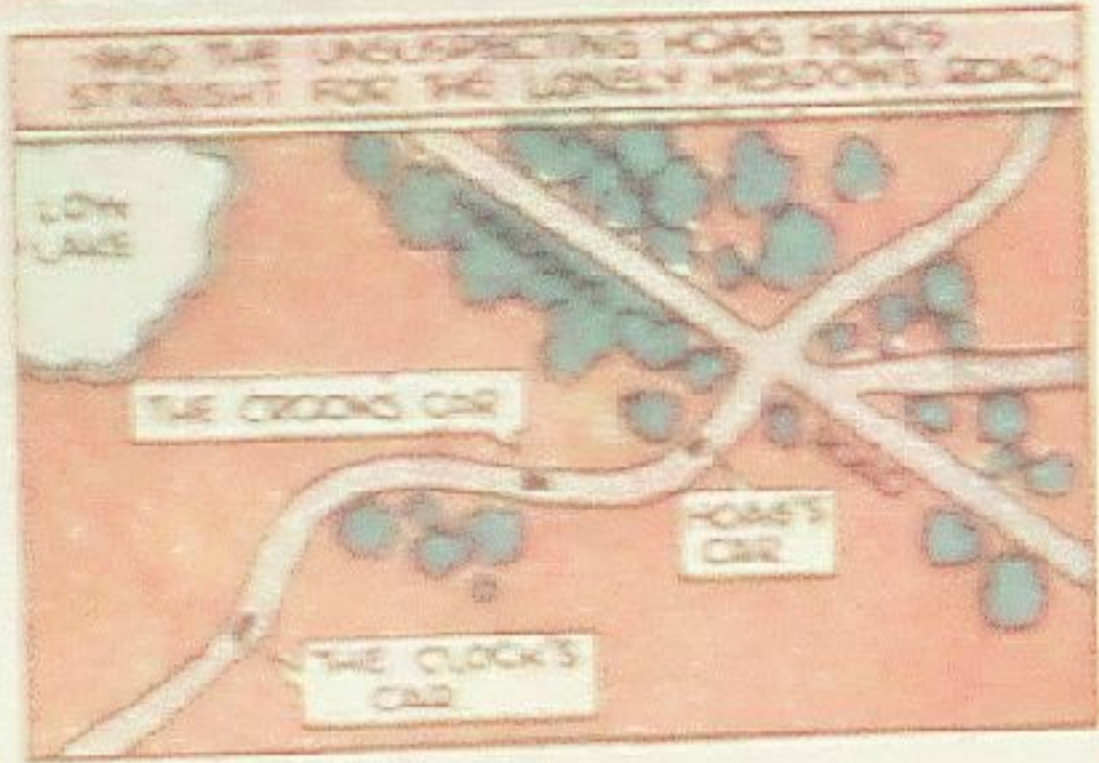
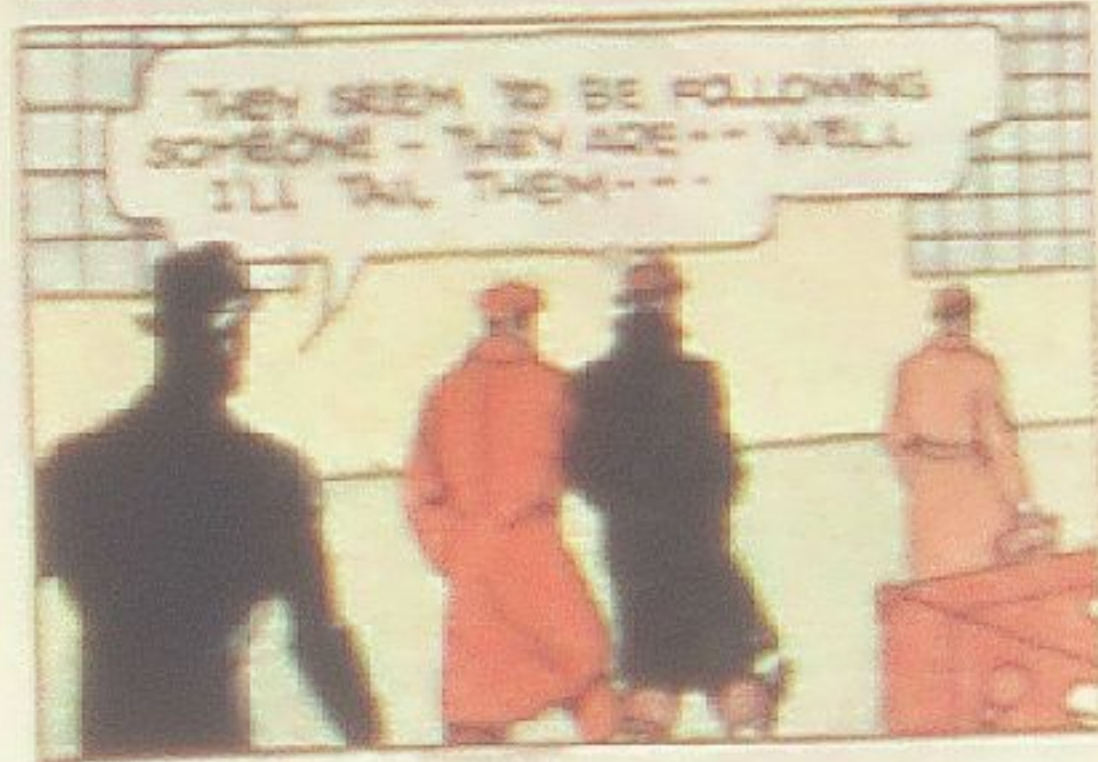
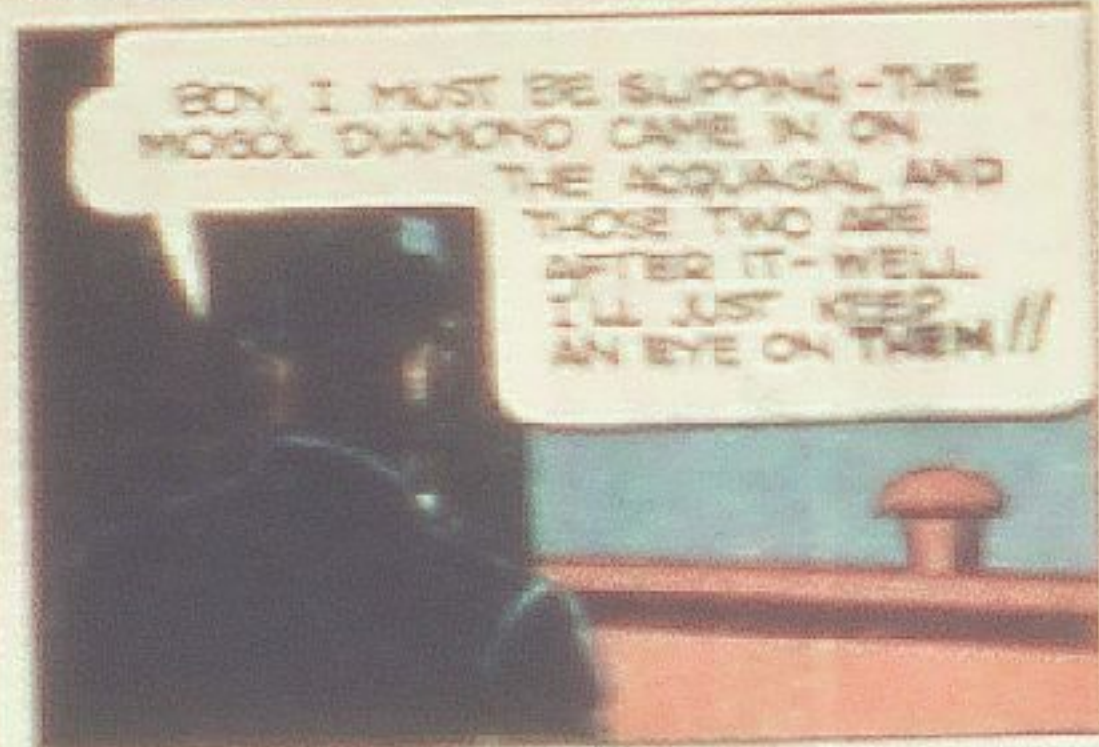
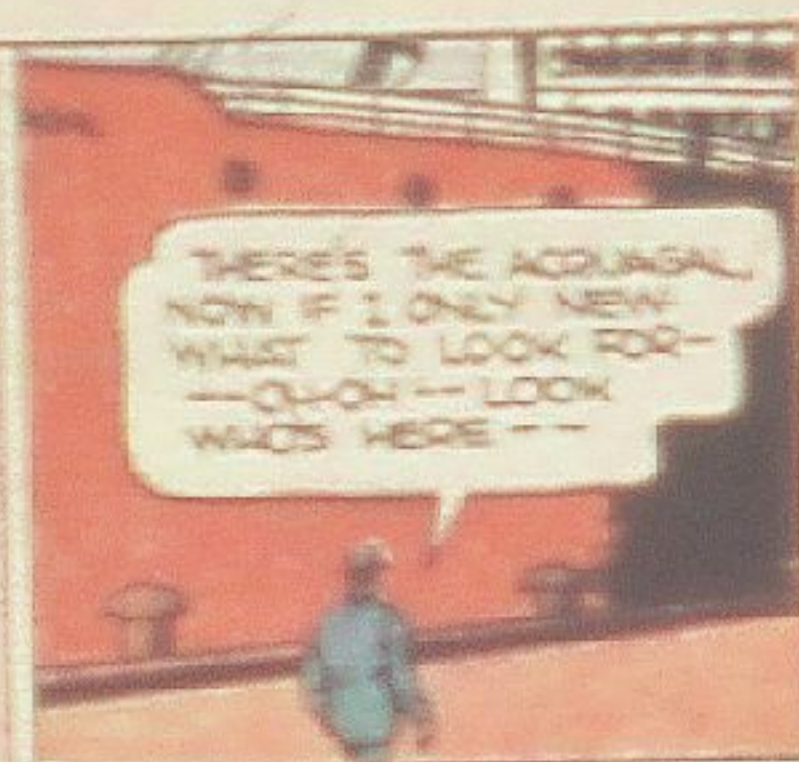
(Signed) **F. S. FRASER**, Notary Public
(My commission expires March 24, 1941.)

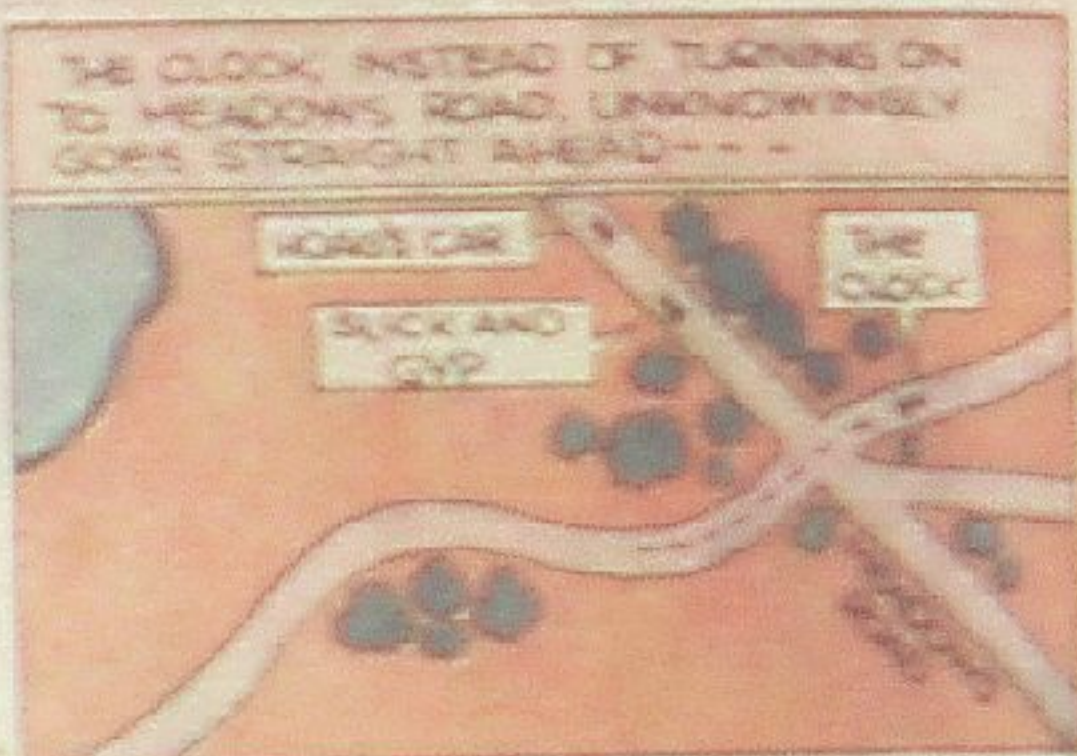
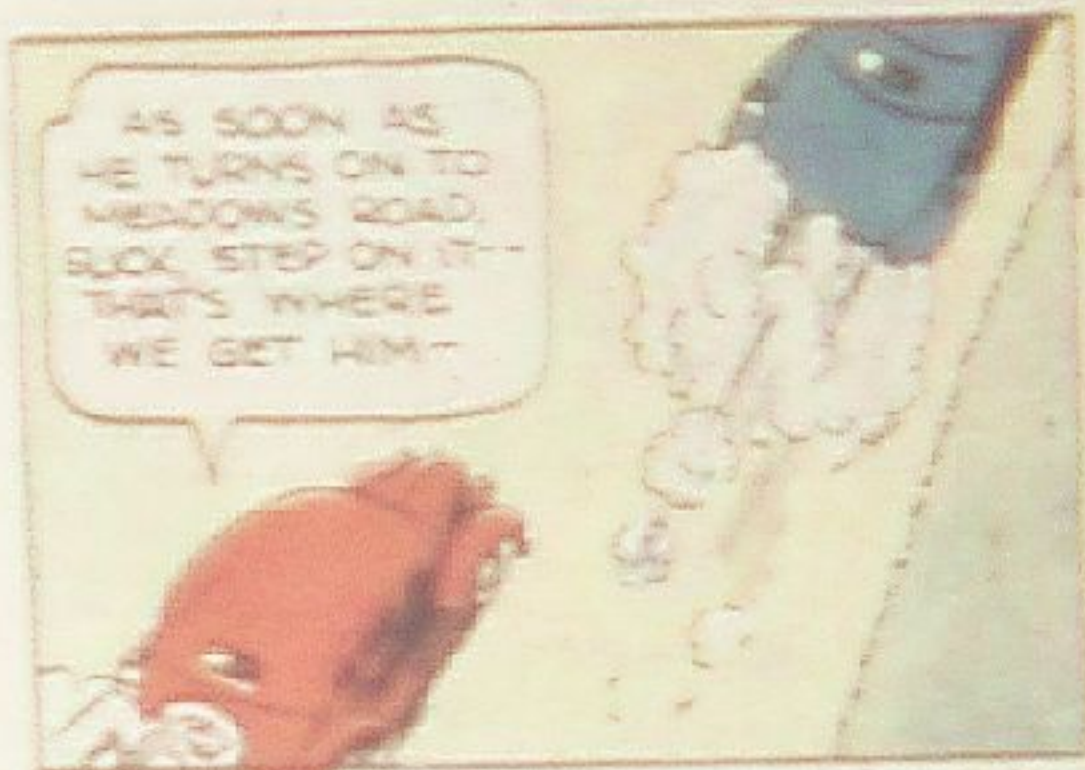






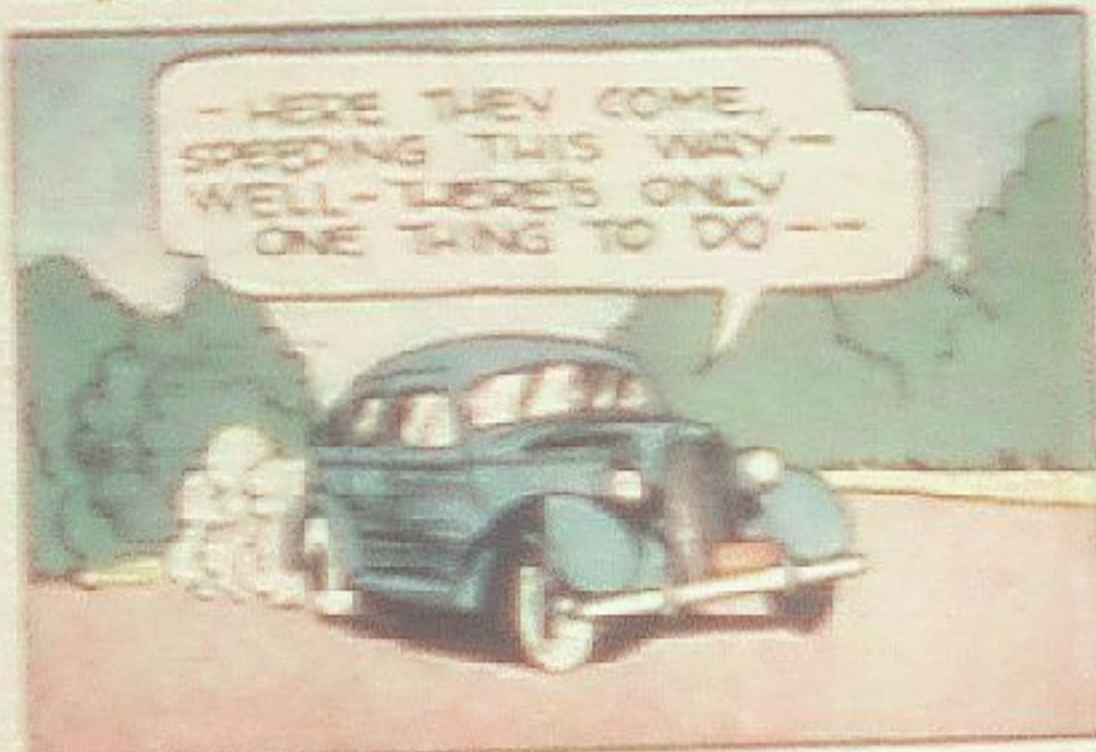
AND THE CLOCK IN THE SHADOW OF THE AQUAGAL, IS LOOKING FOR WHAT?



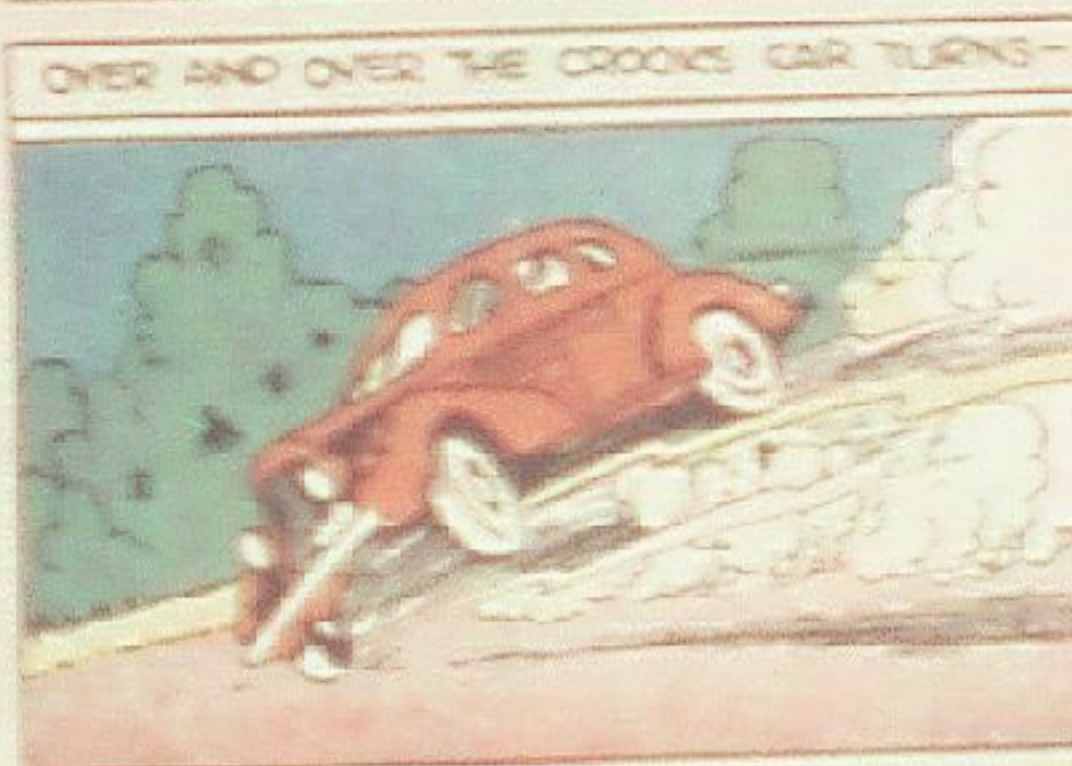
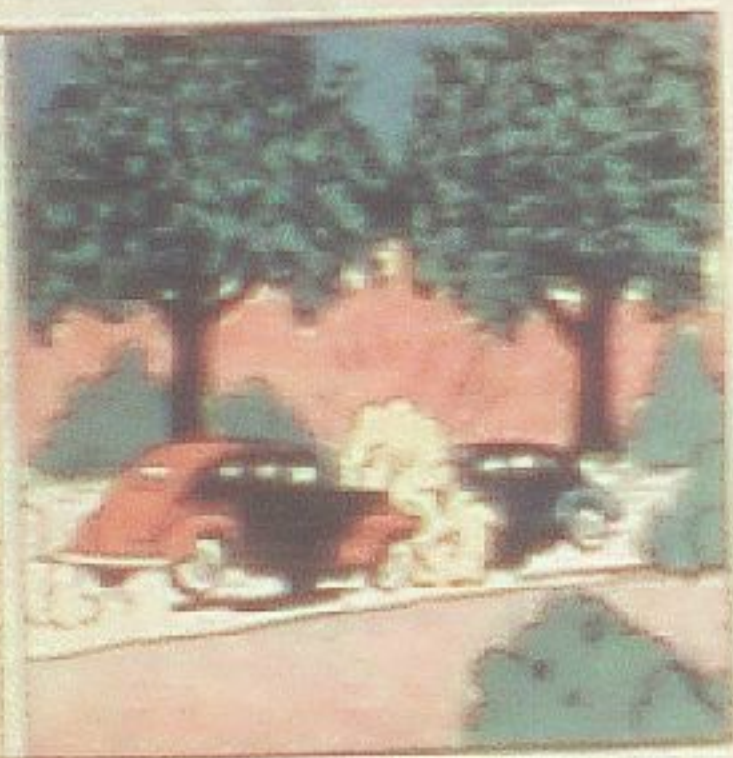




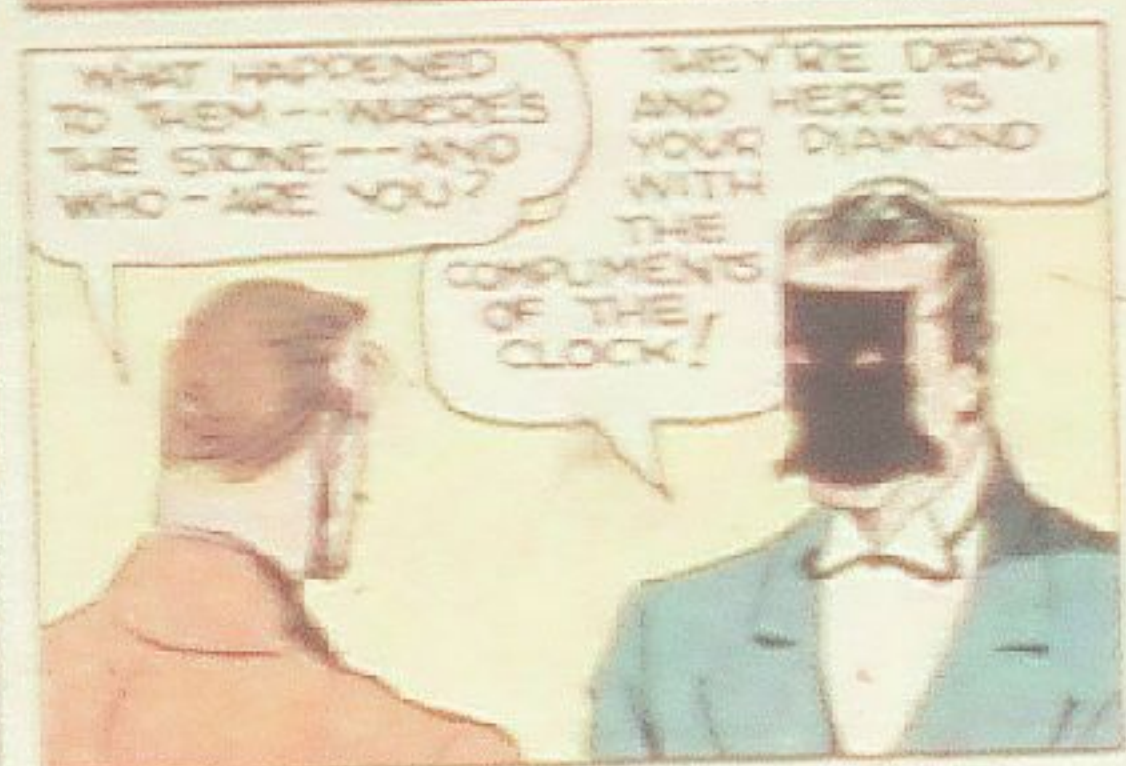
MEANWHILE,
FROM A
HIGH
POINT OF
THE
ROAD HE
WAS
TAKEN,
THE
CLOCK
WAS
BEING
HELD UP--



THE CLOCK
HEADS
STRAIGHT FOR
THE
ONCOMING
CAR AND IS
TAKEN
ARE ABOUT
IN CONGRU-
A SAFETY--



AFTER A
SHORT
RESURFACING
OF THE
ACCIDENT,
THE
CLOCK
GOES
ON THE
ROAD
IS THE
INJURED
MUG--



THEY'RE STILL TALKING

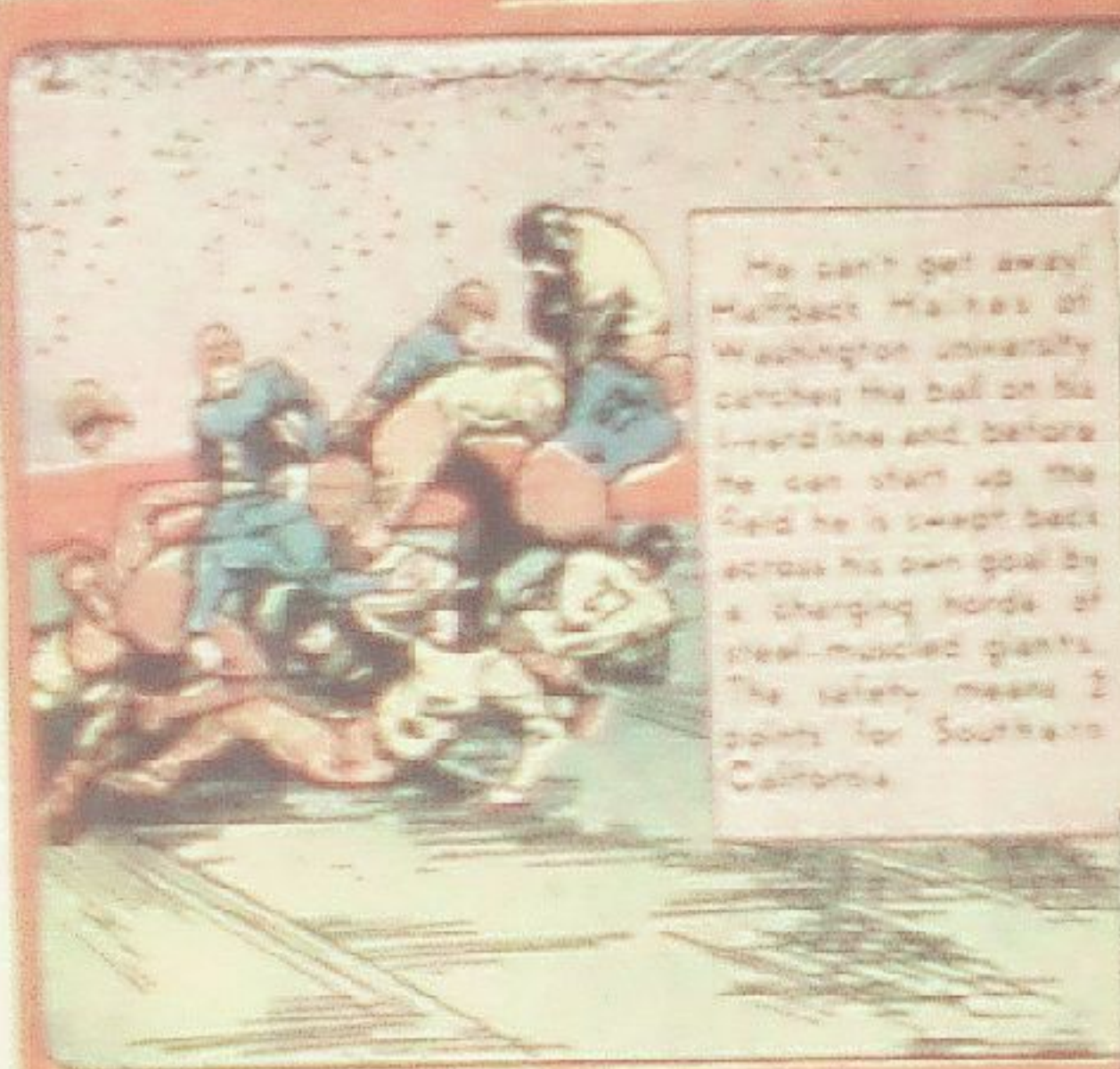
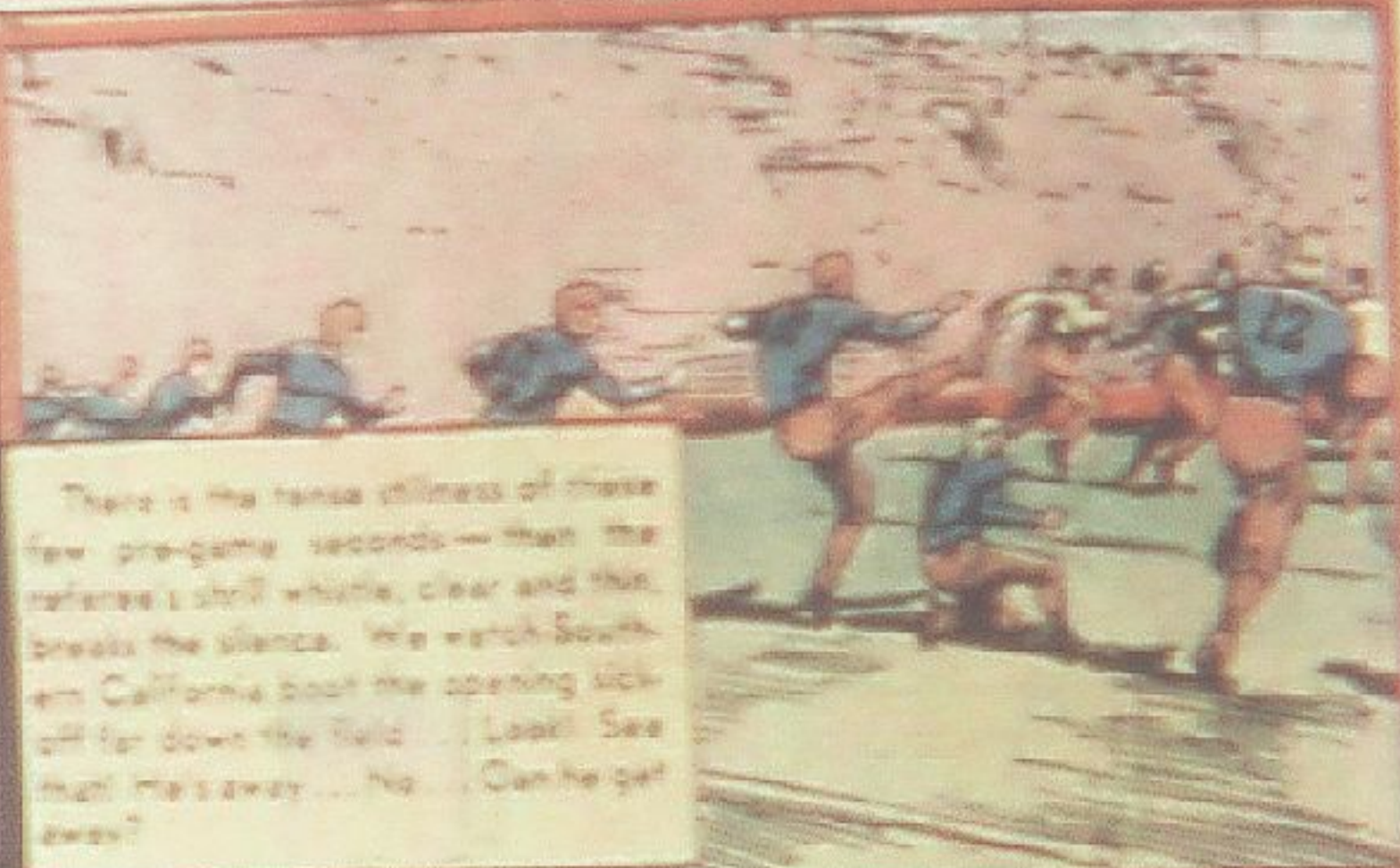
About

The Player
Who Scored
All Points

For

Both Teams!

There is the tense stillness of those few pre-game seconds—then the referee's shrill whistle, clear and true, breaks the silence. We watch Southern California coast the opening kick off far down the field... Look! See that man away... No... Can he get away?

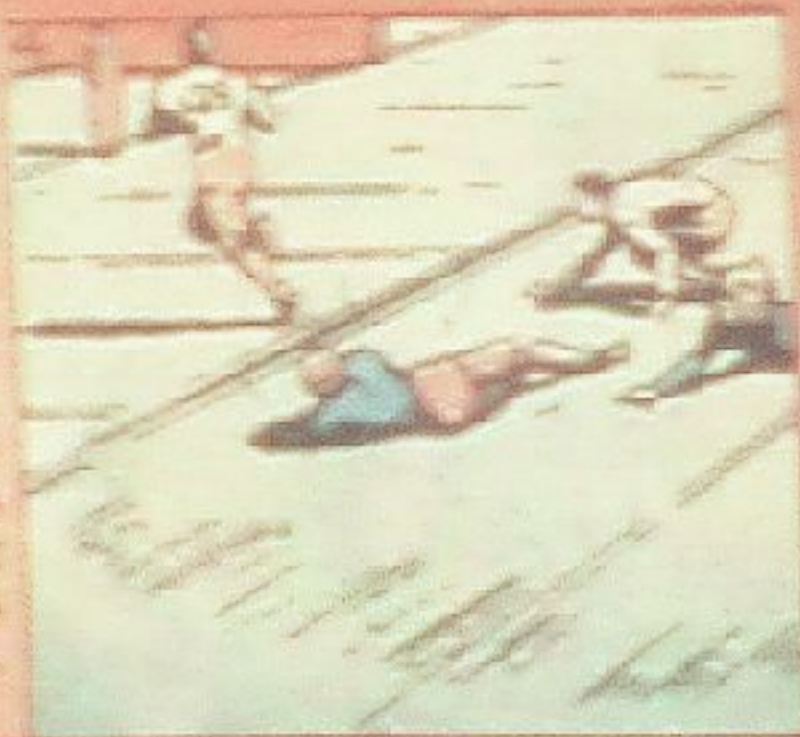


He can't get away! Harbuck Haines of Washington University catches the ball on his 1-yard line and, before he can start up the field he is swept back across his own goal by a charging horde of meat-muscle giants. The safety means 2 points for Southern California.



Relax now. Take it easy. The game's getting old and the only score is Haines' safety. It begins to look as if the Washington boy has won a game for the enemy... Watch it! That's Haines now... He's past the line... Look at that interference! It's 75 yards to Southern California's goal...

But what is 75 yards when you've got a real intention to stop you on, and the odds are up here you where you want to go? — Smashing, vaulting, dodging and twisting, Haines fights his way over the goal line, the thought of that 2 points whipping him on to almost superhuman effort.



And here he is—close—the boy who got credit for all the points scored, 6 for Washington and 2 for Southern California. The game was played Dec. 3, 1935, at Los Angeles.

JANE ARDEN

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

JANE ARDEN

by Thomas Sargent and Russell E. Ross

THEY
KNOW
THE
SECRET
OF THE
DOOR
TO THE
HIDDEN
ROOM

THEY
KNOW
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SECRET
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TO THE
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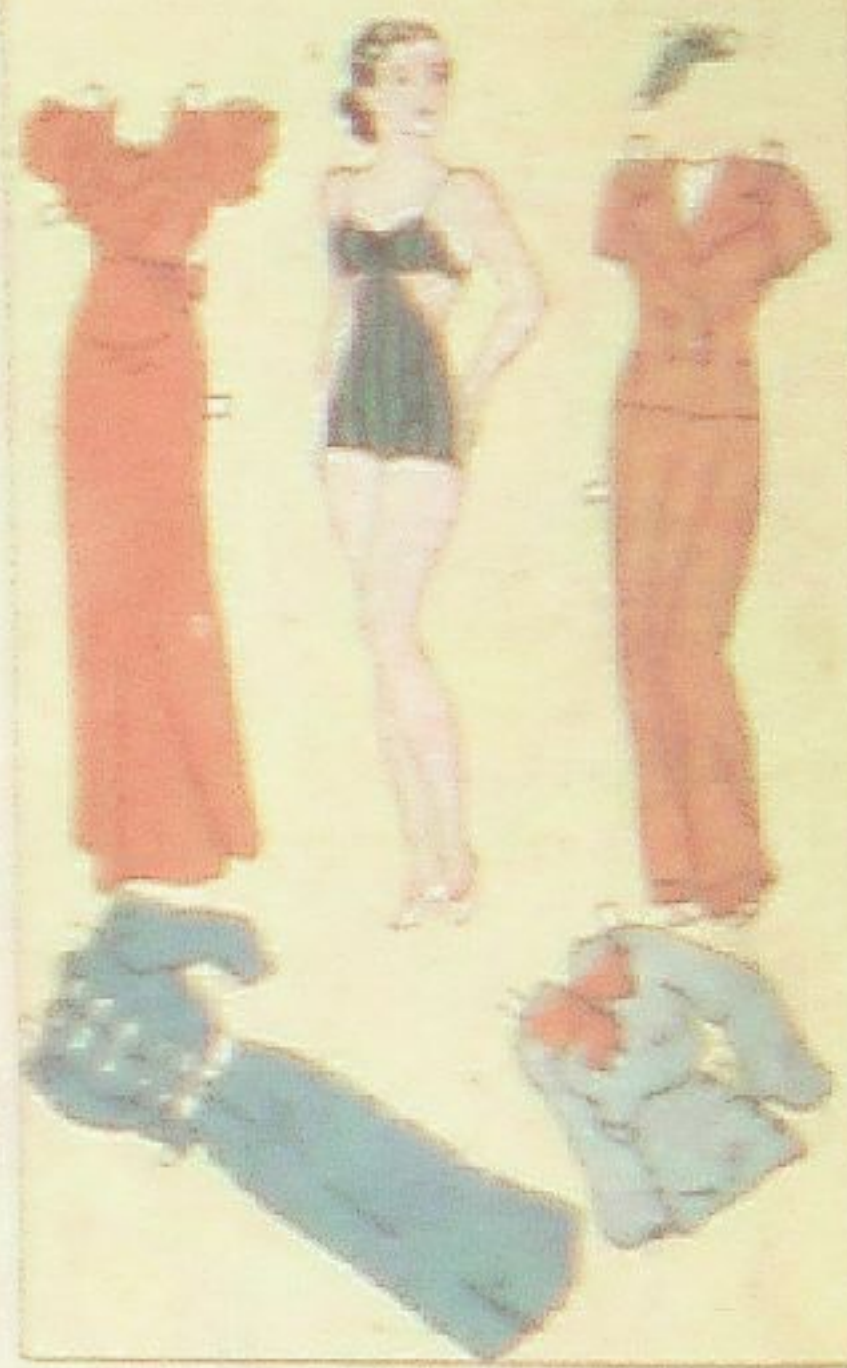
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THEY
KNOW
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SECRET
OF THE
DOOR
TO THE
HIDDEN
ROOM

JANE ARDEN'S FASHION



JANE ARDEN

by Helen Warner and Donald E. Ross

JANE: THIS MAN IS
SPOOKED BY THE
CHICAGO POLICE
REWARD FOR THE
KIDNAPER OF
MRS. JANE ARDEN.
HE'S GOT TO
FIND ME OR
HE'S DEAD.

A PRINTER BROUGHT
SHE SAID A DETECTIVE DRIVING
A BLUE CAR
TO ME TO
TALK TO ME.
DON'T TAKE
ANY MORE
CARS.

THE
MURDER
OF
JANE
ARDEN
IS
THE
TOP
STORY
IN
THE
CITY.

OH YES - THE
MURDER OF
JANE ARDEN.
AND THE
CAR WILL BE
READY TO
DRIVE.

DO YOU SERVICE
A BLUE CAR
AND A BLUE CAR
THE LAST DAY OF
THE YEAR?

IS HE LOOKING FOR
TAT KOWAK TOO?

YES IT
IS JANE
ARDEN.
THE
15000
REWARD.

AND I
WANT
TO
GET
15000.
SURE - I
WANT
THE
15000.
I WANT
THE
15000.

15000 REWARD
BUT THE
COP
WANTS
TO
SEE
THE
CAR.

THE
COP
WANTS
TO
SEE
THE
CAR.
I WANT
THE
15000.
I WANT
THE
15000.

THE
COP
WANTS
TO
SEE
THE
CAR.
I WANT
THE
15000.
I WANT
THE
15000.

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

THE
COP
WANTS
TO
SEE
THE
CAR.
I WANT
THE
15000.
I WANT
THE
15000.

THE
COP
WANTS
TO
SEE
THE
CAR.
I WANT
THE
15000.
I WANT
THE
15000.

THE
COP
WANTS
TO
SEE
THE
CAR.
I WANT
THE
15000.
I WANT
THE
15000.



Jane Arden is continued in the February issue—on sale December 30th.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



THE QUEEN IS
THE ONLY ONE
THE ONLY ONE
THE ONLY ONE
THE ONLY ONE



HER BEHAVIOR IS STRANGE
SHE ONLY SEE THE ONE KING
WITHOUT FLYING
SHE ONLY SEE THE ONE KING
WITHOUT FLYING

A SHORT TRIP TO THE BRIDGE...
ONE LINE HOULT, OF THE
COSTLY TRIP TO THE BRIDGE...
IS ONLY ONE BLOCK LONG...
IT SERVES A CEMETERY

THE SPRING OF COLORADO -
A NATURAL ROCK FORMATION
NEAR DENVER...



THE WORLD'S
HIGHEST CAPITAL -
LA PAZ, CAPITAL OF BOLIVIA,
IS OVER TWO MILES ABOVE
SEA LEVEL...



GEORGE WHITTINGTON MOE
IS THE NAME OF
AN EMPLOYEE OF
THE TENNESSEE
COAL, IRON AND
RAILROAD CO.,
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

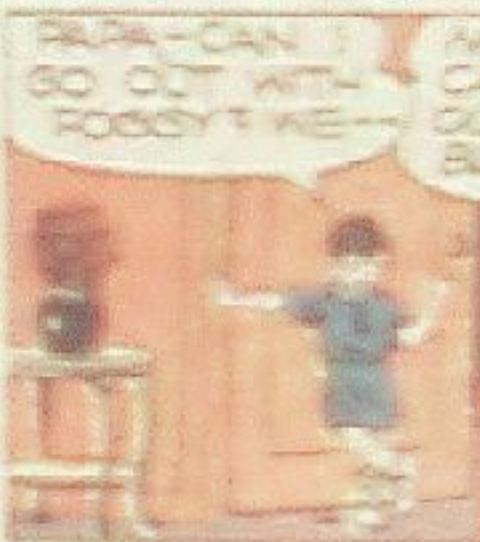
THE
NATIONAL COSTUME OF MEXICO
ORIGINATED IN CHINA!

IT WAS COPIED FROM THE DRESS
OF A CHINESE PRINCESS WHO
WAS CAPTURED BY PIRATES AND
TAKEN TO MEXICO IN THE
LATE 17TH CENTURY



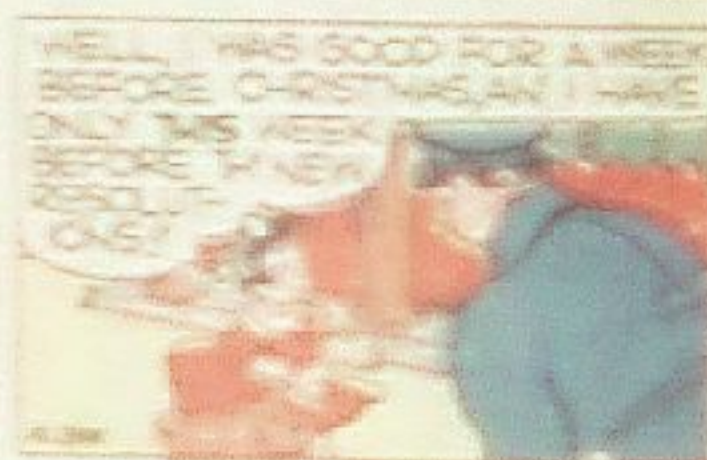
TODDY

BY GEORGE MARCOLUX



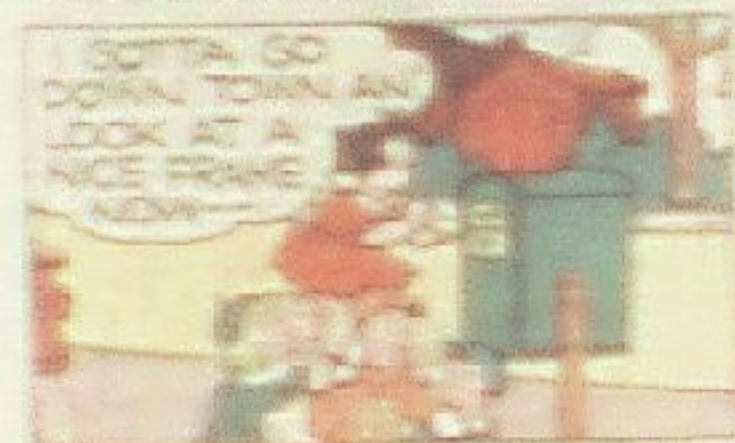
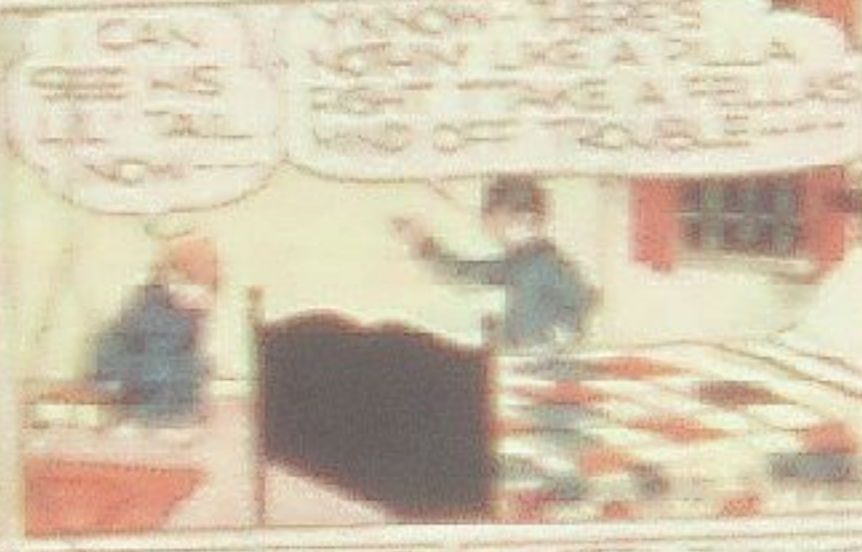
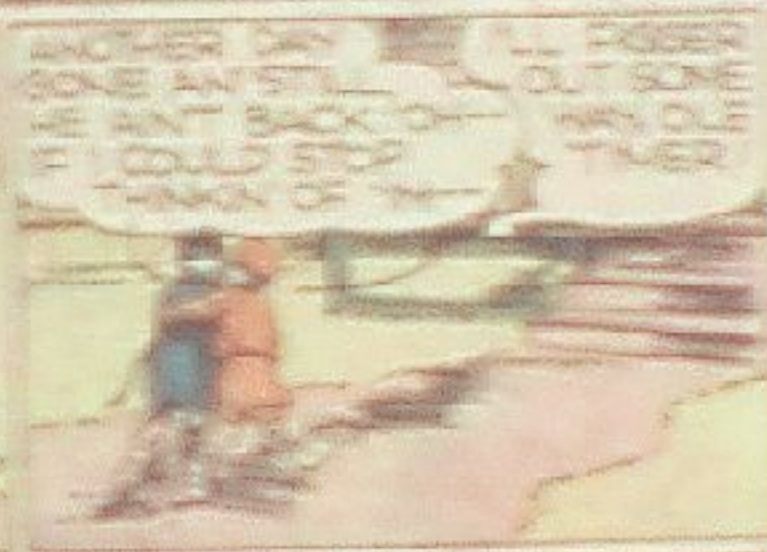
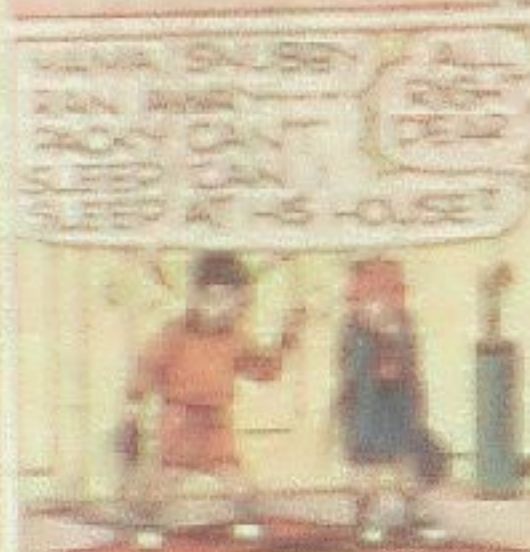
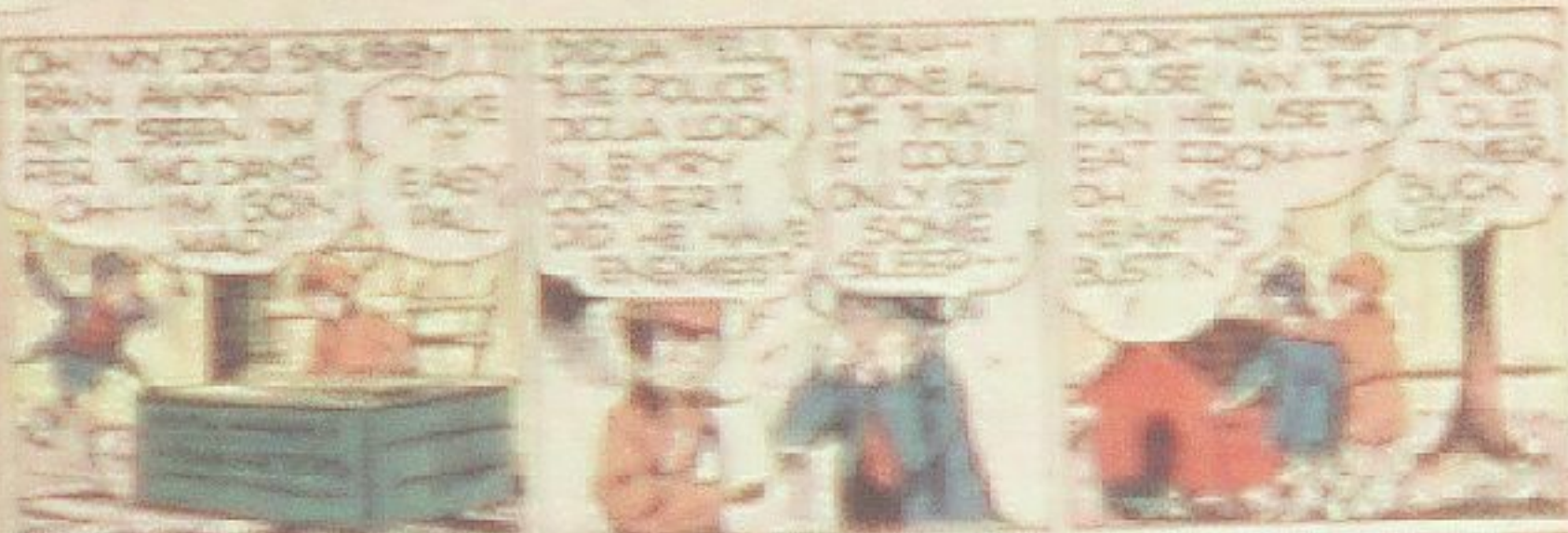
FLOTTIE

AL ZERE



TODDY

GEORGE MARCOUX



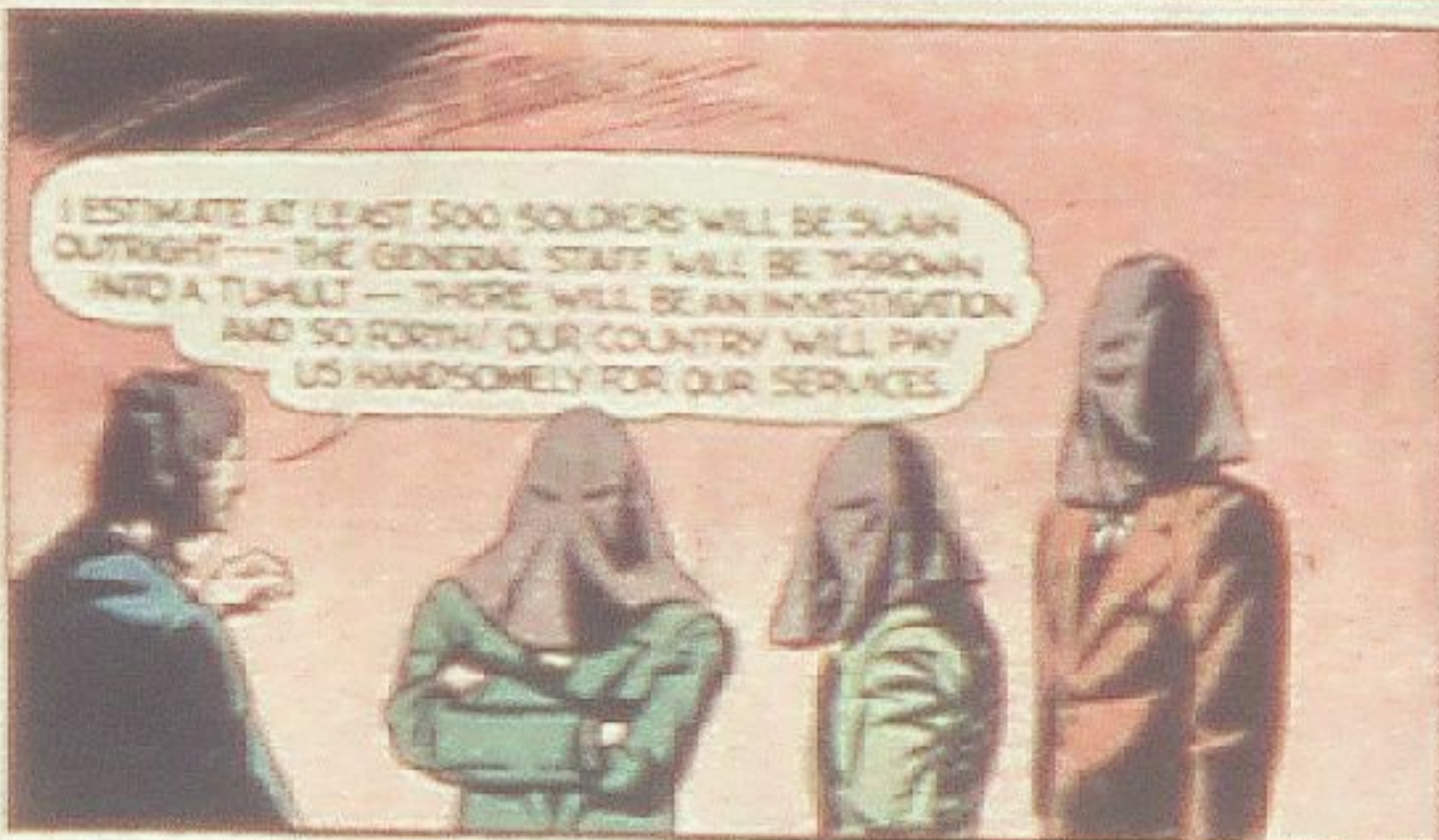
More of Toddy and Flossie in the February issue—on sale December 30th.

ESPIONAGE

A Complete 'Black X' Story
by Will Evans



MEN OF THE PURPLE HOODS—
IN TWO DAYS WE HAVE OUR FIRST
TRIAL IN UNDERMINING THE MORALE
OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY! ITS THE
BIG CHANCE OUR FOREIGN EMPLOYERS
HAVE WAITED FOR! AS THE 7TH
REGIMENT MARCHES OVER THAT
STRETCH OF ROAD BETWEEN MADDEN-
VILLE AND BOONTOWN IN TWO DAYS
A MIGHTY BLAST WILL BLOW MANY
OF THEM TO KINGDOM COME!



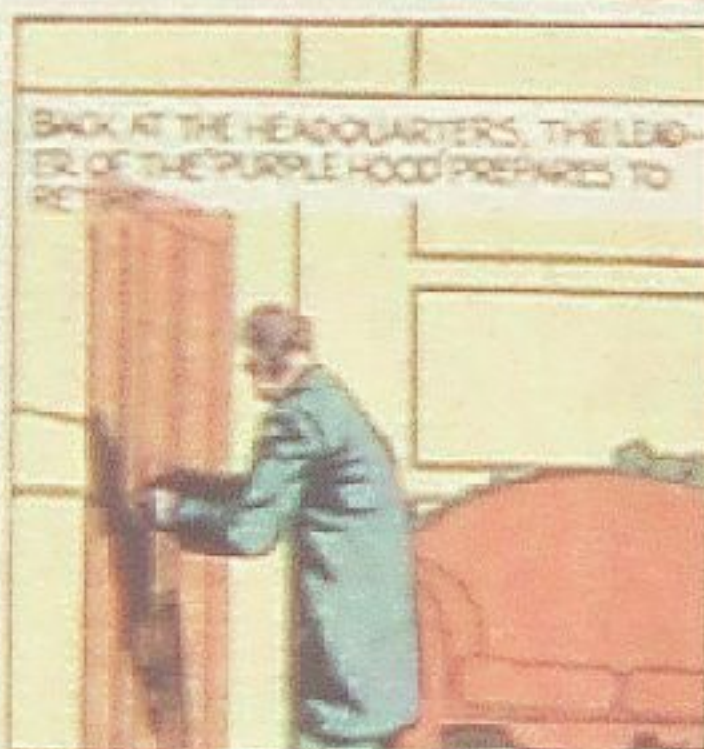
I ESTIMATE AT LEAST 500 SOLDIERS WILL BE SLAIN
OUTRIGHT—THE GENERAL STAFF WILL BE THROWN
INTO A TUMULT—THERE WILL BE AN INVESTIGATION
AND SO FORTH! OUR COUNTRY WILL PAY
US HANDSOMELY FOR OUR SERVICES.



THE MEETING IS ADJOURNED AND THE
LEADER ACCOMPANIES THE HOODED MEN
OUT.
YOUR AGENT IS
WORKING WITH THE
CONSTRUCTION GANG ON
MADDEN ROAD—MADAME
LECHARGE WILL CONTACT
YOU—GOOD
NIGHT



SOON THREE CARS SPEED ON THEIR
SEPARATE WAYS



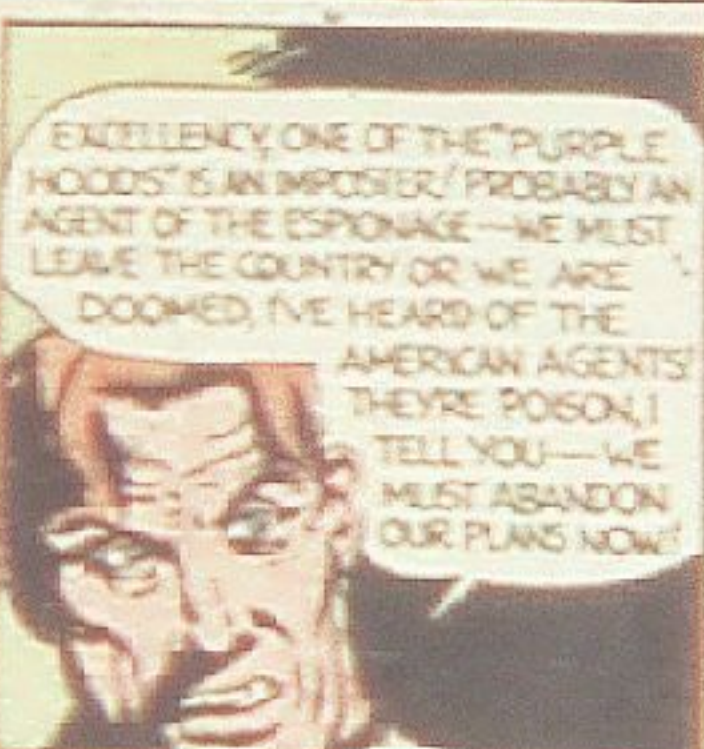
BACK AT THE HEADQUARTERS, THE LEADER
OF THE PURPLE HOOD PREPARES TO
RE



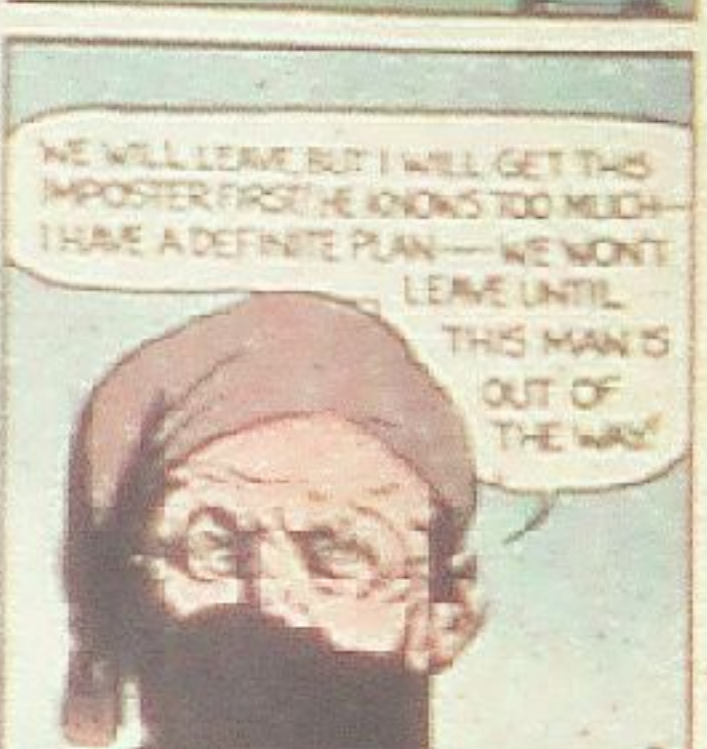
SUDDENLY A GROAN CALLS HIS ATTENTION
TO A CRUMPLED FIGURE IN THE HALLWAY



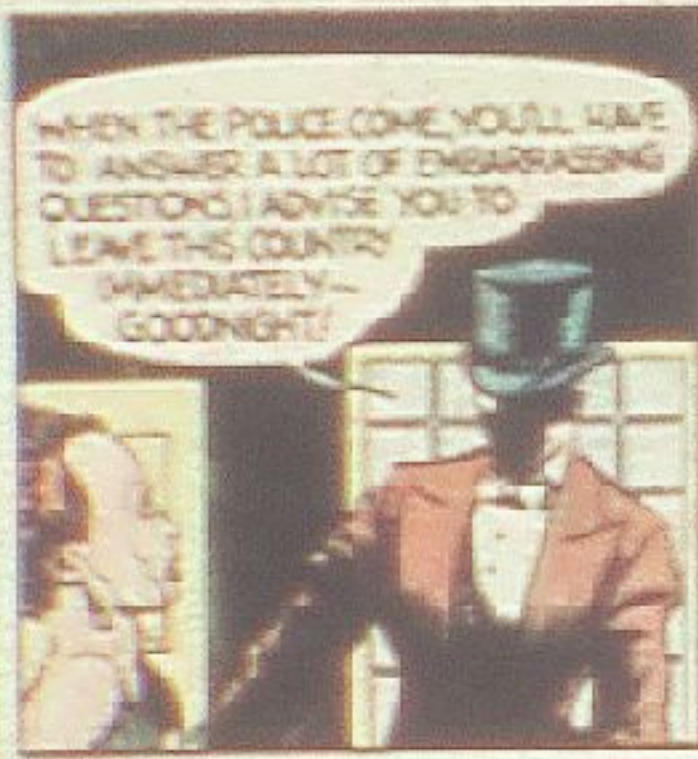
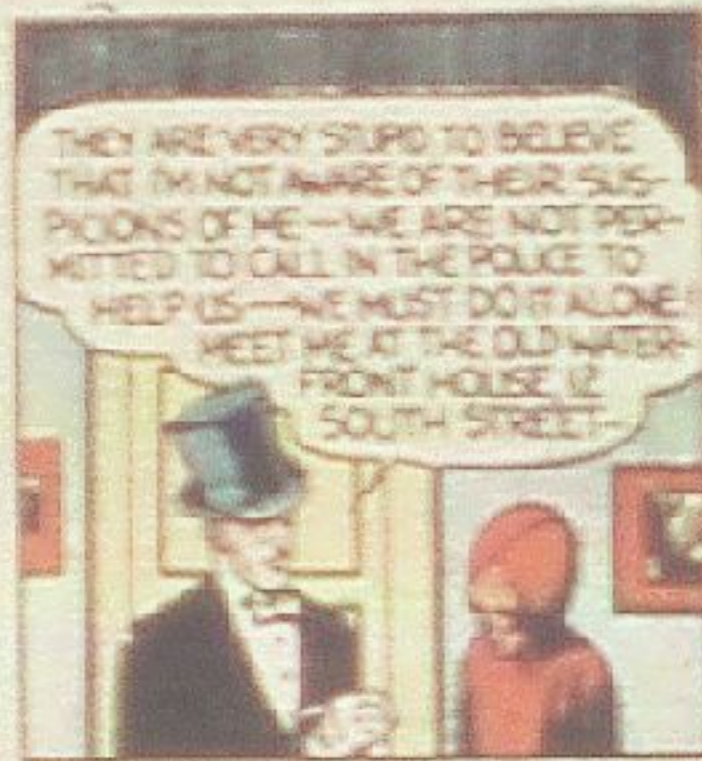
SOMEONE HIT ME FROM
BEHIND—TOOK MY
MASK!—OOOH, MY
HEAD!

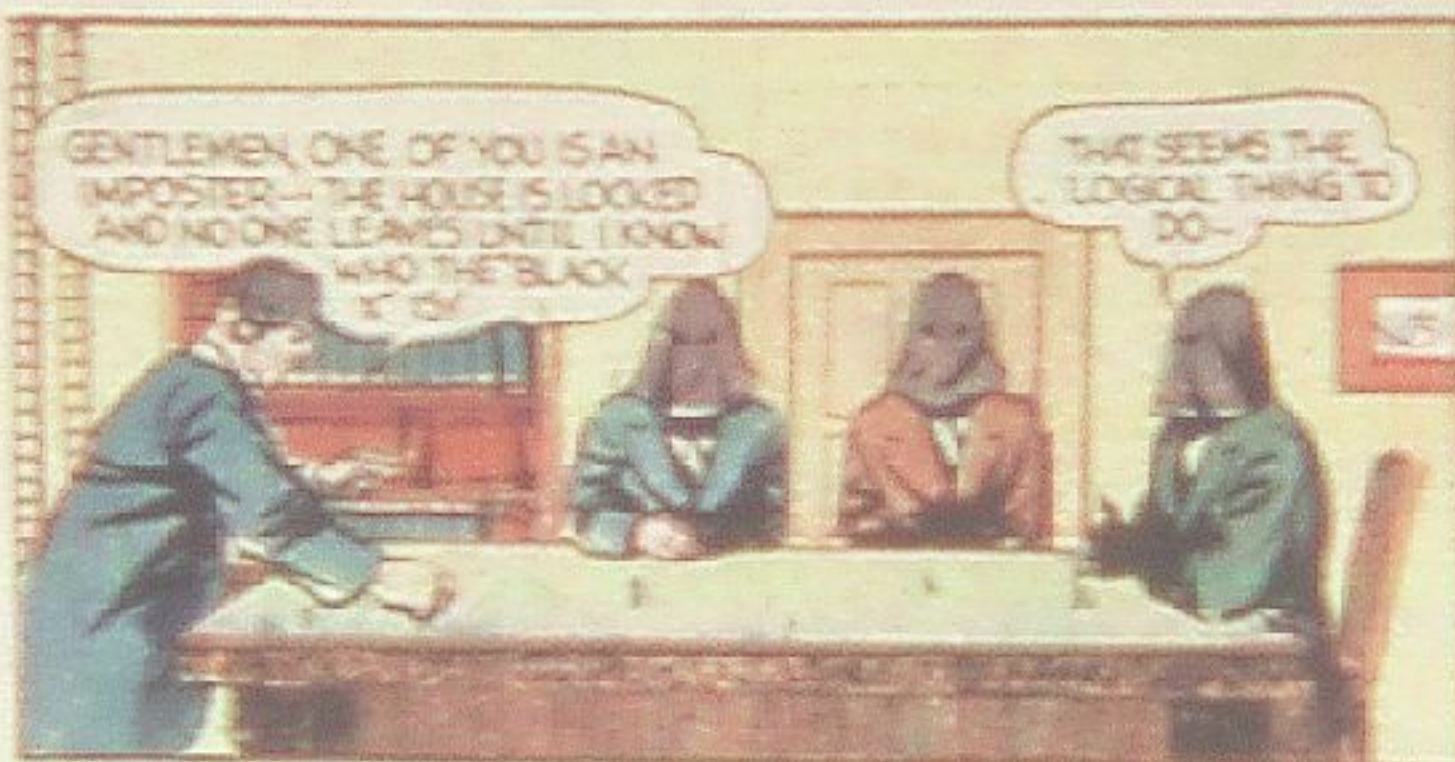


EXCELLENCY, ONE OF THE "PURPLE
HOODS" IS AN IMPOSTER! PROBABLY AN
AGENT OF THE ESPIONAGE—WE MUST
LEAVE THE COUNTRY OR WE ARE
DOOMED, I'VE HEARD OF THE
AMERICAN AGENTS!
THEY'RE POISON, I
TELL YOU—WE
MUST ABANDON
OUR PLANS NOW!



WE WILL LEAVE, BUT I WILL GET THIS
IMPOSTER FIRST! HE KNOWS TOO MUCH—
I HAVE A DEFINITE PLAN—WE WON'T
LEAVE UNTIL
THIS MAN IS
OUT OF
THE WAY!





GENTLEMEN, ONE OF YOU IS AN IMPOSTER—THE HOUSE IS LOCKED AND NO ONE LEAVES UNTIL I KNOW WHO THE BLACK IT IS!

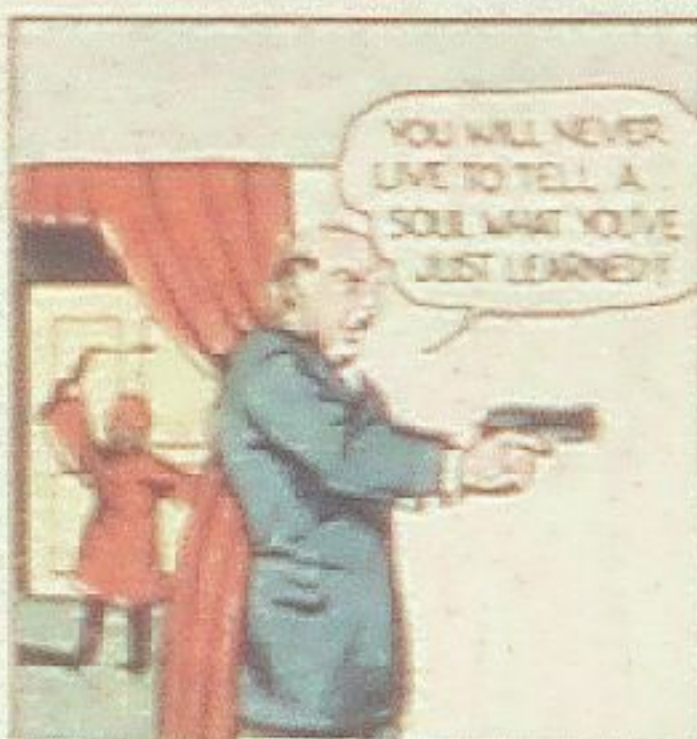
THAT SEEMS THE LOGICAL THING TO DO—



I, GENTLEMEN, AM THE "BLACK IT"—SURPRISED?



AND I WILL UNMASK THESE TWO—AH—MORGAN OF THE ARMY AND WILLARD OF THE SENATE!



YOU WILL NEVER LIVE TO TELL A SOUL WHAT YOU'VE JUST LEARNED!



MORGAN FIRES BUT HIS SHOT IS DEFLECTED—HE DROPS WITH A KNIFE IN HIS ARM



THANKS, BABY—COME, NOW, GENTLEMEN, THE GAMES UP! MADAME U'DARGE IS IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE—YOUR LITTLE SCHEME IS ENDED!



NOT QUITE, MY MONOCLED FRIEND NOT QUITE!!



THERE, MY FRIENDS, BE PREPARED TO MEET YOUR MAKER—YOU SEE THIS LEADS TO THE RIVER, WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN YOU'LL BE DROWN LIKE RATS!



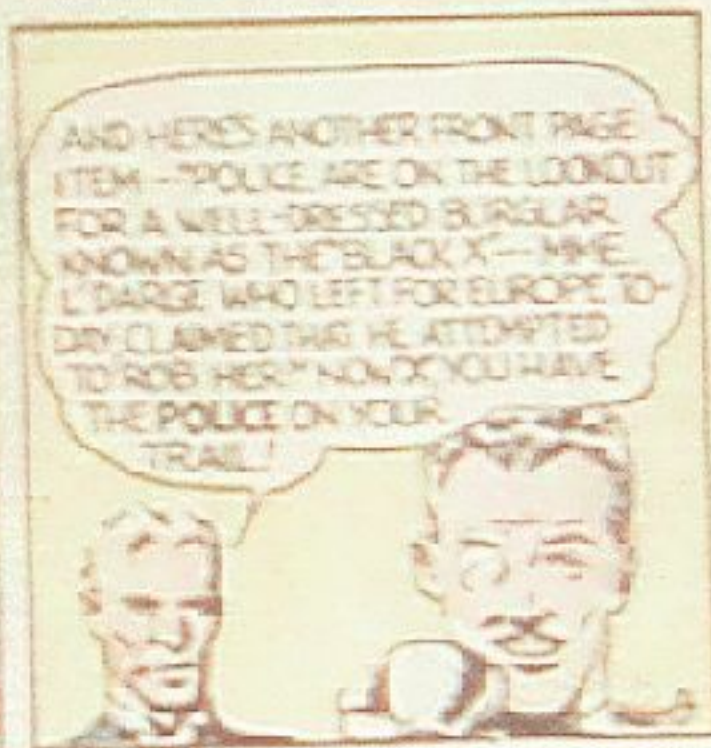
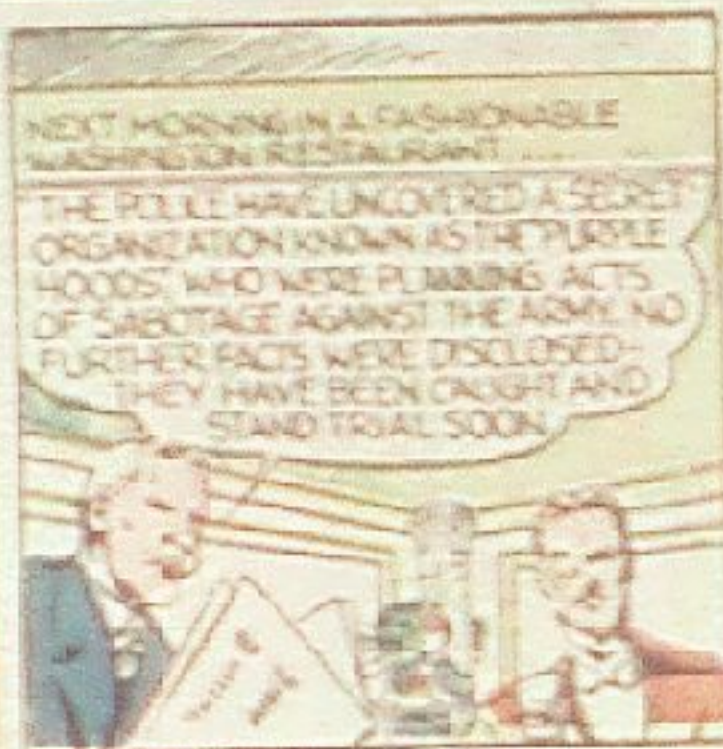
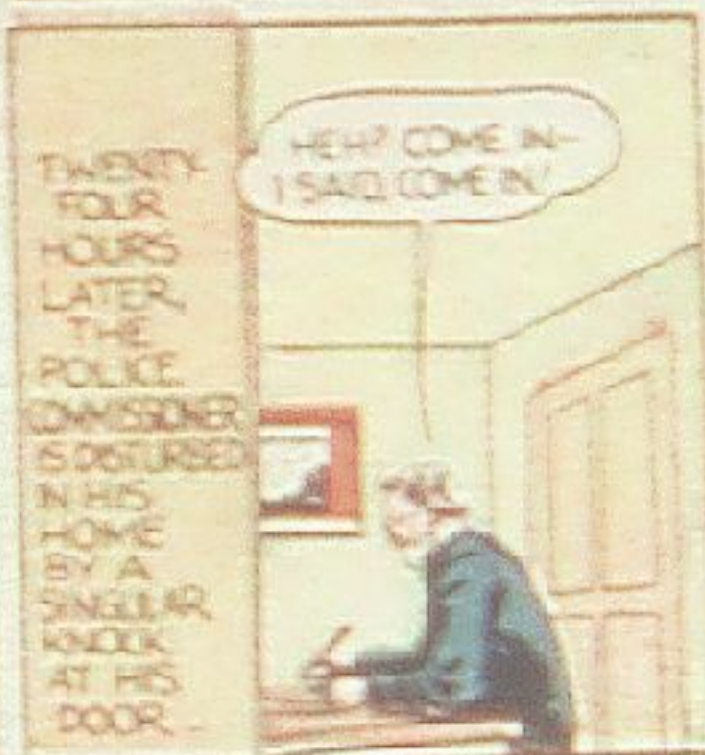
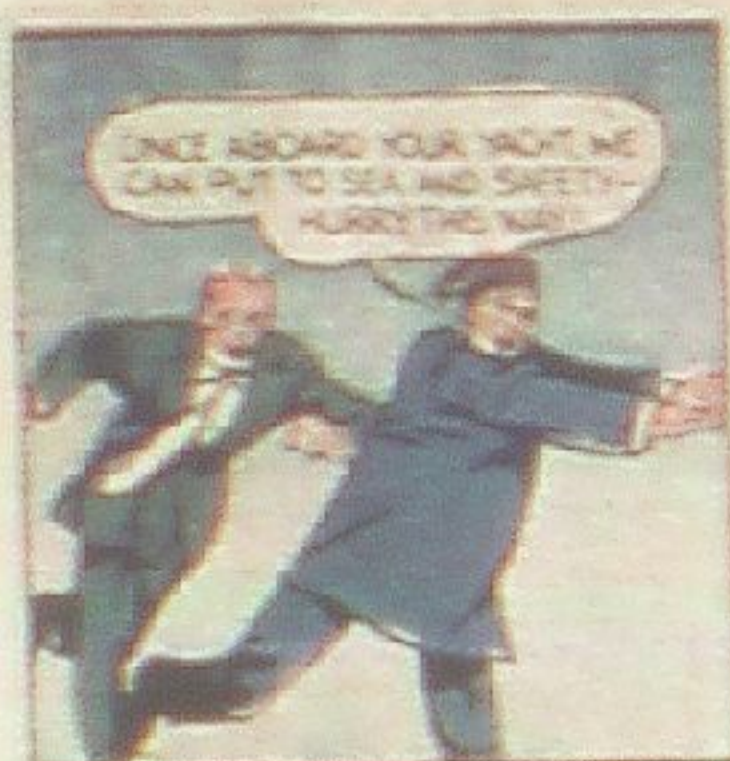
WHEN! NICE THOUGHT—WE STAND HERE HELPLESS—WHILE THEY ESCAPE!

PERHAPS, MASTER, AIDED BY THE POWERS OF THE EAST—I CAN STOP THEM!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HOUSE ABOVE THEM,

HURRY, MAN! I HAVE A SPEED-BOAT WAITING AT THE DOOR!



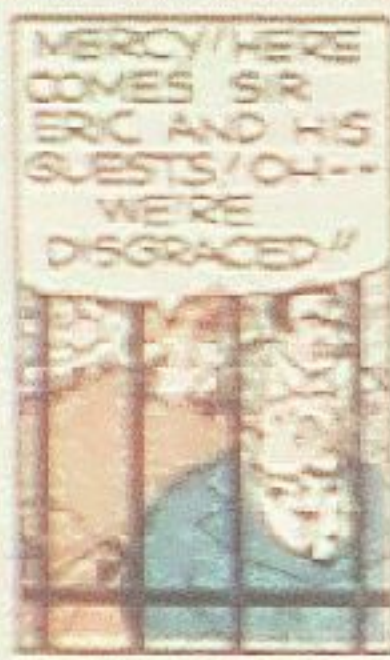
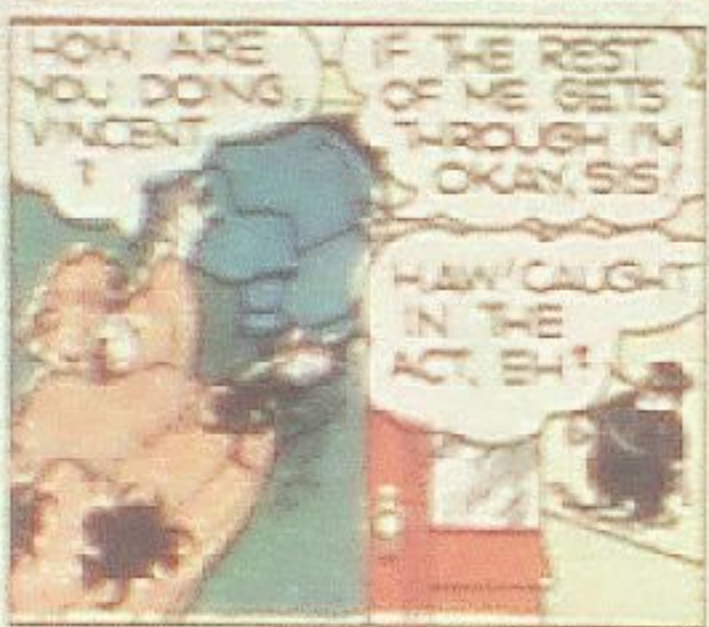
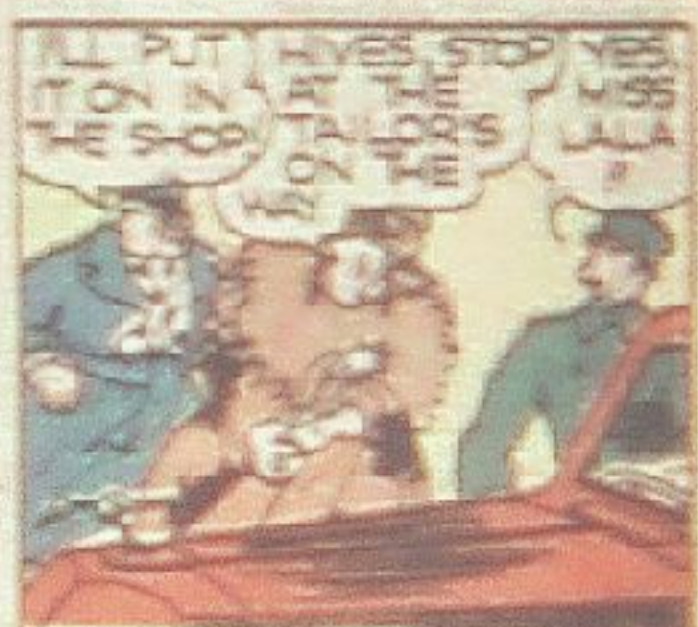
Another complete Espionage picture story in the February issue—on sale December 30th.

LALA PALOOZA

BY RUBE GOLDBERG

HEY YOU! GET UP AN' LET THIS KID ST' DOWN!

1 9 3 8



LALA PALOOZA

BY PHIL GOLDSTEIN

HELLO VINCENT--WHY THE EARMUFFS, SMOKE GLASSES AND THE CLOTHES--

OH, MY WILL POWER NEEDS A BIT OF SUPPORT TO HELP ME KEEP MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS!!

VINCENT, YOU MUST MAKE THREE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS--STOP SMOOKING--NO GAMBLING--AND QUIT BEING LAZY--THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME TOO!



I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT YOU CAN DO--YOU CAN GET A JOB!

ALL RIGHT BUT IT'S LIABLE TO RUIN MY HEALTH!



I'VE SOWN OVER THE WANT ADS AND MARKED THE JOBS THAT'LL KEEP YOU FROM BAD HABITS!

WELL, IT'S YOUR IDEA LALA!



THIS LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF A FACTORY--JUST THE PLACE FOR YOU VINCENT!

I HOPE THEY DON'T EXPECT ME TO DO ANYTHING!



FINE--WE NEED A MAN TO SAMPLE OUR CIGARS AS THEY COME FROM THE BLENDING DEPARTMENT!

WHY--ER--HE'S NOT FITTED FOR THAT WORK!



VINCENT, THIS DEPARTMENT STORE WANTS A MAN FOR THE FURNITURE DEPARTMENT!

REMEMBER LALA--I'M NOT VERY STRONG!!



WE WANT A MAN TO LIE IN OUR SHOW WINDOW AND DEMONSTRATE OUR NEW MODEL COUCH!

THANKS AND GOOD BYE, SIR!



THIS TIME I'LL SURELY FIND THE RIGHT JOB--AH! HERE'S A SOCIETY WOMAN WHO WANTS A CAPABLE, HONEST PERSON! LET'S GO, VINCENT!



THE HOUSE LOOKS LOVELY AND RESPECTABLE! I KNOW YOU'LL LIKE THESE NICE PEOPLE!

I HOPE THE BUTLER PLAYS CARDS!



OH--STEP INTO THE PLAY ROOM PLEASE--I'M GIVING A CHARITY PARTY TONIGHT--



--AND I WANT A MAN TO RUN THE HORSE RACES AND THE OTHER GAMBLING GAMES!



WELL--



PA LALA PALOOZA

THIS IS HOW TO TURN OFF
OPERATIC RADIO PROGRAMS—
AS OPERA STARTS I PUT
HANDS TO EARS—
SPILLING WHITE PAINT
ON TANGLED RADIO
WIRE—SERAGHETTI
HOUND IS FOOLED
AND EATS WIRE
FOR SERAGHETTI—
THIS STOPS RADIO!



SIS, I'D LIKE
THE OPERA
IF THEY'D
ONLY STOP
SINGING!



QUIET, VINCENT
—THINK OF THE
SWELL SOCIETY
PEOPLE WE'RE
MINGLEING WITH!

HELLO
JERRY—
HOW'S THE
WIFE?



OH HER FEET
ARE HURTIN' 'ER
AGAIN VINCE—
THAT WASH-
TUB Y'KNOW

BUT LALA
JERRYS AN
OLD PAL
OF MINE!



OHON LET'S
FIND OUR PRI-
VATE BOX OR
YOU'LL HUMILIATE
ME AGAIN



VINCENT TAKE
OFF THAT HAT,
ANY PUT YOUR
TIE DOWN



TH PROGRAM
LOOKS LIKE
THE BILL OF
FARE DOWN
AT ANGELS!

STOP
PLAYING
WITH THAT
ODDERA
HAT



LOOK!
IT PODS

I'M GLAD
YOU HAVEN'T
DISGRACED
ME YET!
GO AN GET
ME A GLASS
OF WATER!



SURE
SIS!

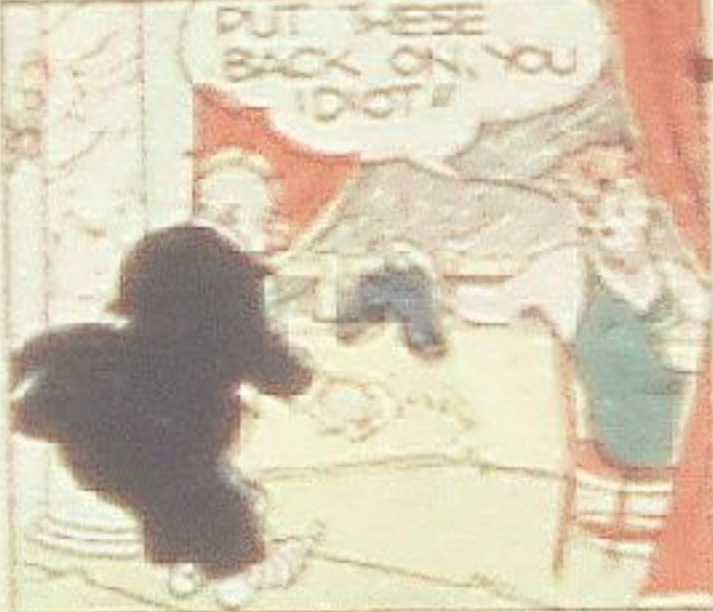
SOME-
THING
TELLS
ME
IT'S
VINCENT



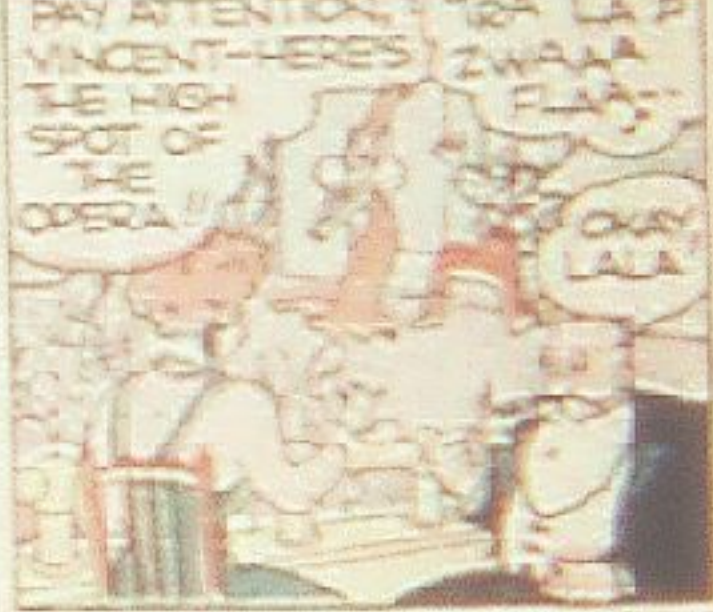
DISGUSTING!
SHOCKING!
THE
BOUNDER!



OH!



PUT THESE
BACK ON YOU
IDIOT!



PAY ATTENTION!
VINCENT—HERE'S
THE HIGH
SPOT OF
THE
OPERA!

TRA LA LA
ZWAHA
FLAA!
OH LA LA



OH!! THROW THAT
CIGAR AWAY
AT
ONCE

I
DON'T
THINK



WAAH!



Lala Palooza

by GENE GOLDING



VINCENT'S WAY OF CLOSING AN OVERFLOWING BAG PILE OF CLOTHES TOUCHES BEAM EXPOSING A PEANUT—THE ELEPHANT GETTING PEANUT STEPS ON BAG CLOSING IT.



HERE ARE YOUR TICKETS MADAM—THE BOAT SAILS AT FIVE O'CLOCK.



VINCENT, WE MUST HURRY HOME AND PACK—TAKE CARE OF THESE TICKETS!

OKAY LALA—I'LL PUT 'EM IN MY INSIDE POCKET TO BE SAFE!



VINCENT, WEAR YOUR OUTAWAY AND STRIPED TROUSERS—THE SHIVELS WILL BE ON BOARD!

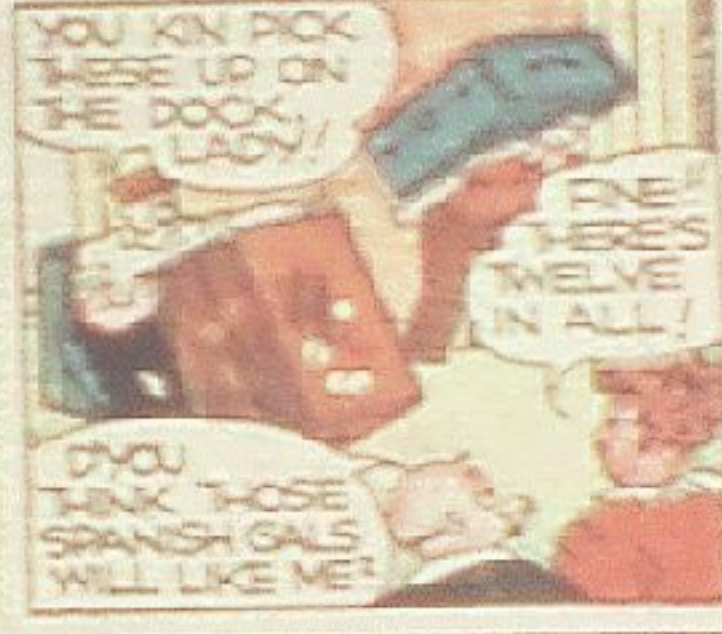
OKAY SIS!



—AND CAST YOUR CARES AWAY YEATH NODDING PALMS IN A MOON-BATHED TROPICAL GARDEN AS SENORITAS SING SONGS OF LOVE—



VINCENT, STOP THAT NONSENSE AND GET DRESSED! I MUST GET THOSE TRUNKS OFF!



YOU KIN PICK THESE UP ON THE DOCK, LADY!

FINE—THERE'S TWELVE IN ALL!

OH YOU THINK THOSE SPANISH GALS WILL LIKE ME?



HURRY VINCENT, I HEAR THE BOAT'S WHISTLE!

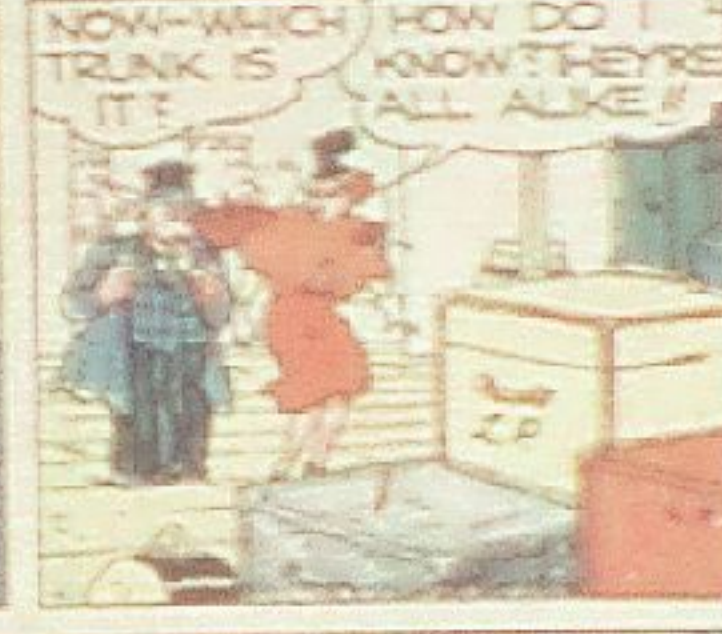
KEEP THE CHANGE, BUDDY!



SHOW YOUR TICKETS PLEASE!

THE TICKETS VINCENT!

GULP!! THEY'RE IN MY COAT AND IT'S PACKED IN A TRUNK!



NOW—WHICH TRUNK IS IT?

HOW DO I KNOW? THEY'RE ALL ALIKE!



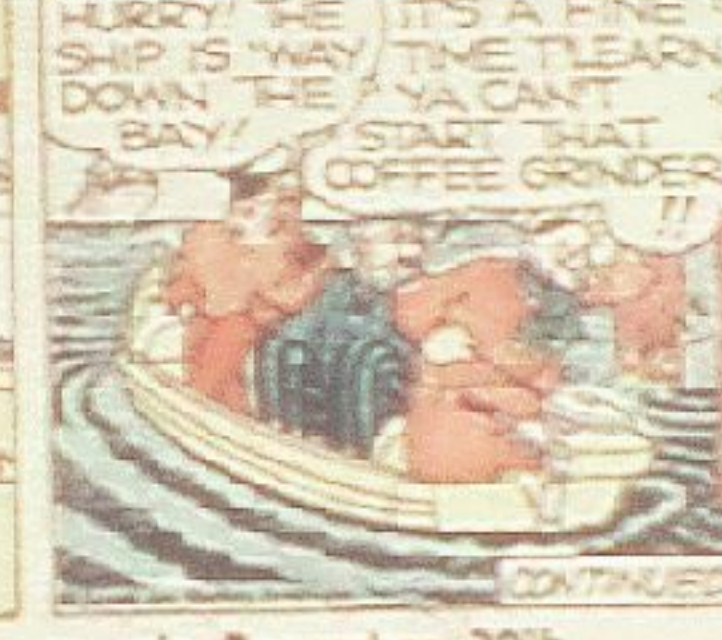
OH DEAR! MY TRUNKS AFTER LOVELY THINGS THROWN AROUND THIS DIRTY OLD DOCK!

SIS, AFTER THIS LET'S TRAVEL WITH ONE SUITCASE!



WOW! I GOT 'EM SIS!!

LOOK—THE BOAT'S LEFT!



HURRY! THE SHIP IS WAY DOWN THE BAY!

IT'S A FINE TIME TO LEARN YA CAN'T START THAT COFFEE GRINDER!!

CONTINUED

More of Lala Palooza and Vincent in the February issue—on sale December 30th.

Slim and Tubby

John J. Welch

THE TRIAL OF BENTON, SLIM AND TUBBY RACES ALONG AT EXPRESS TRAIN SPEED—

YOUR HONOR, WE'VE PROVED OUR CASE—

THE RESTS

VERY WELL

THE JUDGE NOW CALLS FOR THE FIRST WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE—

I REGRET THAT THE DEFENSE HAS NO WITNESSES, YOUR HONOR!

JUST A MINUTE I'VE SEEN THIS JELLY-FISH TATE SCURRY AWAY FROM THE COURT LONG ENOUGH I WANT HIM TO SPEAK HERE!

MR. BENTON, THIS IS UNUSUAL YOU HAVE A LAWYER HERE AND—

NO TATE HAS FUMLED OUR CASE FROM THE START!

THAT FOOL SAYS WE HAVE NO WITNESS AND NO DEFENSE! WELL, I'M NOT BEING SENT TO JAIL THAT EASY!

WE HAVE WITNESSES!

WHAT'S WRONG? ALL RIGHT WITH ME AS A WITNESS?—

MR. BENTON, YOU MAY PROCEED—

WE'VE BEEN RANCHERS HERE FOR YEARS AN' HIGHLY RESPECTED! NOBODY HAS EVER ACCUSED US OF DISHONESTY!

--THAT MAN WHO SAYS HE SAW US IS PLENTY WRONG -- WE WERE MILES AWAY -- NEARLY HOME, WHEN THE ROBBERY TOOK PLACE --

--THEY DON'T FIND OUR FINGERPRINTS AT THE EXPRESS OFFICE-- WHERE'S THE MONEY? AND WHO WROTE US TELLIN US TO BE HERE THAT NIGHT?

SHELL BENTON!

YOUR HONOR AN' GENTLEMEN--- YOU'VE HEARD THE STORY OF AN INNOCENT MAN-- THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY!

HAVE YOU FINISHED, MR. BENTON?

NOW, WE'LL HEAR THE FINAL ARGUMENTS AND THEN GIVE THE CASE TO THE JURY---

BENTON, YOU WERE TERRIFIC! NOW WE HAVE A CHANCE!

OH--I DON'T GET MUCH HOPE WHEN I LOOK AT THAT JURY!

THE PROSECUTOR GIVES HIS FINAL ARGUMENT---

-- IF WE'RE GOING TO STAND OUT CRIME WE MUST SEND THESE OUTLAWS TO PRISON! JURY, IT'S UP TO YOU!

THE JUDGE GIVES HIS INSTRUCTIONS---

AND MAKE YOUR DECISION ON THE MAIN ISSUE ALONE---

YOUR PURPOSE IS JUSTICE!

THE JURY RETIRES FOR "DELIBERATION"

GENTS--I THINK WE SHOULD PLAY A BIT OF POKER BEFORE WE TAKE BACK OUR "GUILTY VERDICT!"

YEAH! JUST TAKE IT LOOK ALL RIGHT!

SLIM and TUBBY

John J. Webster

OHON FELLAS—ALREADY
TH' JURYS
COMIN' IN
WITH TH'
VERDICT
//
GOSH!
I THINK I
KNOW THE
RESULT!

WHY THEY
HAVEN'T
BEEN OUT
A HALF
HOUR!

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,
HAVE YOU REACHED A
VERDICT?

YES,
YOUR
HONOR

WHAT
IS THE
VERDICT?

GUILTY
AS
CHARGED
//
TOO BAD
BOYS! IT MEANS
AT LEAST
TEN YEARS!

TEN
YEARS

WELL BOYS, HERE
WE ARE WITH MAYBE
TEN
LONG
YEARS
AHEAD
OF US
//
I NEVER
THOUGHT
IT WAS
POSSIBLE!

AND T'BE 'FRAMED'—
LIKE THIS FOR
WHAT SOMEBODY
ELSE DID!!

YES—
AND
WE
EVEN
HAD A GOOD
CHANCE TO
ESCAPE

HEY! THE BAR IN
THIS WINDOW IS
STILL
LOOSE
//
NO—NO!
DON'T
DO THAT!
THERE
MIGHT
BE SOME
ONE OUT!

NICE WORK,
SHERIFF! YOU
SURE RAIL-
ROADED BEN-
TON

THE OLE
STEAM-
ROLLER
WORKED
—AN' IT
WAS THE
BEST ILL
JURY
I COULD
BUY!

NOW T'GET
TH' BENTON
BUNCH T'BREAK
OUTA TH' COOD

SURE! AN'
WE CAN
BLAME
ANYTHING
ON 'EM!

SAY
SHERIFF,
WHEN
D'THEY
ESCAPE?

WHEN I TELL 'EN
THOSE TERRIBLE
THINGS THAT GO
ON AT THAT
STATE PRISON!

WE PAUSE A MOMENT TO
LOOK BACK OVER OUR STORY

HARTLEY
HAMMOND
COMMITTED ROBBERY AT THE
BENTON DUDE RANCH AND
BENTON WAS SUSPECTED—

THIS ENCOURAGED THE EVIL
"COYOTE GANG" TO RESUME
ACTION AFTER
YEARS OF
IDLE-
NESS—

—AND I
SENTENCE
YOU TO TEN
YEARS IN—

THE "COYOTES" ALWAYS LEFT
CLUES POINTING TO THE
BENTON CROWD—

BUT SINCE THEY CAN'T
BLAME ROBBERIES ON THE
BENTONS WHILE THEY'RE
JAILED, THE "COYOTES" NOW
WANT
TO SET
THEM
OUT!

THE CROOKED SHERIFF MER-
CER, LEADER OF THE GANGS,
NOW HAS A NEW IDEA!

SO THE SHERIFF VISITS THE
PRISONERS TO AGAIN PUT
THE ESCAPE IDEA IN THEIR
MINDS—

WELL BOYS, YOU
DON'T
KNOW
HOW
SORRY
I AM—

SAVE YOUR
FALSE TEARS,
SHERIFF— WE
DON'T WANT 'EM!

W- WHY— I—I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT
YOU
MEAN,
BENTON

AN' I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU MEAN!
BUT I'M
THINKIN'
HARD!

WHY DID YOU TELL US
THERE WAS A MOB OUT-
SIDE WHEN
THERE WAGNT?
SOMETHING'S
QUEER HERE!

SAY!
THAT'S
ENOUGH
FROM
YOU,
BENTON!

CONTINUED

Slim and Tubby is continued in the February issue—on sale December 30th.

CLIP CHANCE

at

CLIFFSIDE

SCOTT
HERIDAN

I'M TELLIN' YA RED, WE CAN
CLEAN UP ON THIS GAME IF
WE WORK IT
RIGHT -

HOW?

THE EAST TEAM IS 7 TO 5 TO BEAT
TH' WEST -- WE BET ALL TH' DOUGH
WE CAN GET ON TH' WEST TEAM TO
WIN --

YOU'RE NUTS,
COUNT ME
OUT -

LISTEN - I GOT A PLAN ---
WITH CHANCE OUTA TH' GAME,
THIS GUY
BERT BALL
CAN'T GET
STARTED -
GET IT?

YOU MEAN ---
BUMP CHANCE
OFF ---

NO, YA DOPE -
I MEAN KIDNAP
HIM AN' HOLD HIM
TILL AFTER TH'
GAME -

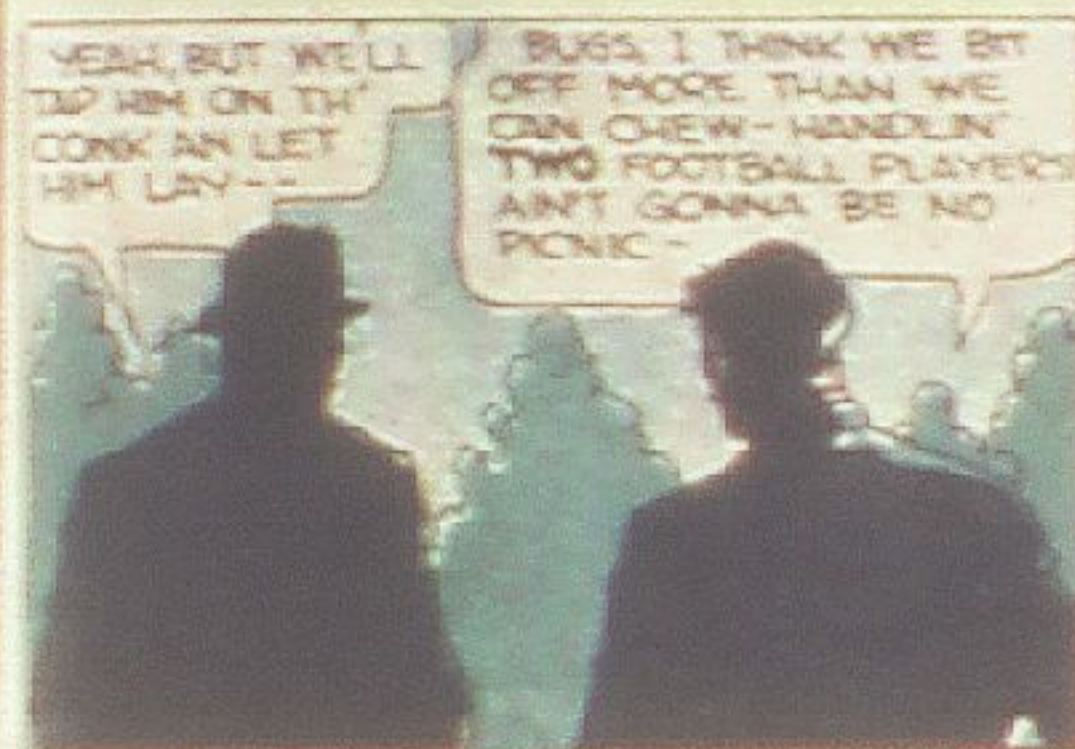
GEE BUGS, THAT IS AN IDEA ---
HOW'RE YOU GONNA WORK
IT -

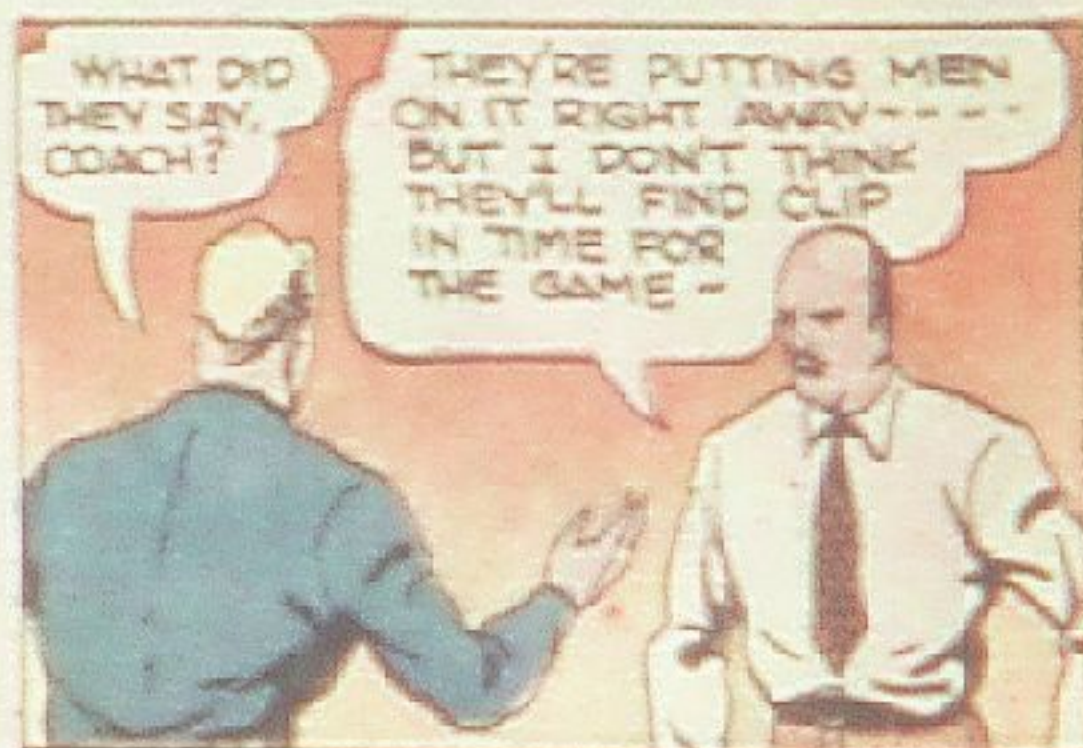
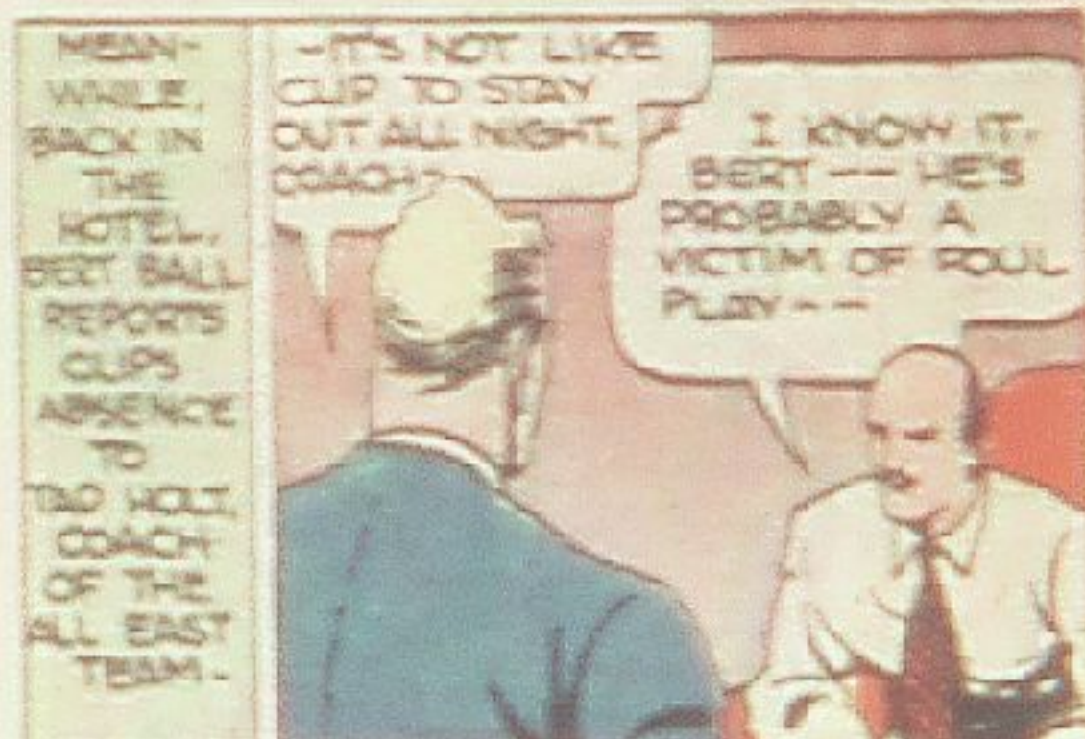
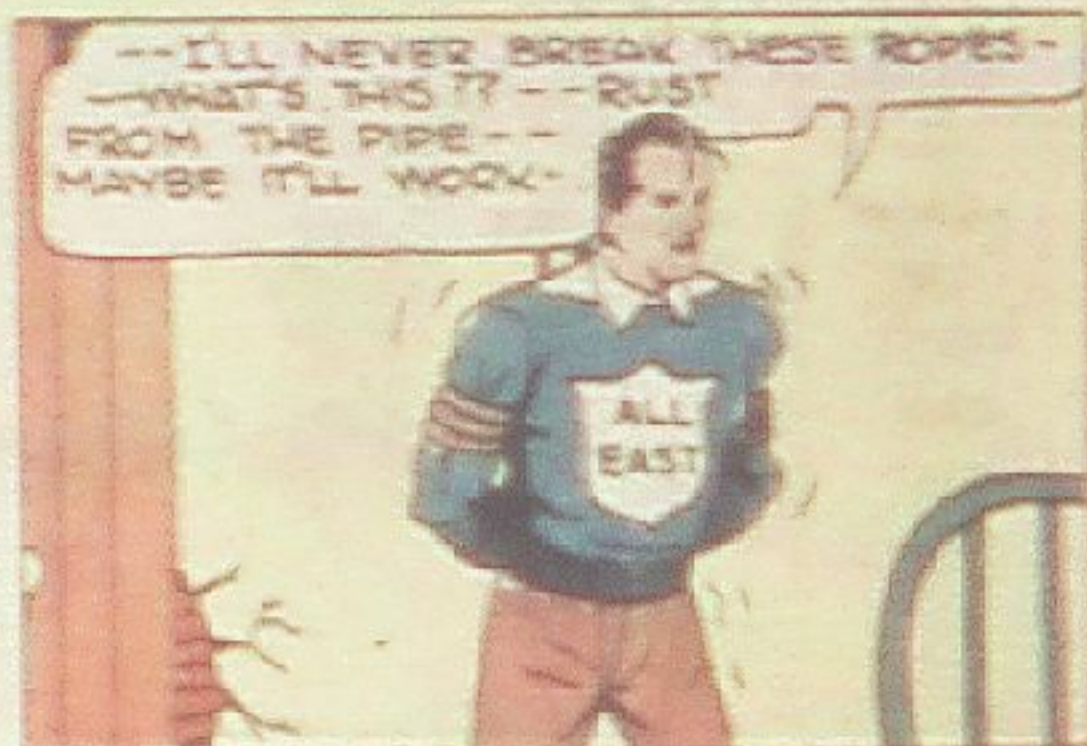
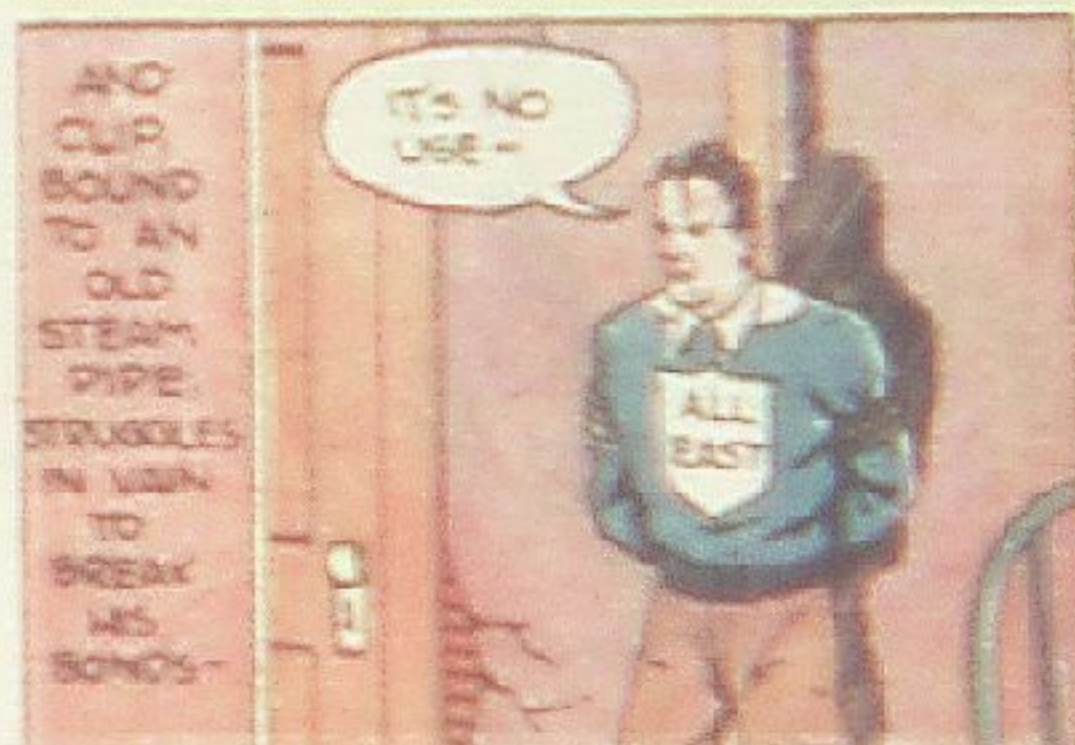
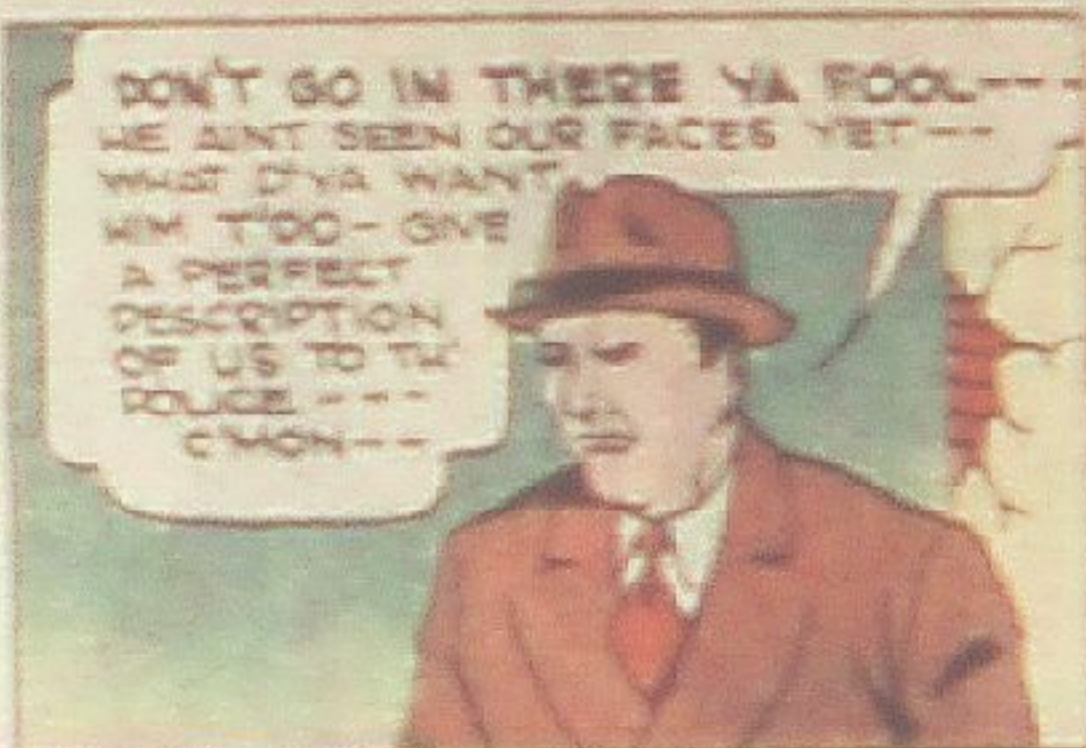
EASY -

- EVERY NIGHT HE TAKES A
WALK BEFORE GOIN' TO BED, SO
TONIGHT WE'LL LAY FOR HIM,
KNOCK HIM OUT AN'
DRIVE HIM OUT
TO TH' SHACK! -

THEN WE'LL
TURN HIM
LOOSE AFTER
THE GAME -
SIMPLE, EH!

AN' HOW! - I'M GONNA
GO DOWN AN' GET A
LOAN OUT ON TH'
CAR, SO WE CAN
BET THAT MUCH
MORE -





TWO MINUTES BEFORE THE EAST WEST GAME IS TO BEGIN COACH HOLT GIVES HIS TEAM FINAL INSTRUCTIONS

OKAY FELLOWS, GO OUT THERE AND FIGHT EVERY SECOND - AND YOU JENSON, ARE TAKING CLIP'S PLACE, THAT'S A BIG ORDER TO FILL, DO YOUR BEST--



AND JUST AS THE BIG GAME STARTS CLIP TRIES TO HELP

NOW, IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE I WAS--



OUTSIDE HE FLIPS THE FIRST CAR THAT PASSES BY--

HOW FAR IS IT TO THE FRUIT BOWL, WHERE THE EAST AND WEST ARE PLAYING, MISTER?

ABOUT 45 MINUTES RIDE, SON, WHY?



I'M SUPPOSED TO PLAY IN THAT GAME, DO YOU THINK WE CAN MAKE IT?

WITH A LITTLE LUCK YOU'LL MAKE PART OF IT, I THINK!



AND TWO MINUTES BEFORE THE GAME IS OVER, CLIP REPORTS TO COACH HOLT--

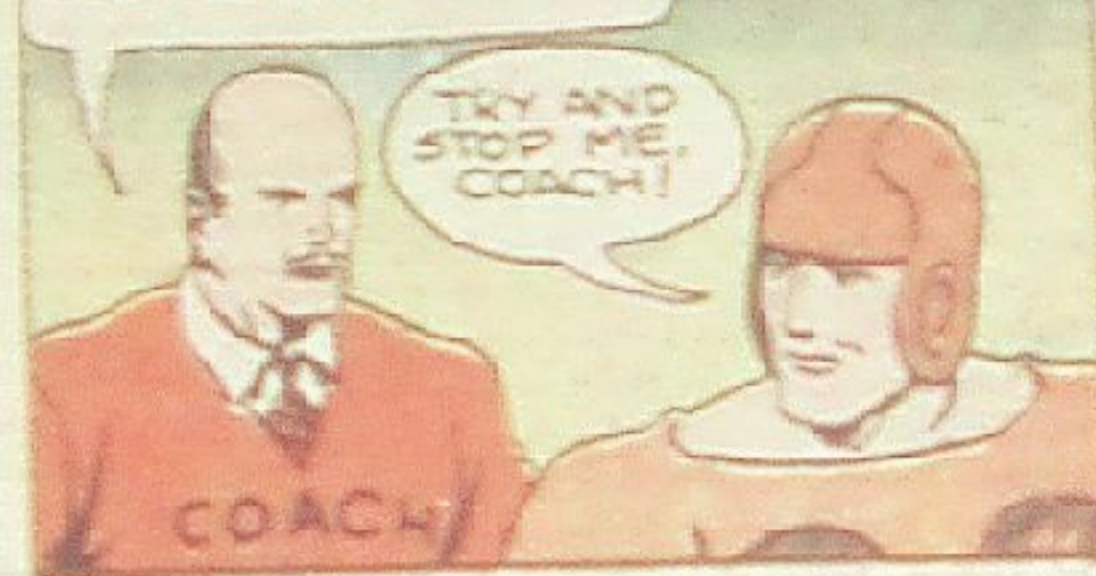
CLIP--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT-- WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

I'LL TELL YOU LATER, WHAT'S THE SCORE?



NOTHING, NOTHING, BERT CAN'T GET GOING-- CAN YOU GO IN FOR THE LAST PLAY?

TRY AND STOP ME, COACH!



BERT GETS THE BALL FROM CENTER AND WITH CLIP RUNNING INTERFERENCE THEY START DOWN THE FIELD--

THAT'S THE STUFF WE NEEDED ALL ALONG, CLIP--



AND AS THE WHISTLE BLOWS, BERT CROSSES THE LINE FOR THE ONLY TOUCHDOWN OF THE GAME--

EAST-6 WEST-0



Richard Manners, society sleuth, starts in the February issue--on sale December 30th.

THE BARBARIAN . . . by Robert M. Hyatt

a tale of Sybaris and Macedon in the year 507.

"O friend, Lyceus will order thee to be thrown to the serpents—it is the death he prescribes for spies of Pythagoras. But fear not, nor lose hope. Kalvah has a plan. I have not the keys of the cells, but tonight Kalvah will undertake to release thee. Listen!" Melos rapped a hand to one ear. "Tis the guard! I must go! Be of good cheer, friend!"

Melos was gone, then, like a fleeting shadow.

Dancing light drew near and a babel of voices, angry voices. There was a clank of armour and several agitated guards halted in front of the cell door.

"Where is he? Which way did he go?" they demanded. "Speak, wretch, and spare thyself the torture of a lost soul!"

The Macedonian, not knowing, said so.

"So the brave Kalvah is going to release thee tonight, eh?" sneered one of the guards. "Won't Lyceus be happy to hear that! Hast ever been held over red-hot stones—felt thy hair burn off first—then the skin sizzle and turn crisp? Ho-ho!"

Konar clung to the bars and a great dizziness seized him. They had overheard, by some trick, all that Melos and he had said. Now indeed his fate was dark. As the footsteps of the guards diminished down the gloomy tunnel, a horrible thought assailed Konar—was Melos a spy of Lyceus, after all?

The next hours were the worst Konar had ever spent. With his head whirling, he stumbled across his small cell, and not far from the opposite wall tripped and sprawled on the floor. His toe had caught in something that rattled with a ghastly sound. He reached out and touched—bones! Shuddering, he felt along the skeleton arm, his fingers at last touching a cold iron band attached to a chain. Some poor soul had died here. Well, this might well be his fate! But not it would be worse than this!

He got to his feet and squared his shoulders. He was Konar, the son of Petrak, was he not? He was a Macedonian! He would die like a man, if the gods decreed. Like his own father would die when his time came!

But with this resolution, came another thought: He would not die! He would win out yet, save his father, take him back to Macedon, to the green hills and the beloved city of his birth . . .

A sound startled him. It was a dull throbbing. It seemed to come from under his cell. He put his ear to the cold stones. Thud-Thud. He could feel the stones vibrate.

Joy such as he had never known surged through Konar. Rescue! Kalvah had come. He was digging under his cell. Apollo be praised! Apollo, god of the Sun, had not turned away . . .

A half hour passed. The thudding grew nearer, closer to the floor. Konar sat there, praying that some passing guard would not hear. Once one clanked along the corridor and paused to peer inside the cell. He grunted and passed on. And Konar gave fervent thanks that the thudding had miraculously ceased until the guard had disappeared.

After a moment he heard the tap of metal on stone. Tap-tap-tap. Then, a few inches further on, tap-tap-tap. Was it a signal? Konar tapped with a link of the chain that shackled the skeleton. The tap was repeated. Then he knew.

Suddenly he felt the stone under him tremble, lift a fraction of an inch. He slid off it, breathless with excitement. It lifted further, and he could see a crack of light.

"Hist, Konar!" came the sibilant whisper. Konar answered guardedly. "Then give a hand to this slab. We'll have thee out of there . . . Heave!"

Konar clutched the heavy stone and drew mightily. It raised. A rush of air came up. The light

went out below. Then a huge form clambered into the cell. It was Kalvah. In the wan glow from the passage Konar could see his red beard flaring.

"Quick! Down with thee!"

Konar had hardly put his feet into the hole when there was a sneering laugh from the cell door. Then a sharp command rang out. Instantly a rush of feet pounded along the outer corridor.

Red Beard gave Konar a great shove and almost trampled upon him as he plunged into the darkness of the subterranean hole, and let the stone fall back.

"Make haste, friend!" cried Kalvah. "They'll turn the waters on us and we'll drown like rats!"

Konar was making haste, such as the narrowness of the tunnel permitted. Red Beard pushed against him from behind. Suddenly the big man gasped and Konar heard a sound that froze his blood. Water! A torrent of it rushing into the tunnel behind them! It roared upon them, splashed around their ankles, rose to their hips with alarming rapidity.

"By Zeus!" exclaimed Kalvah. "we're doomed unless we get out of here quickly! Breathe not, friend, for the water is poisonous."

The lethal water had reached above their thighs. It impeded their progress. Konar's head swam. Dark specks shot before his eyes. His lungs were bursting. A great roaring was in his head. He felt himself falling—falling . . .

A burning thirst was Konar's first sensation when he came out of the death-like stupor that had overcome him in the tunnel. A burning thirst and a loud ringing in his ears. The ringing gradually faded. He opened his eyes. Dark rafters were above him, and nearby a wall of rushes, like that of a poor herder's hut. On the wall above his cot, catching the guttering glow of a candle, he could see shields and implements of war. He turned his head.

"Ho, lad! Awake? Verily, thou art the heaviest sleeper in all Sybaris!"

A man of gigantic stature stood grinning down at him. White teeth gleamed and a deep chuckle caused the monstrous black beard to stir like fire in a gale.

"Who—who are thou?" Konar asked, blinking the fog out of his eyes.

"Ha!" boomed the big man. "Dost not recognize me? Then the disguise is good!" Lowering his voice, the giant went on: "I am Golah, lad—one time known as Kalvash of the Red Beard. Thou wilt note that the beard is dyed black now."

"Oh!" said Konar. "Then we escaped—"

"By a whisker of the prophet only. But look thou, Macedonian. I am as dead as if I floated in the River Crathis even now. As thou art dead also. Aye, Konar, we art both dead—to all Sybaris!"

Konar sat up, a quizzical look on his face.

"I mean," said Golah, "that we are thought to have died. We must carry on the deception if we are to rescue thy father, Petrak. I have arranged with Bal, the king's war-archon, to have charge of the Royal Stables. Thou, Konar, art my chattel. I captured thee on the plains of Asia." Kalvash, who was now Golah, grinned broadly. "Thou art a yellow boy, a barbarian—or soon wilt be—groom of the king's horse guard."

The humor of the situation struck Konar. "And what name have I, good Golah?" he asked.

"Ah, yes, we must give thee a suitable name. Let me think."

Konar said, "How about Shan-lo? That seems a fitting name for one who comes from Asia."

Golah clapped his palms together. "Shan-lo it is! And now, may the gods watch over the souls of Konar and Kalvash—"

"And give strength and good fortune to Golah and Shan-lo," Konar supplied.

Three months passed without incident. Konar, now Shan-lo, before taking up his duties as groom to the king's chargers, stained his entire body a yellowish-brown with

the oil of walnuts. His slightly slanting eyes and prominent cheek bones carried out the disguise perfectly. To the closest observer he was an Asiatic. He had developed a fair accent to complete the subterfuge.

Shan-lo's great love for horses helped him considerably in caring for the thousand magnificent steeds that comprised Lyceus' Royal Guard, backbone of his army. Arabian, nearly all of them, with the super-intelligence of the desert-bred horse, they responded nobly to his kindness. This was natural. They were accustomed to abuse and blows by their Helot slave tenders, and beatings by their masters. Shan-lo talked to them, stroked their manes, and gave them extra helpings of grain. And they came to love him.

One day, while practicing on his lute, which by some miracle he had retained, he bethought him of a plan. Going to the stall of a particularly spirited stallion, he played a soft note on the instrument. The big horse flattened his ears, snorted, and pawed the ground. Yes, the charger acted in the same manner as he had seen a horse do in a traveling circus years before in Phrygia.

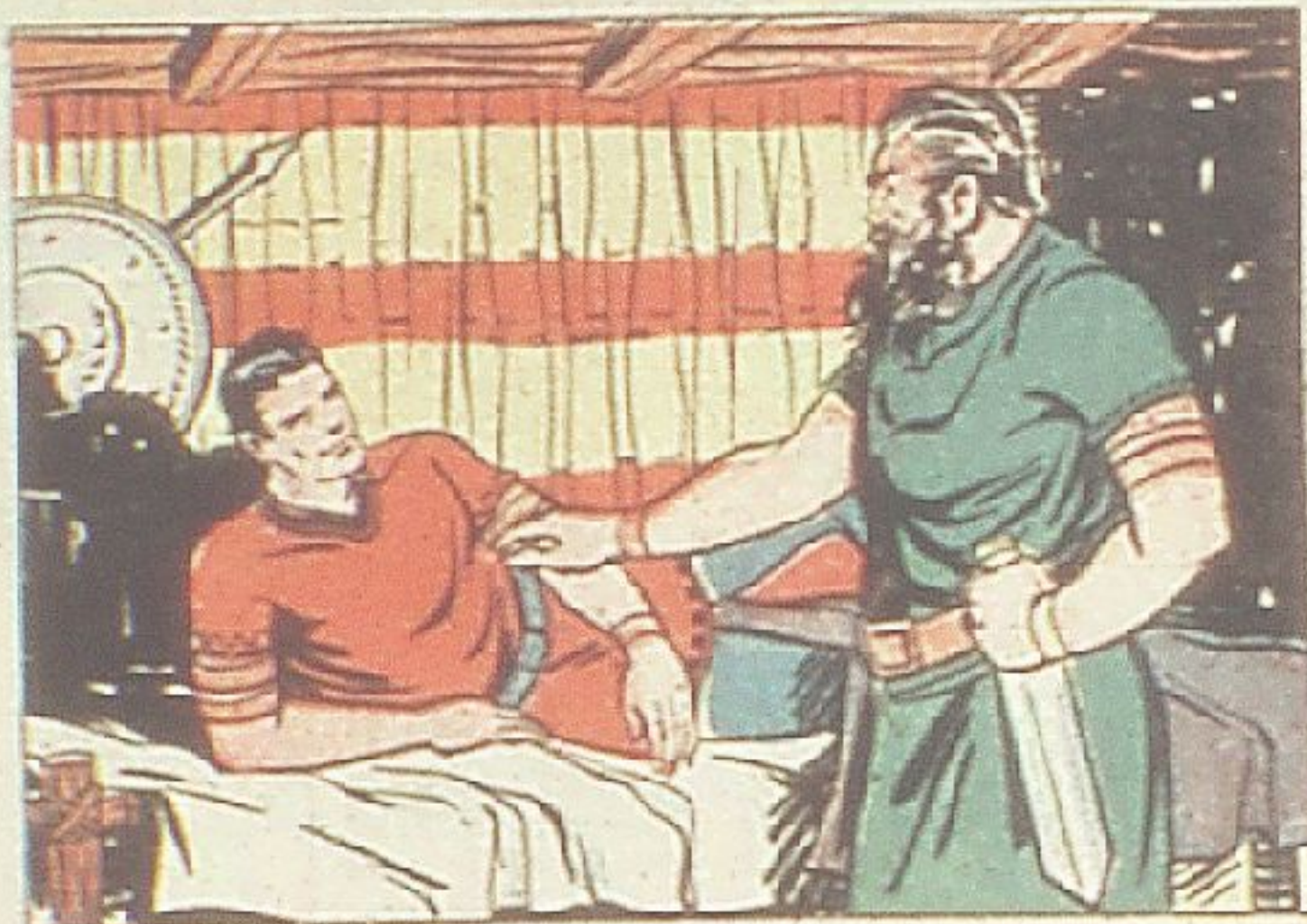
He played a shrill note. The effect was startling. The stallion reared and plunged, neighing in a peculiar blast. Others in the long row of stalls heard the lute and re-

acted similarly. For a moment pandemonium reigned. But Shan-lo, quickly hiding his lute, went along the mangers, speaking softly to the animals. Soon they became quiet. From that experience, a great idea was born in Shan-lo's mind.

During this time, Shan-lo had only meager reports concerning his father. Golah, as second war-archon of Lyceus, had quarters in the officers' barracks, as befitting his rank. He had little opportunity of visiting his young protégé. With each of his visits, however, he reported great gains in the numbers of the Noble Cult. In a few months, he told Shan-lo, they hoped to strike a crushing blow against Sybaris and overthrow the tyrannical government of Lyceus. It was their plan to put Petrak on the throne.

Shan-lo often wondered how his father felt about this idea. If only he might see his parent! But so far this was out of the question. Petrak was incarcerated in the fearful Place of the Devils, an almost impregnable cave far up in the hills above Sybaris. Here, it was said, huge serpents guarded the entrance and held frightful snake orgies in a vast pit. Here too were thrown the hapless victims convicted of being Pythagoras spies.

Continued in the February
Issue of **FEATURE FUNNIES**
on sale December 30th.



REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

by ART
DUNN

THAT'LL BE SOME
CEREMONY
TONIGHT
WON'T IT
HANSA?

YES, JIM—
CHIEF TOTEM
WILL SPEAK!

SERGEANT JIM REYNOLDS OF THE ROYAL
CANADIAN NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE
IS VISITING HIS FRIEND HANSA, A
MEMBER OF THE CREE INDIAN TRIBE.

GOSH—WHAT A
SIGHT! IT'S GREAT!

LISTEN—VOICE
WILL SPEAK!

THAT
NIGHT

ALL CREE BRAVES
WILL NOW PLACE
THEIR FURS IN
FRONT OF TOTEM—
FAILURE TO OBEY
MEANS DEATH!
THE VOICE HAS
SPOKEN!

HANSA—THERE'S
SOMETHING FUNNY
ABOUT THAT
VOICE!

VOICE IS THAT OF
MALA, SON OF GREAT
DEPARTED CHIEF—HE
WAS SENT TO RULE
CREE TRIBE!

TELL ME
SOME MORE
ABOUT THE
VOICE, HANSA!

AT EVERY CEREMONY VOICE
COMMANDS BRAVES TO PAY
TRIBUTE WITH FURS—NEXT
DAY FURS ARE GONE! WITCH
DOCTOR NIKATO SAY TOTEM
SEND FURS TO DEPARTED
CHIEF FOR USE IN HAPPY
HUNTING GROUND!

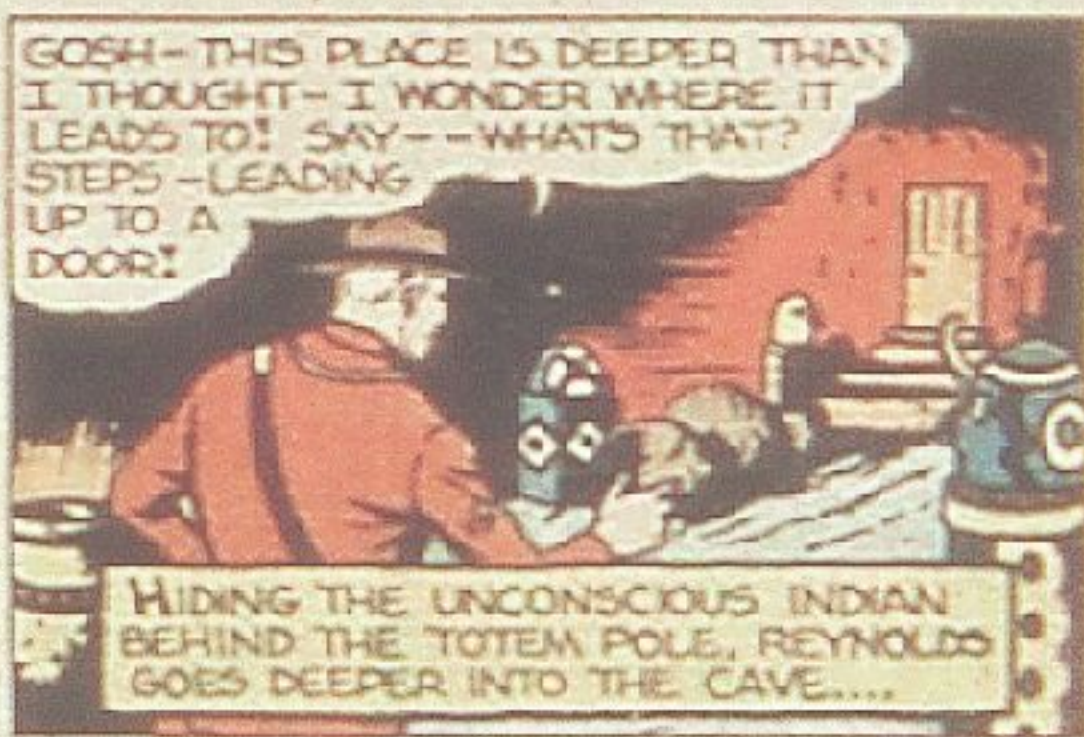
I WONDER WHY NIKATO
LIVES IN THIS CAVE BELOW
THE VILLAGE—IT LOOKS
LIKE NOBODY'S
IN! GUESS
I'LL LOOK
AROUND!

BUT AS
REYNOLDS
ENTERS—

THE NEXT DAY REYNOLDS VISITS THE
HOME OF NIKATO THE WITCH DOCTOR.



SO-NIKATO DOESN'T WANT VISITORS, EH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



GOSH-THIS PLACE IS DEEPER THAN I THOUGHT-I WONDER WHERE IT LEADS TO! SAY--WHAT'S THAT? STEPS-LEADING UP TO A DOOR!

HIDING THE UNCONSCIOUS INDIAN BEHIND THE TOTEM POLE, REYNOLDS GOES DEEPER INTO THE CAVE....



HM-M-A NICELY DECORATED ROOM-MUST BE NIKATO'S! WHAT'S THAT ON THE BED OVER THERE?



WHO IS IT? OH-IT'S ONLY... HEY-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE-YOU CAN'T COME....

GREAT SCOTT-IT'S A WHITE BOY! TAKE IT EASY SON I'M A FRIEND!



TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF, SON-WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

NIKATO AND JAKE HAVE TOLD ME NOT TO SPEAK WITH ANYONE! IF THEY FIND YOU HERE THEY'LL KILL YOU-BUT I HATE THEM-WILL YOU HELP ME??



OF COURSE I WILL-THAT IS IF YOU'LL HELP ME TOO. I CAME TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE VOICE!

I'M THE VOICE! NIKATO MAKES ME SPEAK IN THE BIG TOTEM POLE AT EVERY CEREMONY! THE INDIANS THINK I'M THE SON OF THEIR DEAD CHIEF!



WHAT'S THAT?

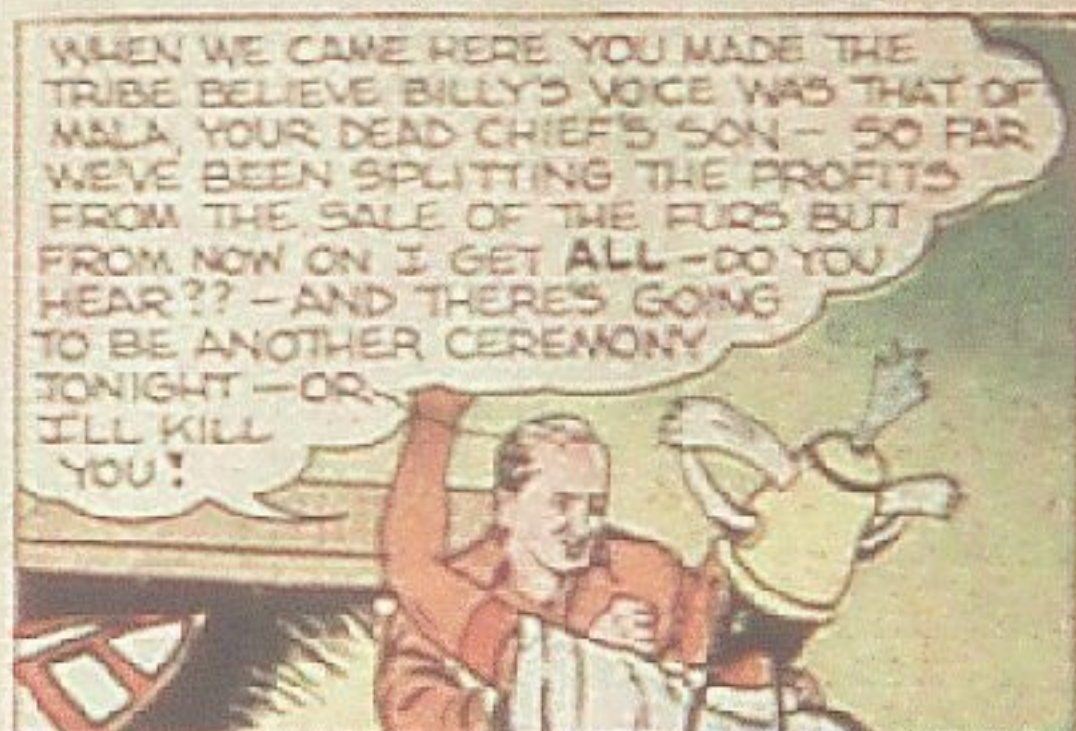
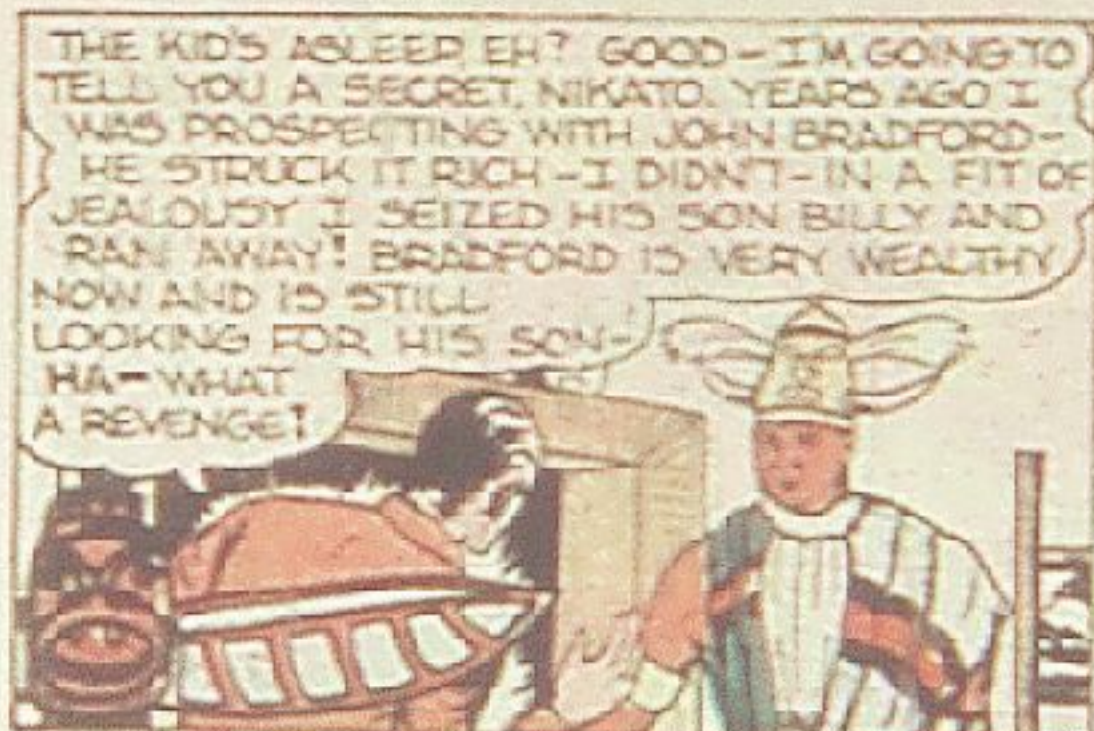
LISTEN-FOOTSTEPS! QUICK-HIDE BEHIND THAT CURTAIN! I'LL GET BACK IN BED AND PRETEND I'M ASLEEP!

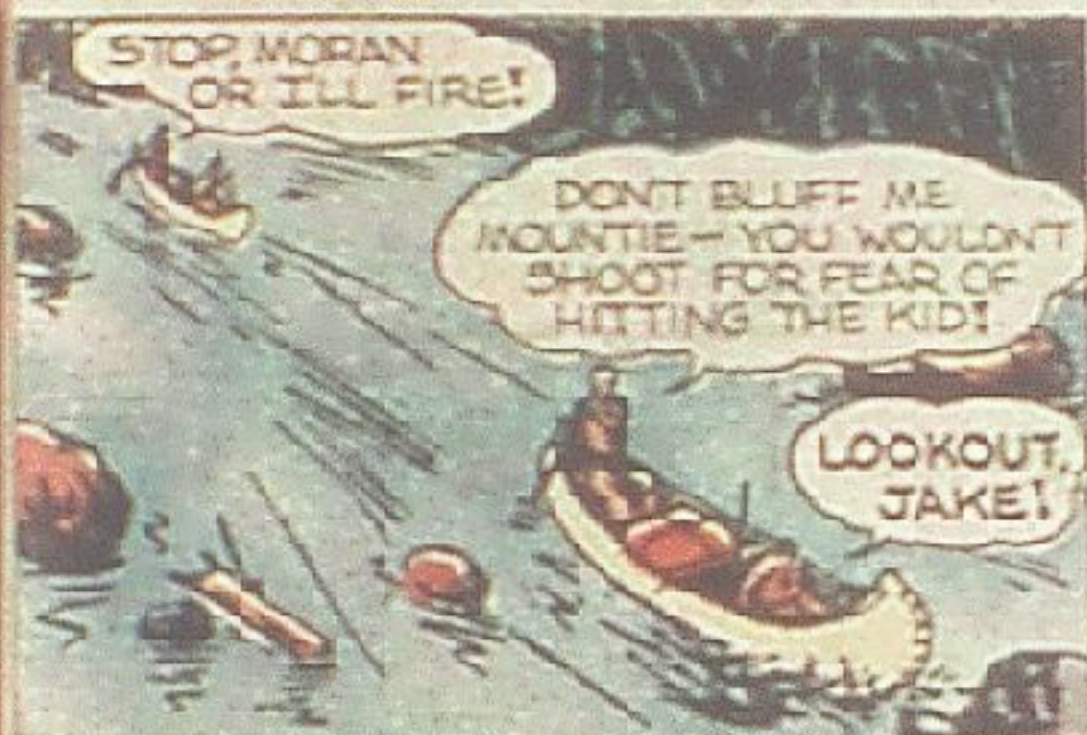
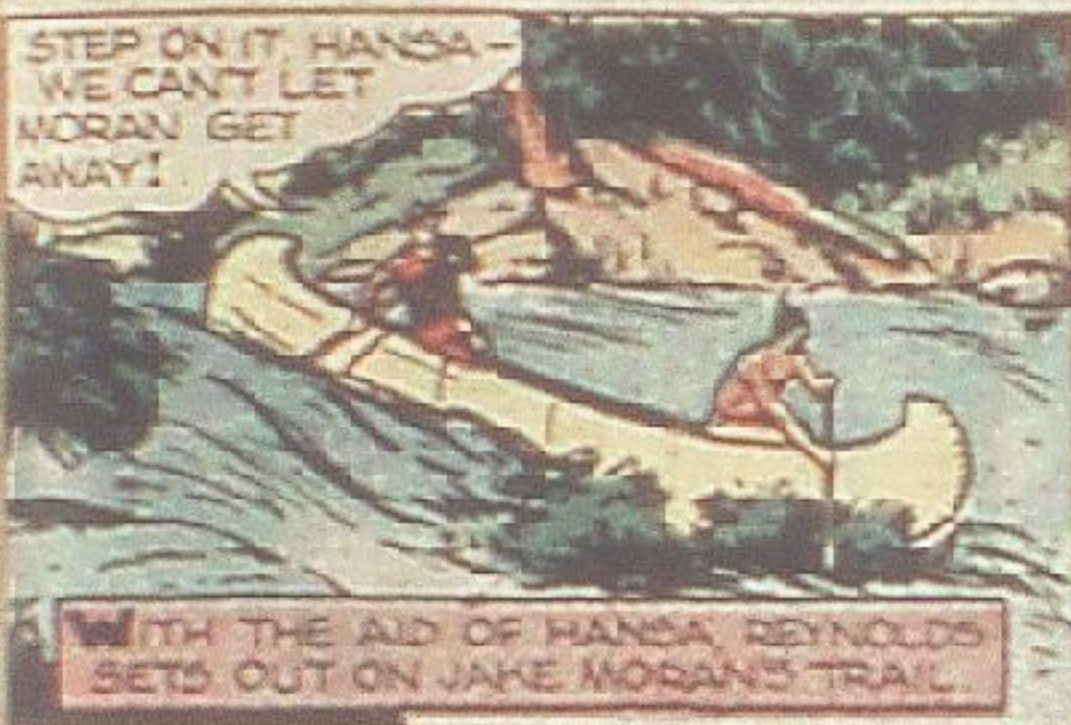


NIKATO, YOU KNOW I HAVE A LARGE GAMBLING DEBT TO PAY UP-WE'VE GOT TO GET MORE FURS-TONIGHT THE VOICE MUST SPEAK AGAIN!

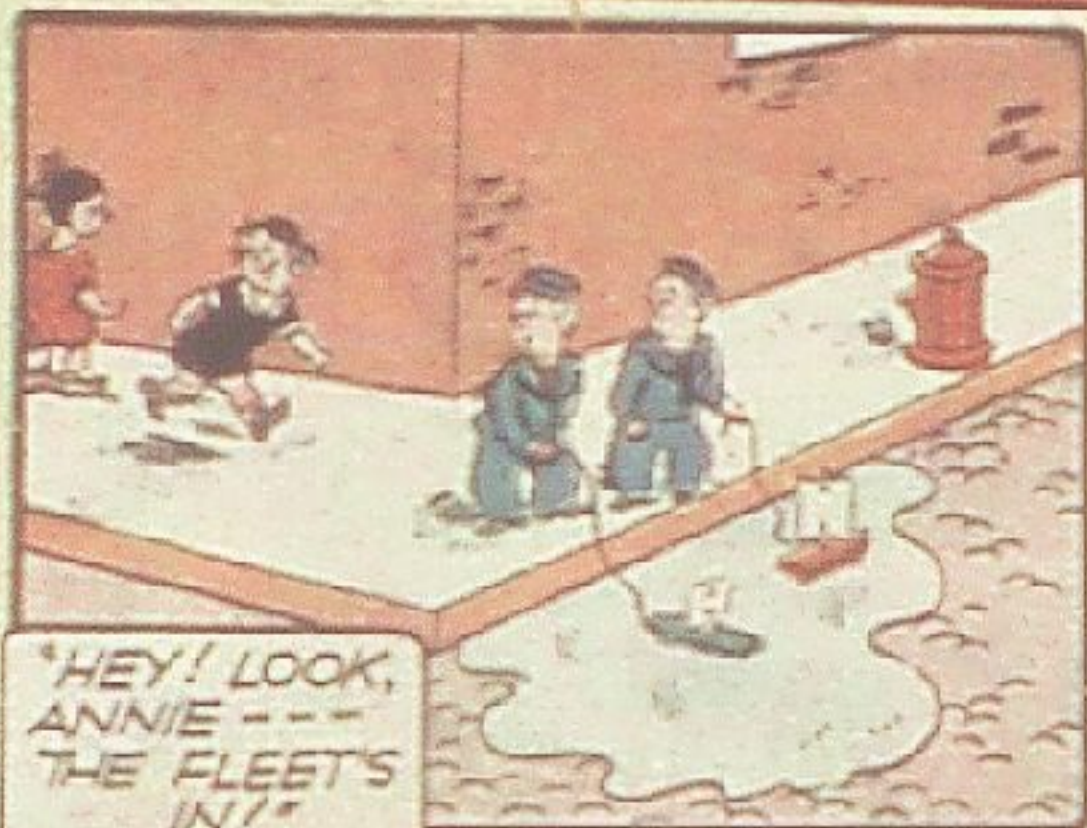
NO, JAKE-BRAVES WILL SUSPECT TRICK! WE MUST WAIT ONE MONTH!

AS REYNOLDS HIDES, TWO MEN ENTER THE ROOM.

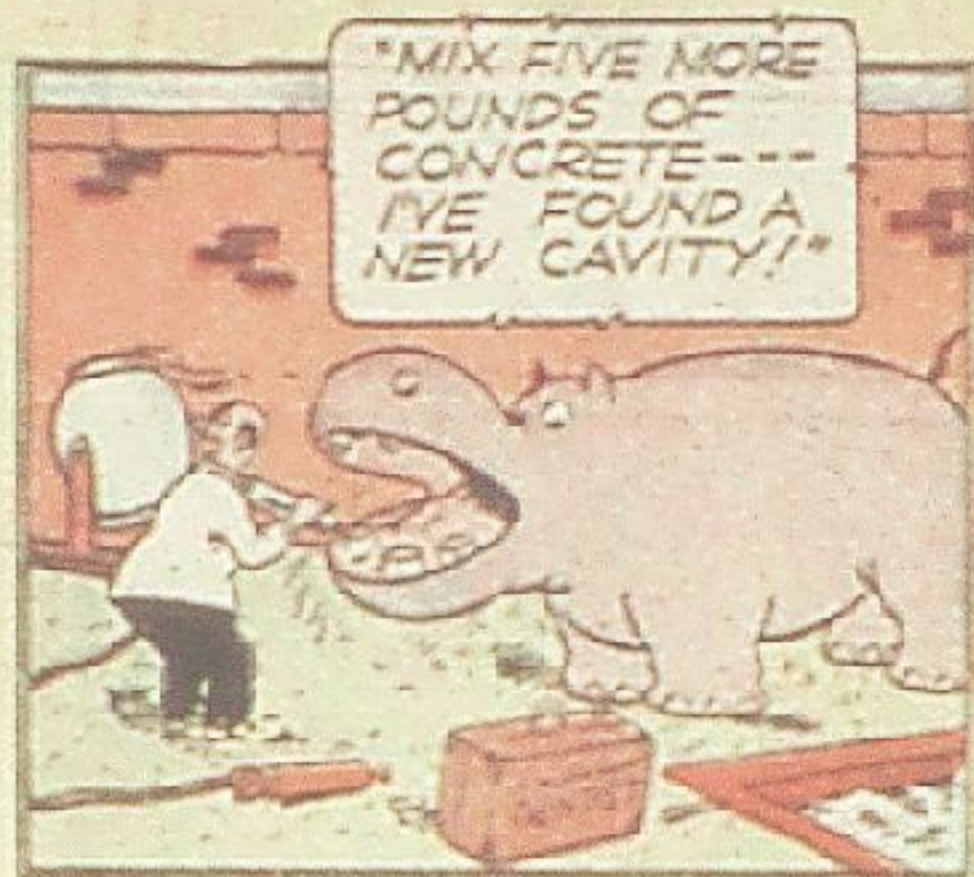




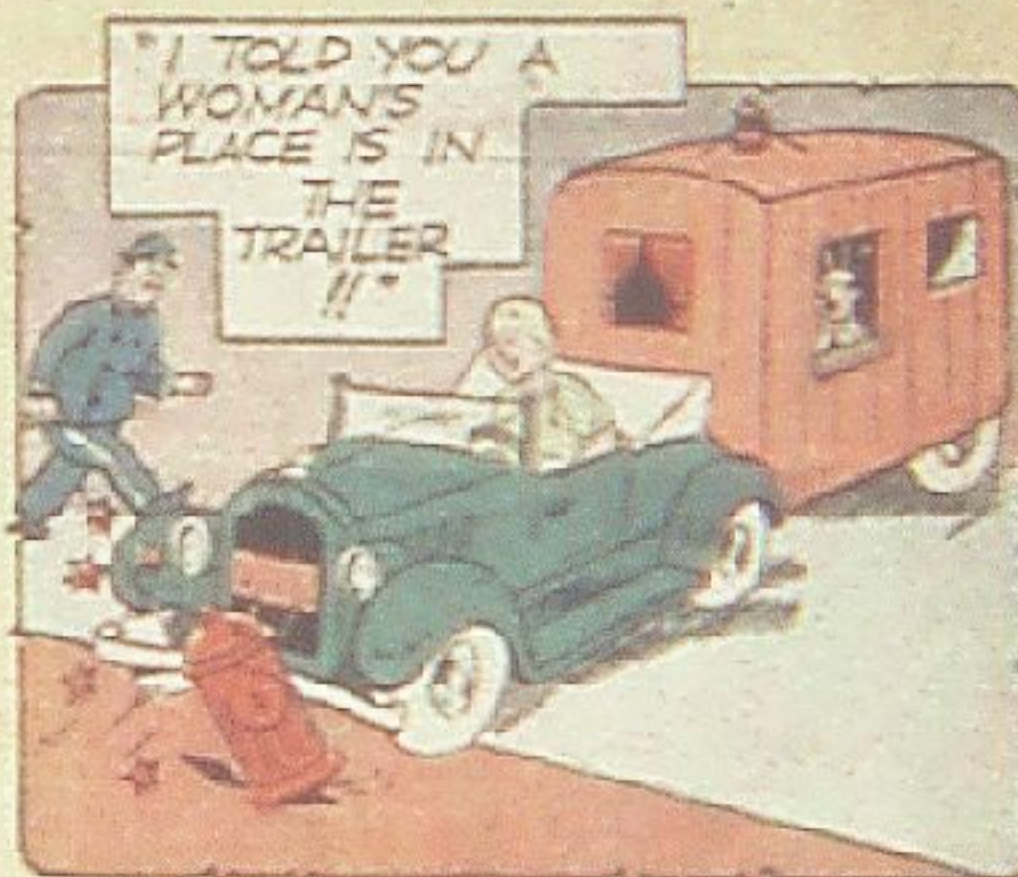
OFF THE RECORD BY ED REED.



"HEY! LOOK, ANNIE --- THE FLEET'S IN!"



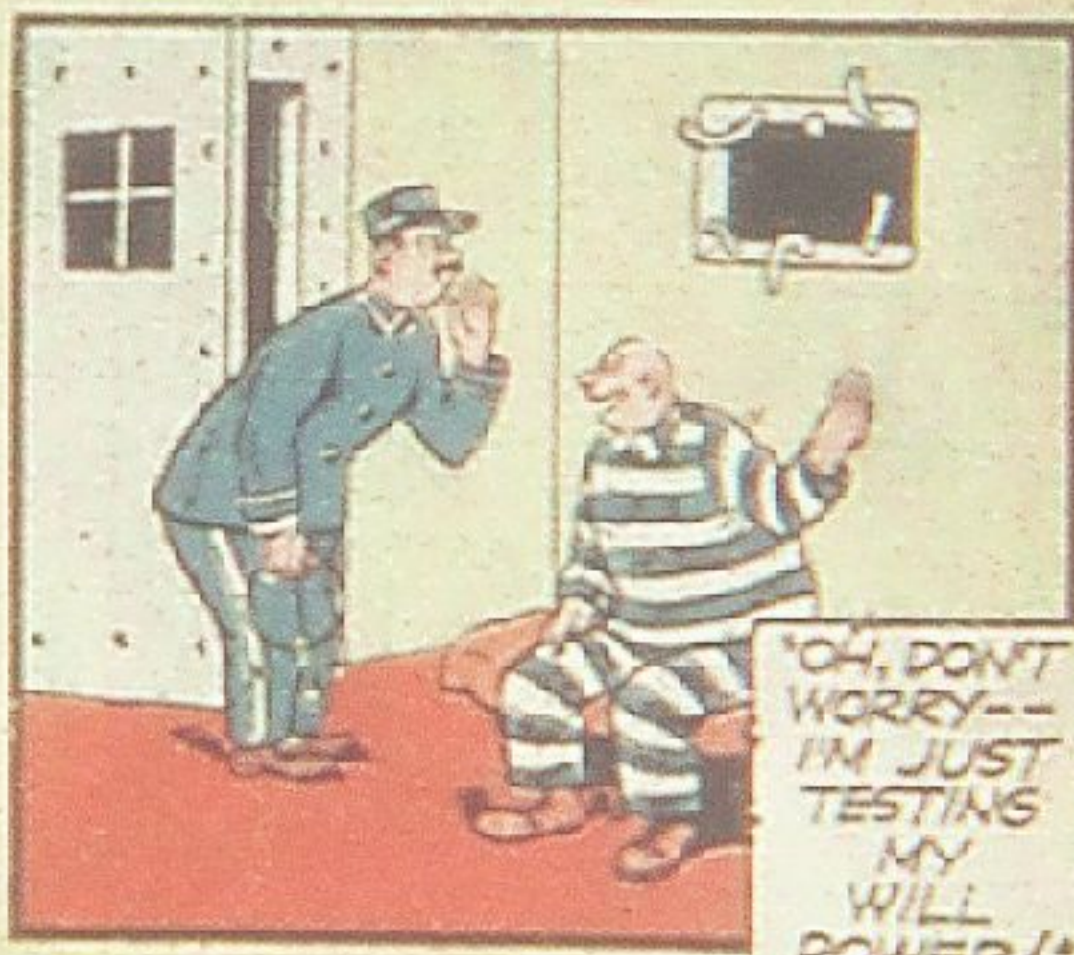
"MIX FIVE MORE POUNDS OF CONCRETE--- IVE FOUND A NEW CAVITY!"



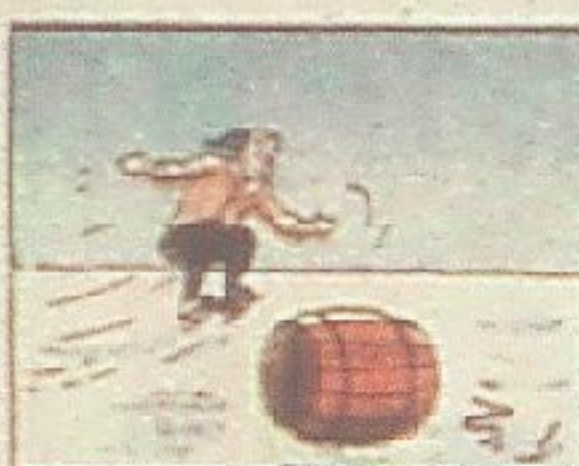
"I TOLD YOU A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE TRAILER!!"



"I CANT TAKE A BATH, MOM-- THERE ISNT ANY ROOM!"

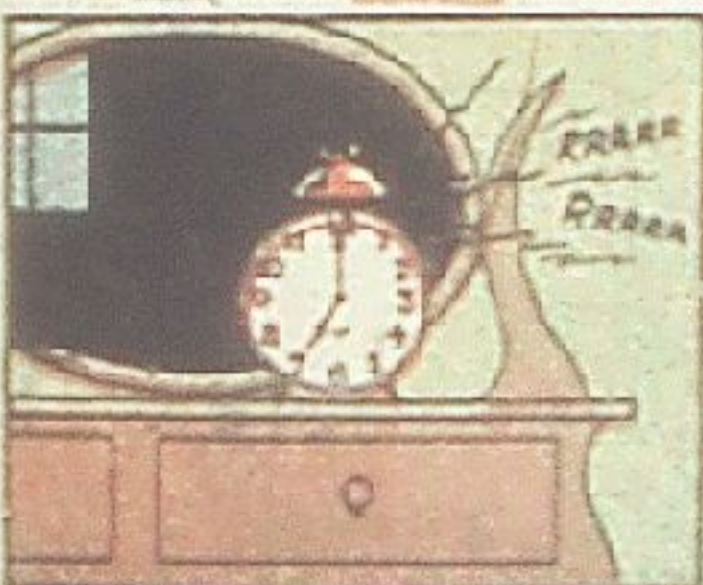
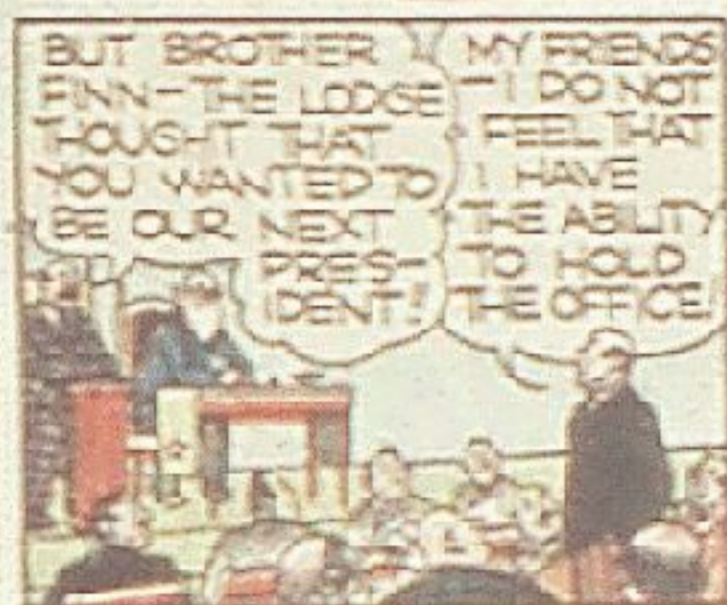


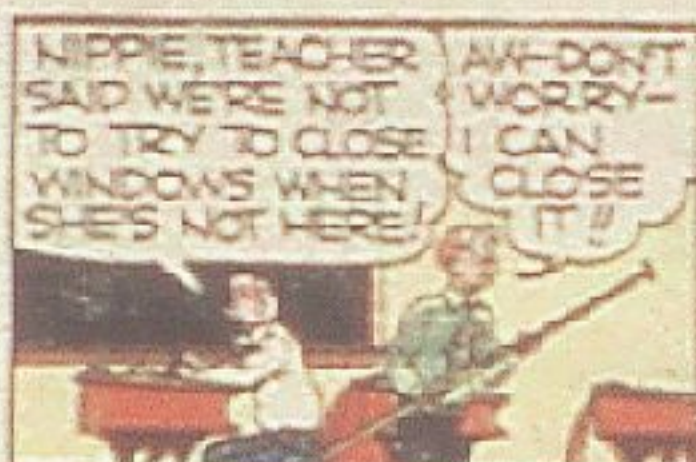
"OH, DONT WORRY-- IM JUST TESTING MY WILL POWER!"



MICKEY FINN

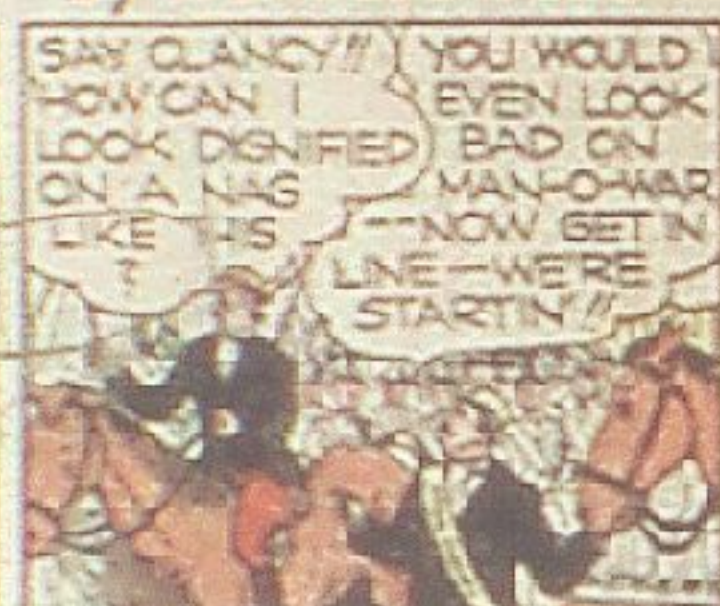
By LANK LEONARD

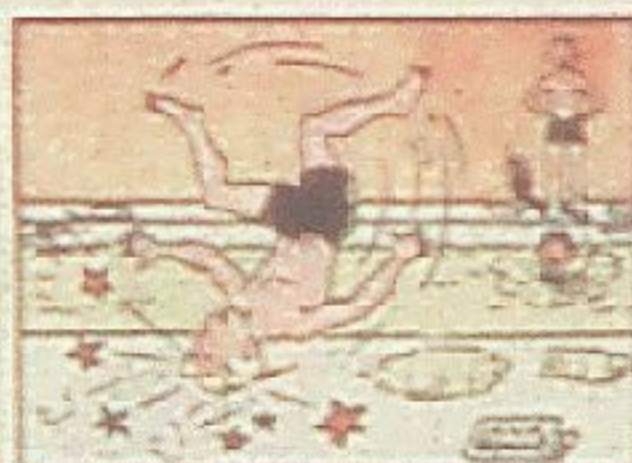




MICKEY FINN

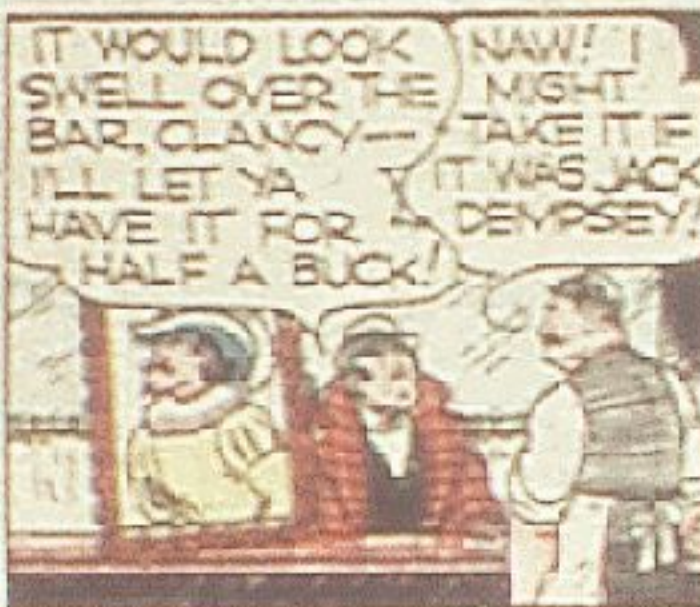
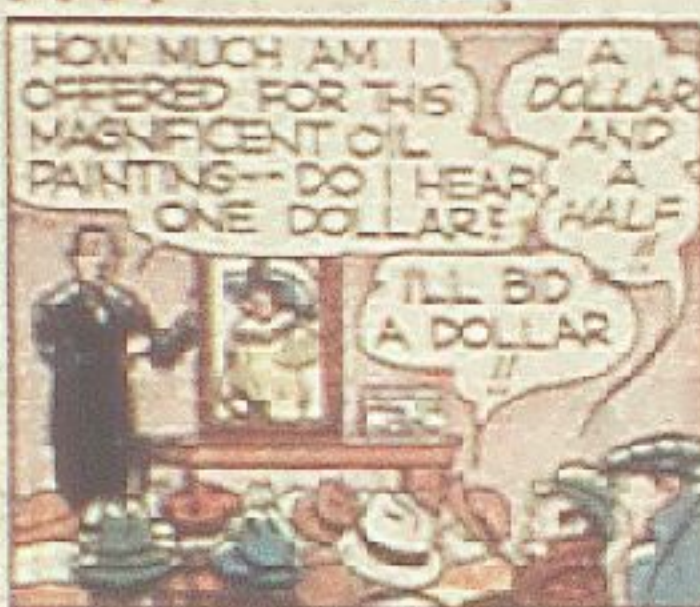
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

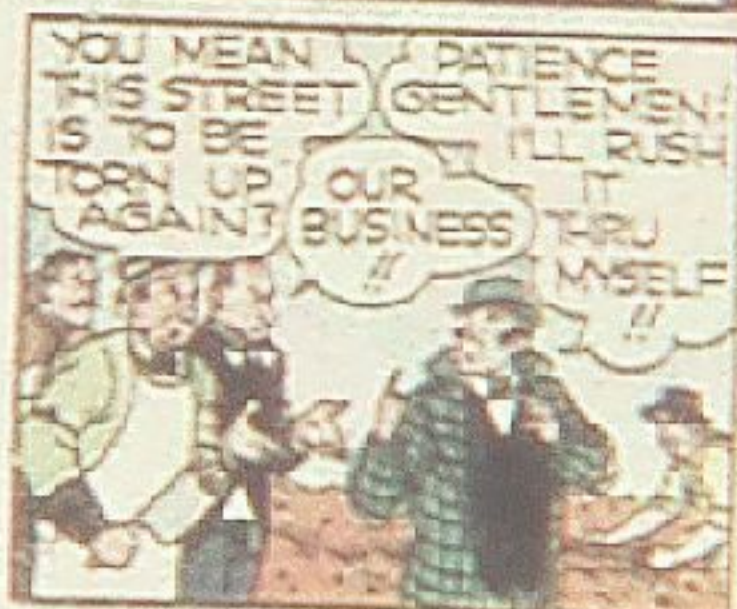
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn in the February issue of FEATURE FUNNIES—on sale December 30th.

CONTEST WINNERS

We received 2,529 entries to the contest which we ran in the September issue of FEATURE FUNNIES. It took us several weeks to read each letter and tabulate the results which accounts for our delay in announcing the winners of the cash prizes. However, better late than never, so here are the winners of the September FEATURE FUNNIES contest.

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115.00 IN CASH TO

W. H. Roberts, Jr., Route 1, Henderson, Texas.

SLIDE SW CARRIED TO

Barbara Ann Withler, 77 Broadfield Street

Harvey H. H. H. H. H.

SELL IN CASH TO

Clifford Pichmann.

Breakfast, North Dakota

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 Robert Campbell,
 314 West End Boulevard,
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2211 W. 12th Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Barbara Jean Evans,
Sharwood Forest, Md.
Ernest Fidler,
N. 1234 Watta Street,
Portland, Oregon
Billy Critch.
1142 West 12 Street,
Los Angeles, Calif.
Ralph Hatcherbill.
123 Pine Avenue South,
San Francisco, Calif.

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 P. O. Box 294,
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 Martha Lind,
 1761 Massachusetts Avenue,
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 David Mack,
 132 Sheraton Terrace,
 Ridgewood, N. Y.
 Ronald Lane McClelland,
 225 1st Avenue,
 Seattle, Wash.
 Neil Elton Miller,
 Box 74,
 Whitesville, W. V.

Hayden Mine,
121 Markham Street,
Durham, N. C.
Fred Minian,
12 Four Mile Road,
West Hartford, Conn.
Betty J. Nutt,
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June Powers,
Box 721,
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1214 Westminster Place,
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Robert Grant Smith,
45 Perry Avenue,
Stoughton, Mass.
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Tunica, Mississippi
Rabin Thew,
Saverville Road,
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221 N. Karlovna,
Pensacola, Fla.
Ella Worswester,
2828 Eddy Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

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 Lee Francis
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 Kenneth Garner
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 Herman Krumel
 Lee Hightower
 Oswald Ward
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 Lora James
 Mary Ann James
 Patricia Janning
 Anna Marie Johnson
 Robin Jacobson
 Deborah Johnson
 Dorothy Johnson
 Roger Johnson
 Willie W. Johnson
 Bill Johnson
 Edgar Johnson
 George Jones
 James Edward Jones
 Kenneth A. Jones
 Shirley Jones

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Kenneth Mahoney
Laron D. Baker
Leta Mae Baker
Norman Baker
Ollene Mahanoff
Ernest Hall
Virginia Harboer
Norma L. Harboer
Nettie Ann Harboer
Nettie Harshardt
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 Marie Miesner
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 Gene Marie Miesner
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 Ed. Newrad
 Betty Jane Northrup
 Jack Norst
 Roy Norlage
 La Verne Nustad

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Gary Jerry Phelan
Josephine Photo
Rory Pinger
Margaretta Pomeroy
Claird Marie Pomeroy
Hazel Potter
Charlotte Powell
Ned Powell
Dorothy Pray

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Brown Zoster	84
Brown Zoster	85
Brown Zoster	86
Brown Zoster	87
Brown Zoster	88
Brown Zoster	89
Brown Zoster	90
Brown Zoster	91
Brown Zoster	92
Brown Zoster	93
Brown Zoster	94
Brown Zoster	95
Brown Zoster	96
Brown Zoster	97
Brown Zoster	98
Brown Zoster	99
Brown Zoster	100

James F. Blair

We thank all of our readers who entered this contest for the many valuable suggestions they made for improving FEATURE FUNNIES. Congratulations to the winners of the cash prizes and to those who received honorable mention we wish better luck next time.

MAKE SURE YOU GET A DAISY FOR CHRISTMAS

HERE'S HOW: After word "Dear" heading coupon below, write name of person most likely to give you what you want for Christmas, such as father, mother, aunt, uncle, etc. Sign your name on line after word "Signed." Then put an X in square opposite Daisy you want. Fill out bottom part of coupon. Cut along dotted line at top and right. Mail to us AT ONCE. We'll send it to person you named, along with a letter of our own, urging that person to buy the very Daisy you checked. Send coupon NOW—before it's too late.

CHRISTMAS LIST

Dear
I want a new Daisy for Christmas. I've checked the one I like.

Signed

☐ Double Barrel Repeater. Finest Daisy made \$5.00

☐ Buck Jones Special. Compass in stock. \$3.50

☐ 50-shot Pump Gun. Accurate repeater \$4.50

☐ 1000-shot Golden Eagle. Most beautiful of all. \$2.75

☐ Bass Barton Special. "Scope" type sights. \$2.25

☐ 500-shot Repeater. Polished nickel parts. \$1.75

☐ Daisy Single Shot. A Real Bargain \$1.25

☐ Telescope Sight. With Magnifying Lens \$1.00

☐ Targeteer Pistol. Complete Target Duff \$2.00

I want you to help me get a Daisy for Christmas. Please send my Christmas List and your letter to:

Name
(Print name of person most likely to give you what you want for Christmas)

Street No.
(Print his (or her) street address)

City
(Print his (or her) city)

State
(Print his (or her) State)

My Name

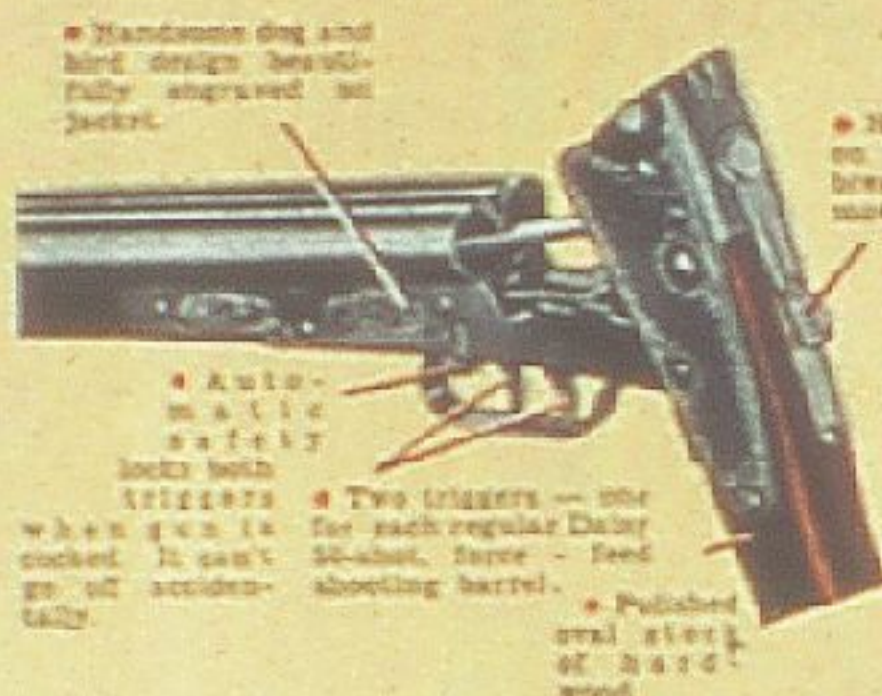
Street & No.

City

State Age

"JUST WHAT I WANT ... A NEW DAISY!"

IT'S A
REGULAR
DOUBLE-GUN
... just like Dad's
double-barrel shotgun!



Want something for Christmas that will give you fun all year long? Get an air rifle. You can shoot an air rifle in all seasons. And the more you shoot, the more you'll like it. For the real thrill comes with good marksmanship. Start now to be the best marksman in your town. Start right. Get a brand new Daisy. Go to any hardware, sports goods, or department store. Look over the entire Daisy line. Pick up the new double-barreled repeater and swing it to your shoulder. Sight down the long blue-steel barrel of the 50-shot Pump Gun. Handle the hard-hitting Single Shot. Try them all. And be sure to see the new Daisy 'Scope, the maker of marksmen. Select your Daisy. Then show it to your mother and dad and tell them about it.

DAISY SINGLE SHOT

Here's a hard-hitting Daisy within the range of any pocketbook. Show this sturdy, beautiful Single Shot to your Dad. Be sure to tell him he can give you one for Christmas for only



DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.

123 UNION STREET
PLYMOUTH, MICH.

IMPROVE YOUR AIM WITH THE NEW MAGNIFYING DAISY 'SCOPE



Be the best marksman in your town. Put this 2-power scope on your Daisy — makes shooting twice as much fun.

TARGETEE

The Gun That's Fun



Repeating air pistol, 500 shot, 2 types of targets. Use box as backstop. Safe, indoors or out.

For the best shooting, use the best shot. Bull's-Eye Shot is the only shot tested and approved by Daisy engineers.



* All prices quoted are slightly higher in Canada.